Fourth Volume

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In Cherry-Blossom Land

WONDERFUL JAPAN AND ITS PROGRESSIVE PEOPLE

When the world was created, Japan, the most beautiful of all places, was the first country to be made. So lovely was it that the gods considered mere man to be unworthy to rule over it. The Sun Goddess, therefore, sent down Ninigi, her Heavenly Grandchild, with a large retinue of attendant gods, and he became Emperor of Japan. The present Mikado, or Emperor, is his direct descendant and the Japanese are the descendants of his retinue. This is implicitly believed by all Japanese to be the true early history of their land. Its recent history, as we shall read in this chapter, is almost as wonderful and as incredible.

JAPAN, one of the most beautiful and now one of the greatest manufacturing countries in the world, is a large chain of islands stretching north and south for three thousand miles along the east coast of Asia, from which it is separated by the China Sea. There are four large islands and about four thousand islets, of which only some 550 are inhabited.

The Kurile Islands, the most northerly of the group, are barren and desolate and are inhabited only by Ainus and a few fishermen. Then, as we travel south, we pass the four largest islands, Hokkaido, or Yezo, Honshu, the main island, Shikoku and Kiushiu, all mountainous and forest-clad. From Kiushiu there extends the long chain of the fifty-five Luchu Isles, which stretches as far south as Formosa, an island annexed by Japan after the Chino-Japanese War of 1894-95. In addition to these, Japan possesses part of the island of Sakhalien in the north, and acquired the peninsula of Korea, or Chosen, in 1910, and has leased the Liaotung Peninsula from China.

Earthquakes Four Times a Day

The natural loveliness of the country is formed to a large degree by its mountains and by the beautiful streams and lakes which are found in all the highland districts, but both mountains and streams are terrible as well as beautiful, for the people suffer severely from the volcanic activities of at least fifty active craters. Small, barely perceptible earthquakes happen about four times a day in one part or another of Japan. Every now and then, also, a severe earthquake occurs that does enormous damage to life and property; as does the periodical flooding of mountain streams, which often ruins the crops in low-lying country.

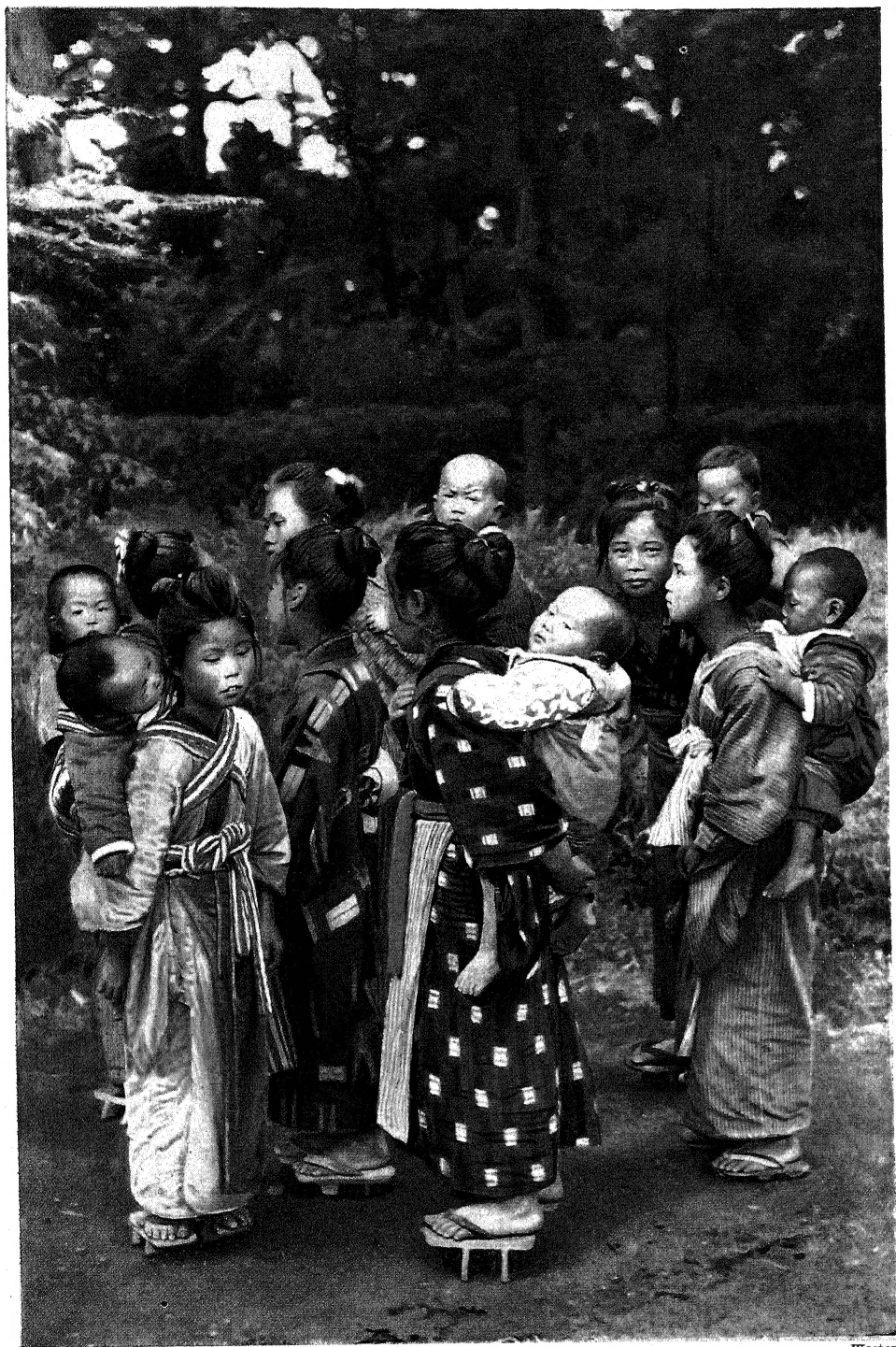
All the more important cities are situated on the coast. Tokyo, the capital, lies on the east coast of Honshu, the main island, with Yokohama, the chief port, a little distance away in the same bay. The terrible earthquake of 1923 destroyed this beautiful port, with its quaint, narrow streets, tiny houses and cherry trees.

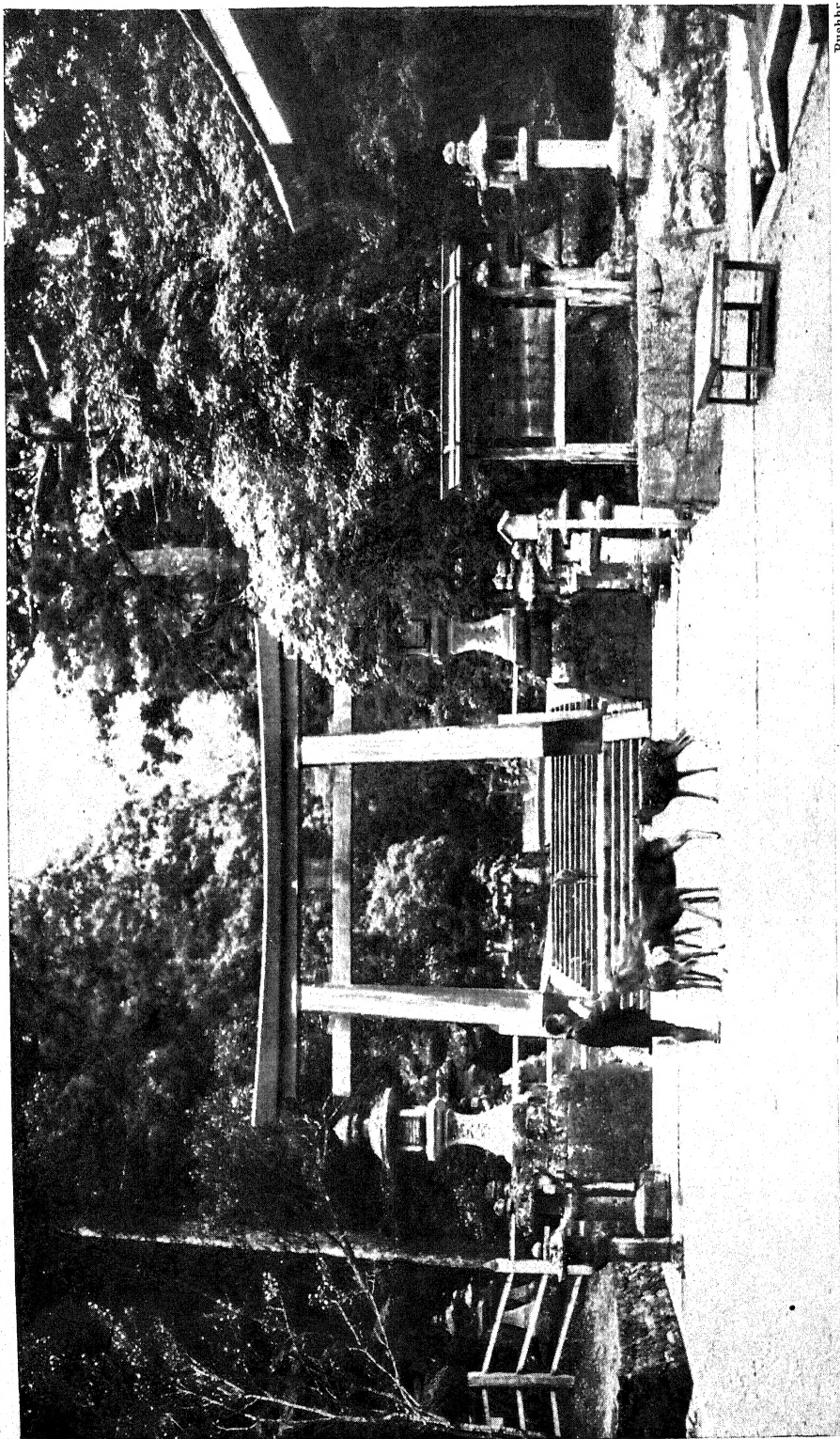
Destruction of a Great Port

Fine buildings were completely gutted and not a wall remained standing; docks and piers were hurled into the sea and nearly all the people perished in the terrible fires that were caused by oil tanks bursting on the hillside. Yokohama was so ruined that it seems unlikely that it will ever be such a fine port again, but Tokyo, although it was greatly damaged, was soon reconstructed.

Although we know little about Japan earlier than the middle of the fifth century, Japanese historians claim that their present dynasty is more than twenty-five centuries old, being founded by Jimmu in 660 B.C. Jimmu, they say, was the direct descendant of the Sun Goddess, who sent her grandson from Heaven to rule the most beautiful place on earth—Japan. He and his successors were, and indeed still are to a certain extent, looked upon not only as sovereigns, but as divinities. For thirteen hundred years they were the actual rulers of the land; then from the eighth until the twelfth century, though the emperor still ruled in name, all the power was in the hands of a family of nobles. Next the empire was governed by several dynasties

Weston

A LOVE OF FLOWERS is a great characteristic of the Japanese, and every month has its special blossom that rich and poor will travel miles to see. June is the month of the iris, and then everyone in Tokyo will go through the Mukojima Avenue of cherry trees, which they visited in April, to the acres of iris in the gardens of Hori-Kiri.

Weston

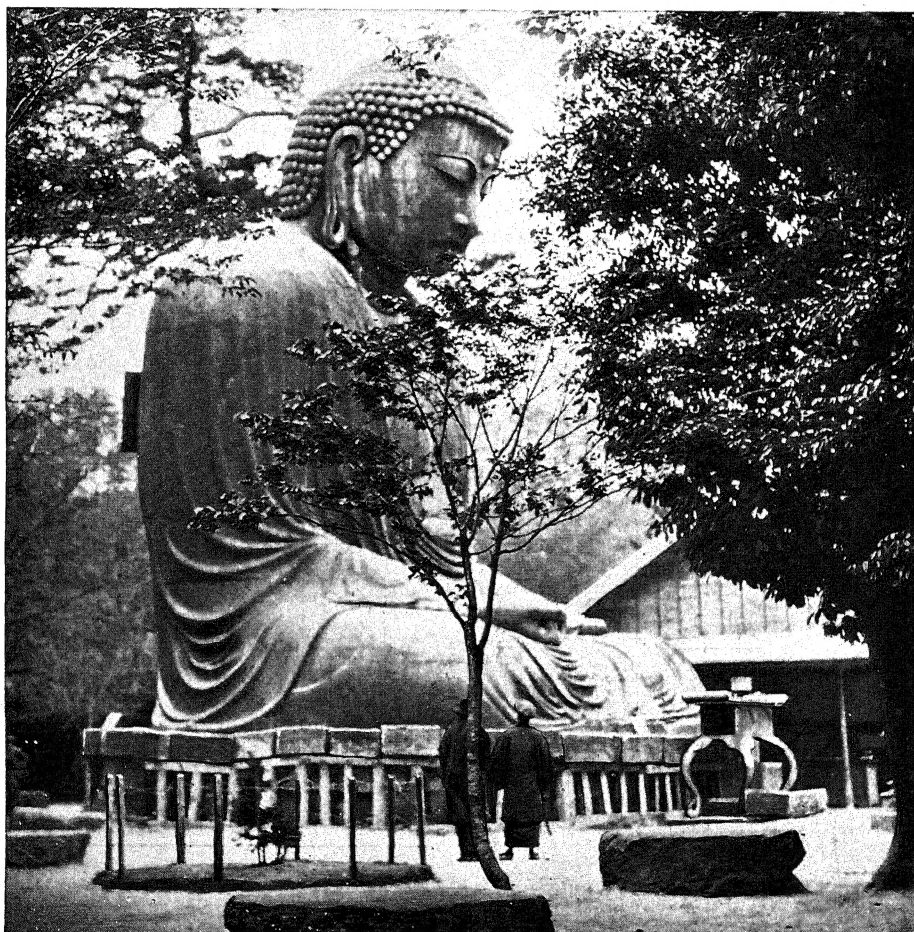
JAPANESE BABIES are carried pickaback by their elder sisters. We may sometimes see a little maid of four, wooden sandals on feet and dressed like her mother, playing in the street, with baby brother or sister strapped upon her back. Little girls are taught to bear this burden by having a doll tied upon their backs as soon as they start to walk.

Bushby

GENTLE DEER GATHER TO BE FED BENEATH THE TORII, A TEMPLE GATEWAY IN THE HEART OF OLD JAPAN

The ancient city of Nara was, over eleven hundred years ago, the capital of Japan; now it is famed chiefly for its peace and its temples. Some of these are shrines of Buddha, but by the great red Torii, or gateway, we know that this road leads to a temple of the Shinto faith, the old religion of Japan. Every year thousands of pilgrims pass beneath the torii and along an avenue of cryptomeria trees to the thatched, red temple with its thousands of brass lanterns. There are thousands of lanterns also in the park, but they are of carven stone.

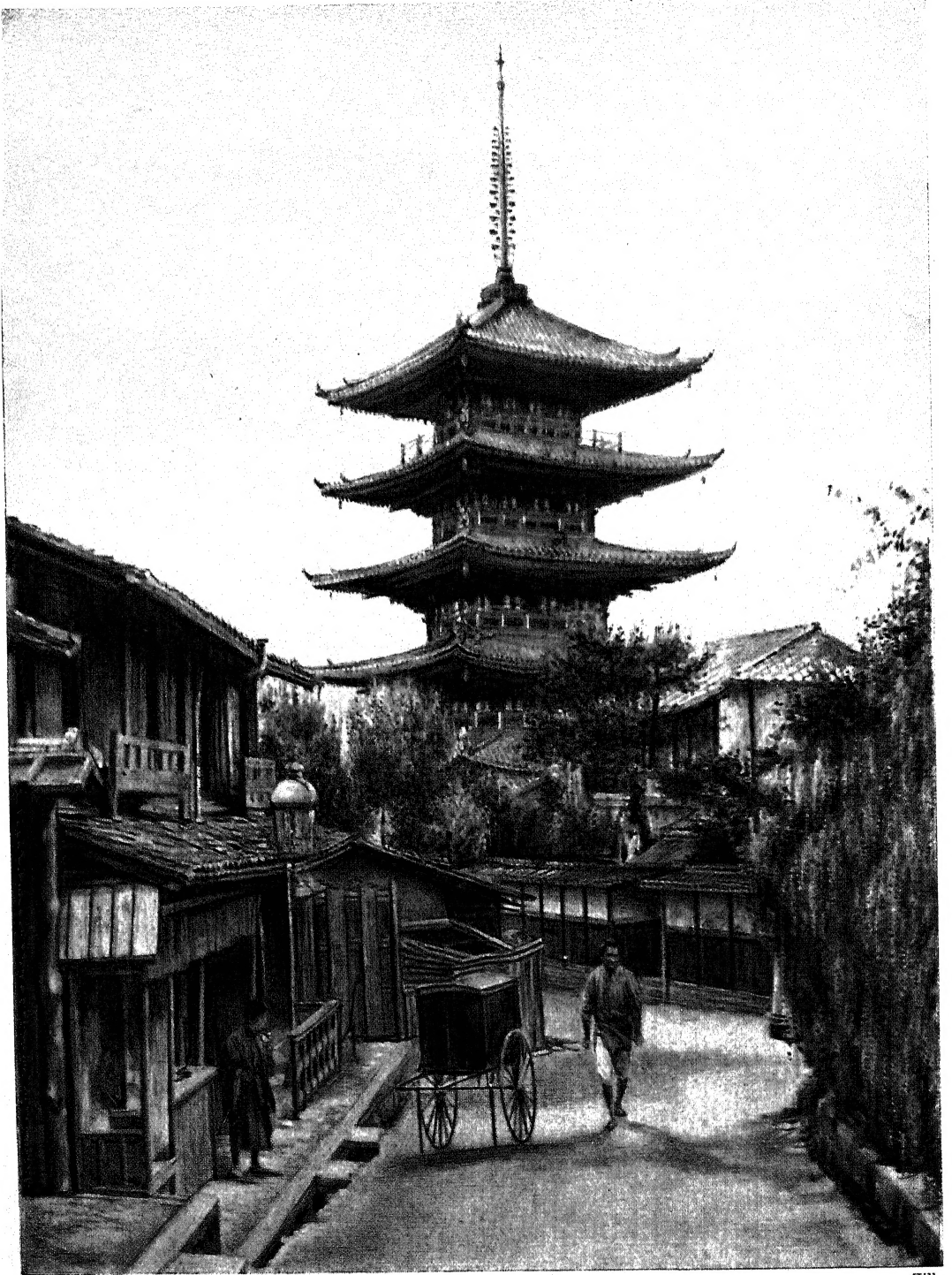
of dictators known as Shoguns, and it was not until 1868 that the emperor—the Mikado, as he is called—was restored once more to his original power.

The oldest religion of the Japanese, which is still professed by many, is Shintoism, a combination of ancestor worship and Nature worship. In the seventh and eighth centuries, however, Buddhism was introduced from China. The emperor and his court were soon converted and so were the bulk of the people. Chinese civilization and culture, Chinese art and learning spread to Japan and rapidly influenced the whole nation.

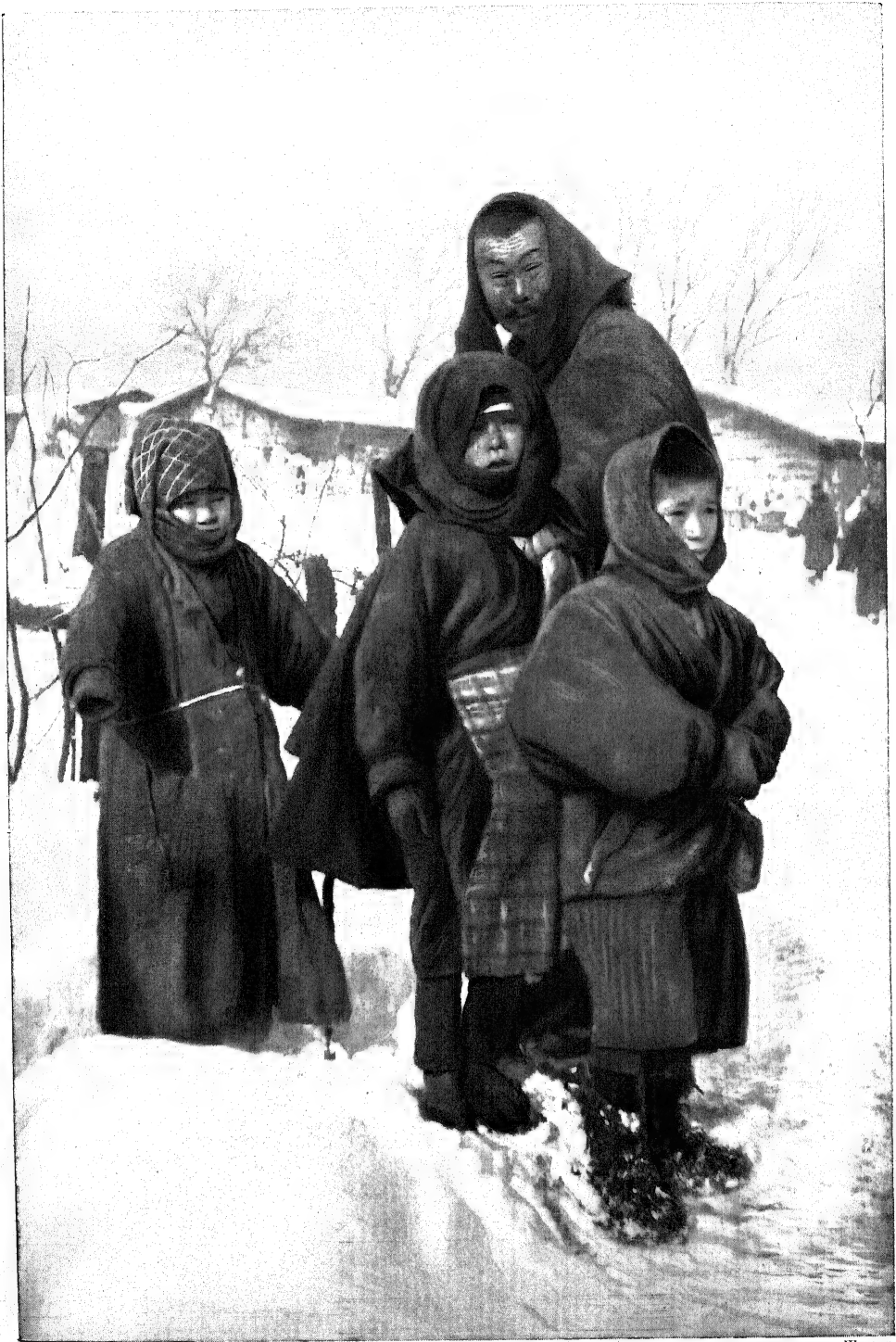
In 1542 the first Europeans landed in Japan and three years later the Portuguese came to trade, the Spaniards and the Dutch following them. They were welcomed by the Japanese people and for some time traded very profitably. Christian missionaries came, too, and made many converts. These conditions did not last very long, however, for early in the next century Christianity was forbidden and stamped out with the greatest cruelty, and all foreigners were driven from the country. In 1637 a law was passed that declared that no European might ever land in Japan and that no Japanese might

Weston

THERE IS NO FINER BUDDHA IN JAPAN THAN THAT AT KAMAKURA

The legend runs that many years ago this colossal statue of Buddha, the Daibutsu, came sailing over the sea from China, and landed at Kamakura. Really, the statue, which is of bronze, thirty-six feet high, was erected there in 1252. Though it is only twelve miles from Yokohama, the great earthquake of 1923 did not harm the Daibutsu.

Hill

KYOTO, the ancient capital of Japan, is a city of a thousand temples. One of the best known of these is the Yasaka Pagoda, which was built more than three hundred years ago. If we climb the very steep, ladder-like stairs within it, and reach the balcony round the fifth and topmost storey, we shall find that the whole city lies at our feet.

Hill

THERE IS A GARDEN to every Japanese house. It may be but a few feet square or it may cover an acre or two, but it is always beautiful. There are sure to be a stream with lotus flowers, and a bridge or stepping-stones, a miniature Fuji-yama with a shrine upon it, winding paths, stone lanterns, fir trees and blossoms galore.

Weston

IN AOMORI, YOUNG AND OLD WRAP UP WARMLY IN WINTER TIME

In the very north of Honshu, the main island of Japan, is a district called Aomori, which is poorer and less fertile than most of the country. Snow lies thick in winter, and for four months the climate is very cold. In the spring many of the country people sail north to Hokkaido and fish around its shores, only reaching home in the autumn.

ever leave its shores. One exception was made to the former decree: the Dutch were allowed to keep a trading station at Nagasaki, a port on the island of Kiushiu.

For the next two hundred years Japan remained entirely cut off from the world. During this period no boats big enough for foreign trade were built and all the existing large ships were destroyed, the only vessels allowed being small coasting boats used for fishing. The only industries were those carried on in the homes of the people, such as weaving, dyeing, embroidering, metal engraving, pottery-making and wood-carving, which were all very beautifully executed.

It was not until the middle of the nineteenth century that Japan's rapid development began. The United States sent a large and formidable fleet to carry proposals for trade between the two countries. European Powers followed America's lead, and three ports were opened to foreign trade in 1859.

Coming of Western Civilization

The Japanese soon came to appreciate the benefits of Western civilization and took in hand the reorganization of their country. They paid European experts to enter the cities and instruct them in all forms of manufacture. Thousands of elementary schools were opened all over the country; to-day there are also five great universities—those of Tokyo, Kyoto, Tohoku, Kiushiu and Hokkaido.

This great upward march only began in the year 1868, yet in less than forty years Japan was as advanced as any of the western countries. Before the twentieth century began railways were in operation where a few years earlier there had been only rough roads. By the beginning of the twentieth century there were over a thousand miles of railways. This rapid increase still continued so that, twenty-five years later, there were over seven thousand miles of track.

Factories were erected all over the country, and in the years of the Great War, when Japan had to depend upon her own manufactures, the commercial development of the country was extraordinarily rapid. Neutral countries turned to her for supplies and she gained a considerable share of the world's markets. Everything manufactured in Europe was faithfully copied by the Japanese and is now produced in their factories at very cheap rates, although the standard of excellence is not always as high as it might be. Japanese ships now carry about half her exports, which a few years ago were all carried by foreign shipping.

Early Inhabitants of Japan

The effect of this sudden change upon the people of the country is very marked, for naturally many of the peasant folk from the agricultural districts have made their way to the towns, seeking work in the factories and harbours. Nevertheless the main industry of Japan is still agriculture. Every acre that can be used for the growing of rice, tea, wheat or barley is cultivated, though as the islands are very mountainous, only twelve acres in every hundred can be so employed.

The earliest inhabitants of Japan were a wild tribe known as the Ainu, whose exact origin is uncertain. Once they occupied all the islands, but with the coming of the Japanese, some from Korea and some from the south, they were driven northwards into Hokkaido and the Kurile Islands, where they still live.

The Pride of the Hairy Ainus

They are short and thickly built, and, though they were once fierce, are now mild and amiable in disposition. The men grow very long bushy beards of which they are extraordinarily proud, a fact that has given them the name of the Hairy Ainus. Although they are not really more hairy than many other races, they seem so by contrast with the Japanese who are rarely bearded and then only sparsely. So proud are they of their hair, that the Ainu women tattoo their lips to make it appear as though they, too, had moustaches.

Weston

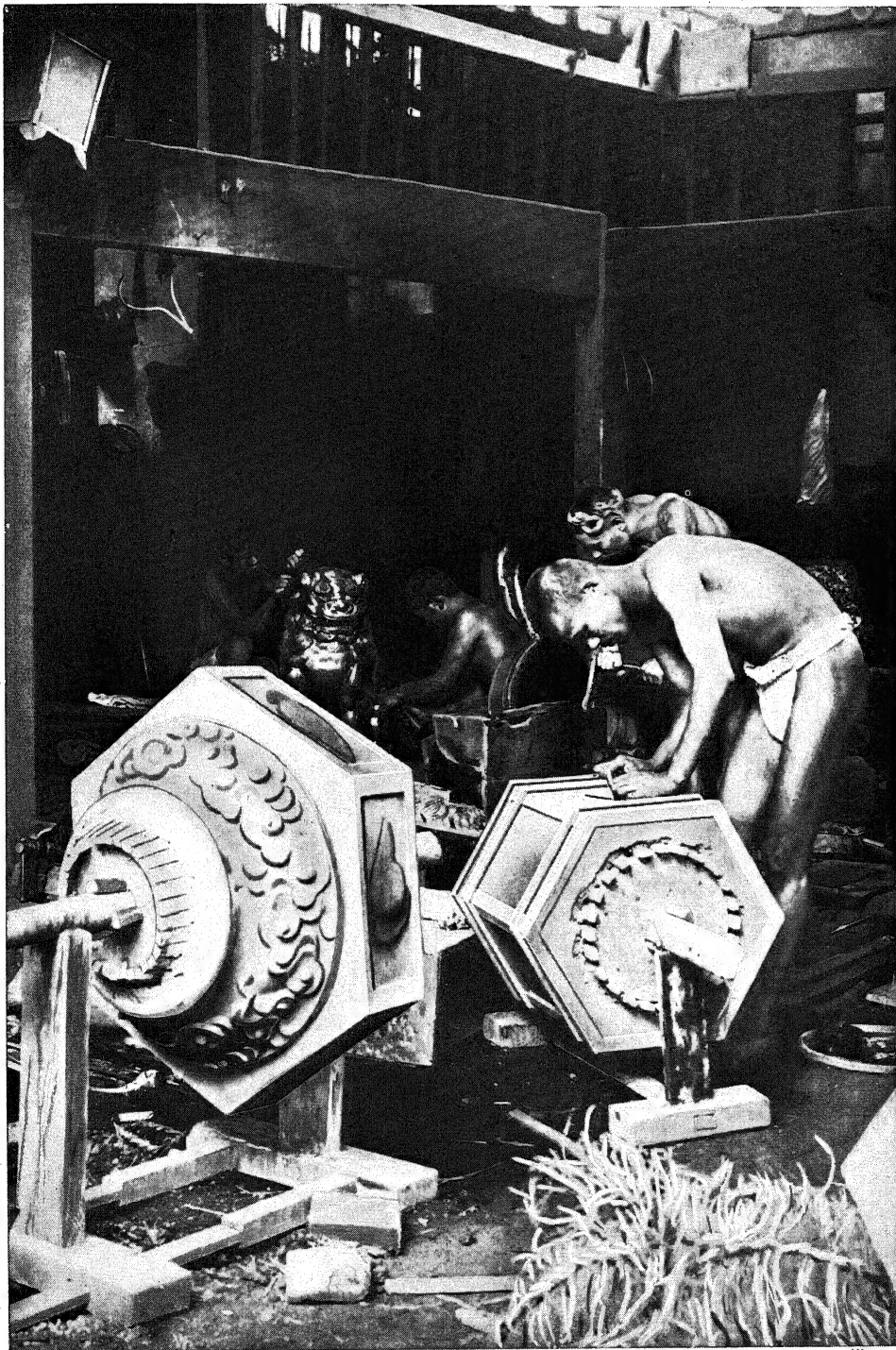
LITTLE MAIDENS wander about the gardens as bright and dainty, with their printed kimonos, wide sashes and painted sunshade, as the flowers they have come to admire. Her sleeves are a Japanese lady's pockets, and in them she carries her handkerchief—made of paper—her case of chopsticks, her looking-glass and sometimes her fan.

Underwood

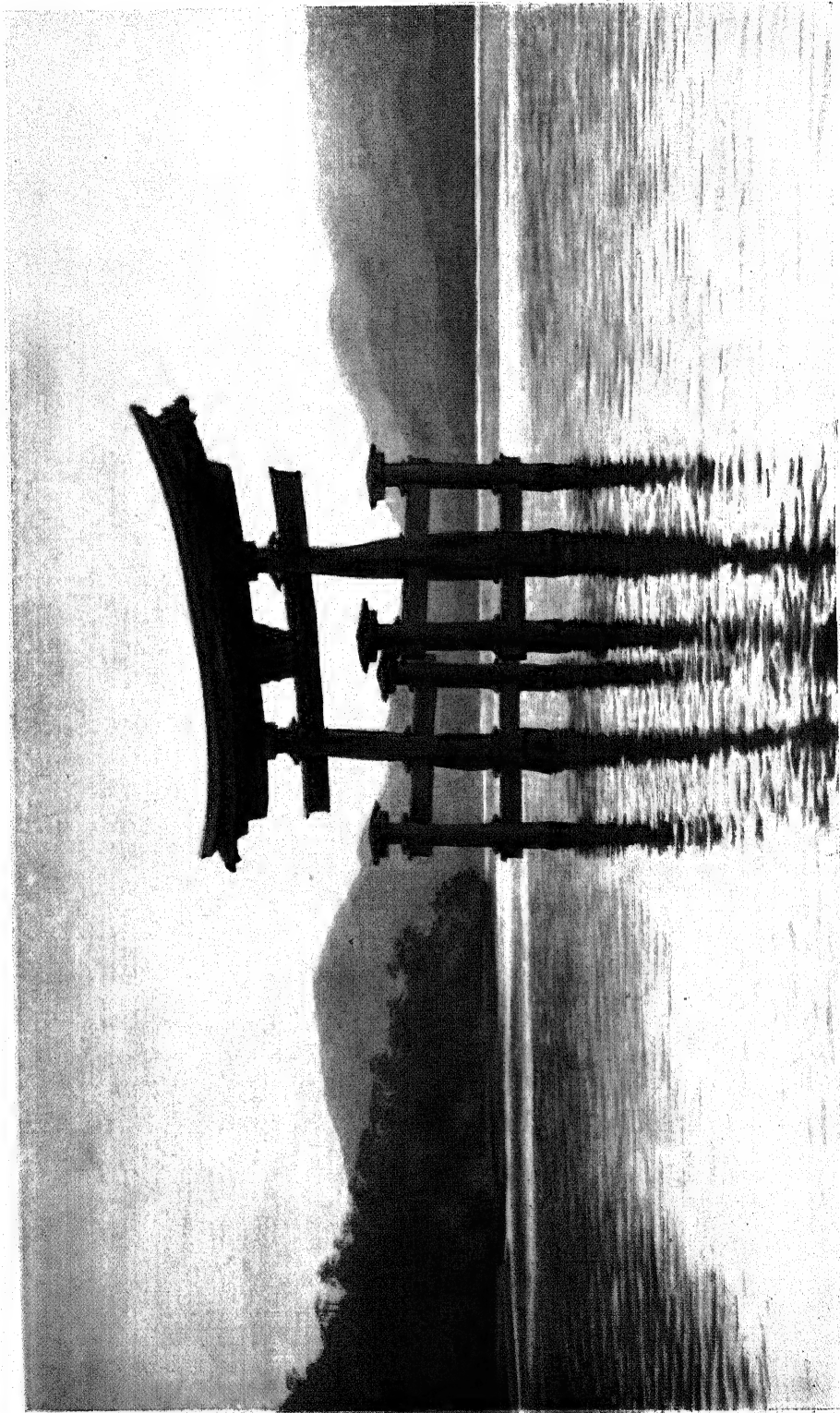
CHERRY TREES are sure of a place in every Japanese garden, but they are grown not for their fruit but for their blossom. Wherever there is a group of cherry trees, there, in April, we shall find a little cluster of beauty-worshippers sitting, and perhaps taking tea under the clouds of rosy pink that hide the branches.

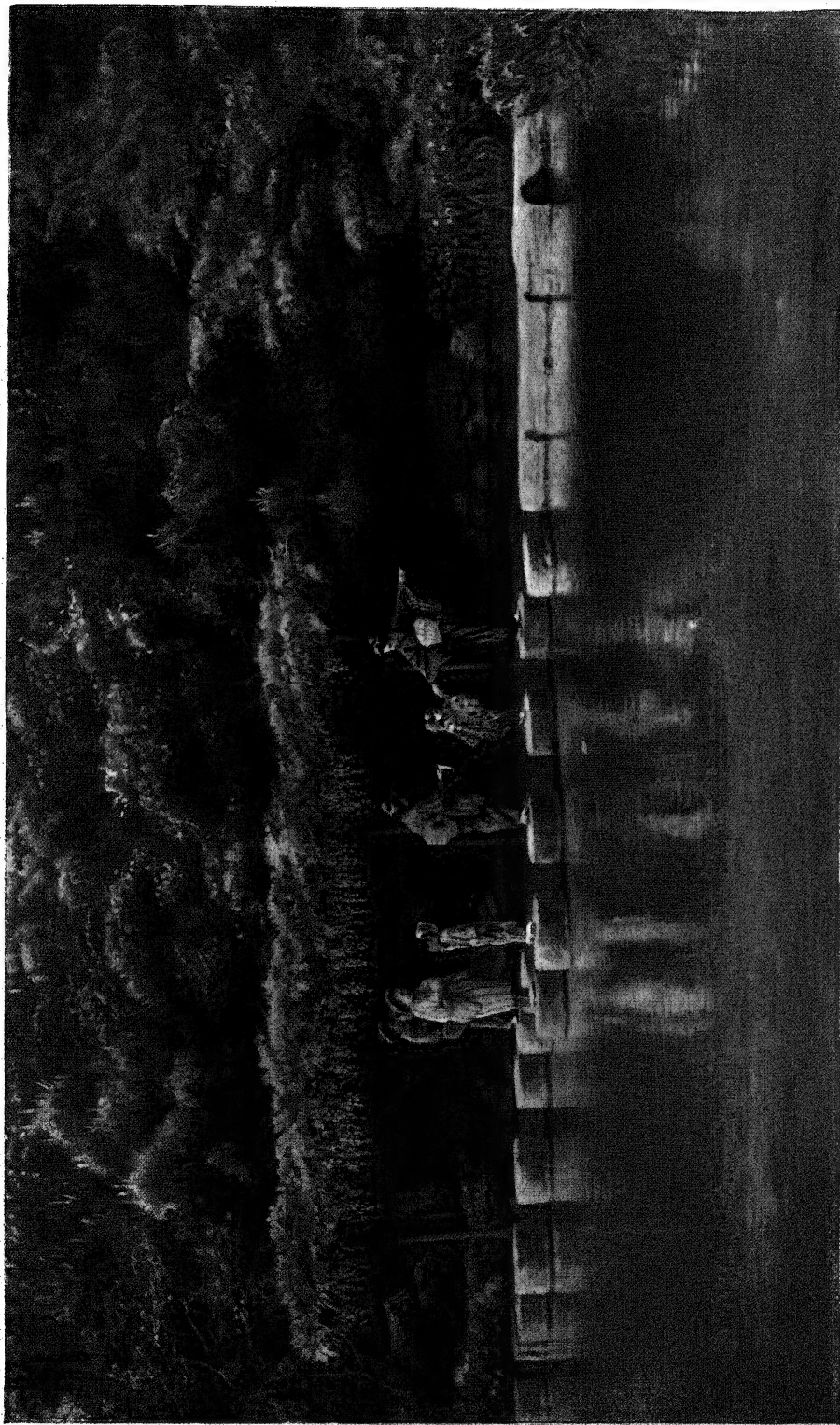
Underwood

CRAFTSMAN REMOVING FIRED POTTERY FROM THE FURNACE

At Kyoto there are many potteries where earthenware of all kinds is prepared. The best Japanese pottery is marvellously beautiful—graceful in shape and perfect in colour, and sometimes exquisitely painted. But Japan has a poor opinion of the tastes of other countries, and so pottery prepared for export is often really hideous.

Weston

MAKING POTTERY LANTERNS TO ADORN SOME TEMPLE GARDEN

The Japanese lanterns that are most familiar to us are painted ones of paper, but when we visit Japan we find that there are many other kinds. Every temple and shrine, almost every garden, has its lanterns, though few of them are ever lit. There are lanterns worked in bronze and other metals, lanterns of chinaware, and lanterns of old stone.

Bushby

A TIME-WORN TORII of camphor wood, most beautifully designed, is the entrance gate to the ancient Shinto temple on Miyajima, the sacred island. There is a day in every year when a long procession of boats crosses the Inland Sea and passes through this gateway, bringing thousands of pilgrims to the water-lapped steps of the temple, which, built on piles, seems at high tide to be floating on the sea. When the tide is out we may stand on dry ground beneath the torii, and feed the graceful, friendly little deer that haunt the island.

Wright

STEPPING-STONES are a feature rarely omitted in the lovely temple gardens of Kyoto. The beauty-loving Japanese always have a stream or a lake in their gardens, for they realize that the loveliness of the hanging spikes of wistaria and upright spikes of iris, of the gay kimonos of their wives and children, is doubled when seen in reflection as well as in reality. They often build a bridge most inconveniently arched, simply for the sake of its reflection. Great red-golden carp and ancient tortoises are other charms that the water holds for them.

E. N. A

RETURNING HOME AFTER A NEW YEAR'S HOLIDAY JAUNT

Little brother has grown too big to be carried on his sister's back. He now has a much larger mount, which she leads over the muddy, winter roads. A girl in Japan, as in China, is regarded as being very inferior to a boy, and is brought up to consider herself the submissive servant of her father, brothers and, later, of her husband.

Weston

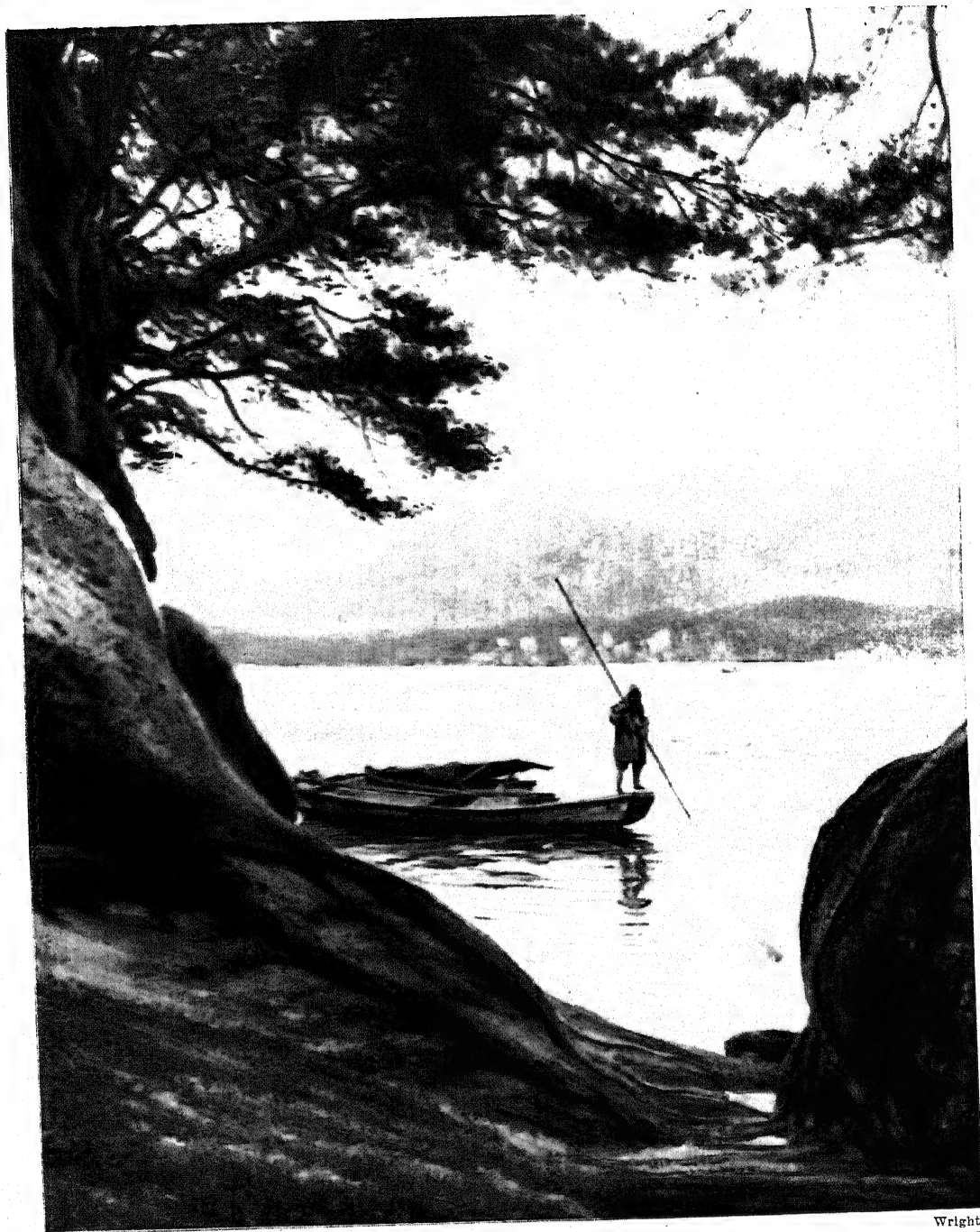
HOW FISH ARE CAUGHT IN THE NAGARA RIVER ON HONSHU

Instead of fixing a baited hook to their lines, these Japanese fishermen fix live birds. A fire is kindled in the basket that hangs on a long rod; its light attracts the fish; and the cormorants are then sent to catch them. The birds cannot swallow their prey, for they have rings around their throats, and a line prevents them from escaping.

We find traces among the upper classes of Japan of the early Korean settlers who came in prehistoric times to the west coast. They are people with slender figures, long necks, aquiline noses, narrow, slanting eyes, oval faces and delicately formed hands. Occasionally also we see a Mongolian type of Japanese whose figure is short and well-built and whose face is broad, with a flat nose and wide mouth.

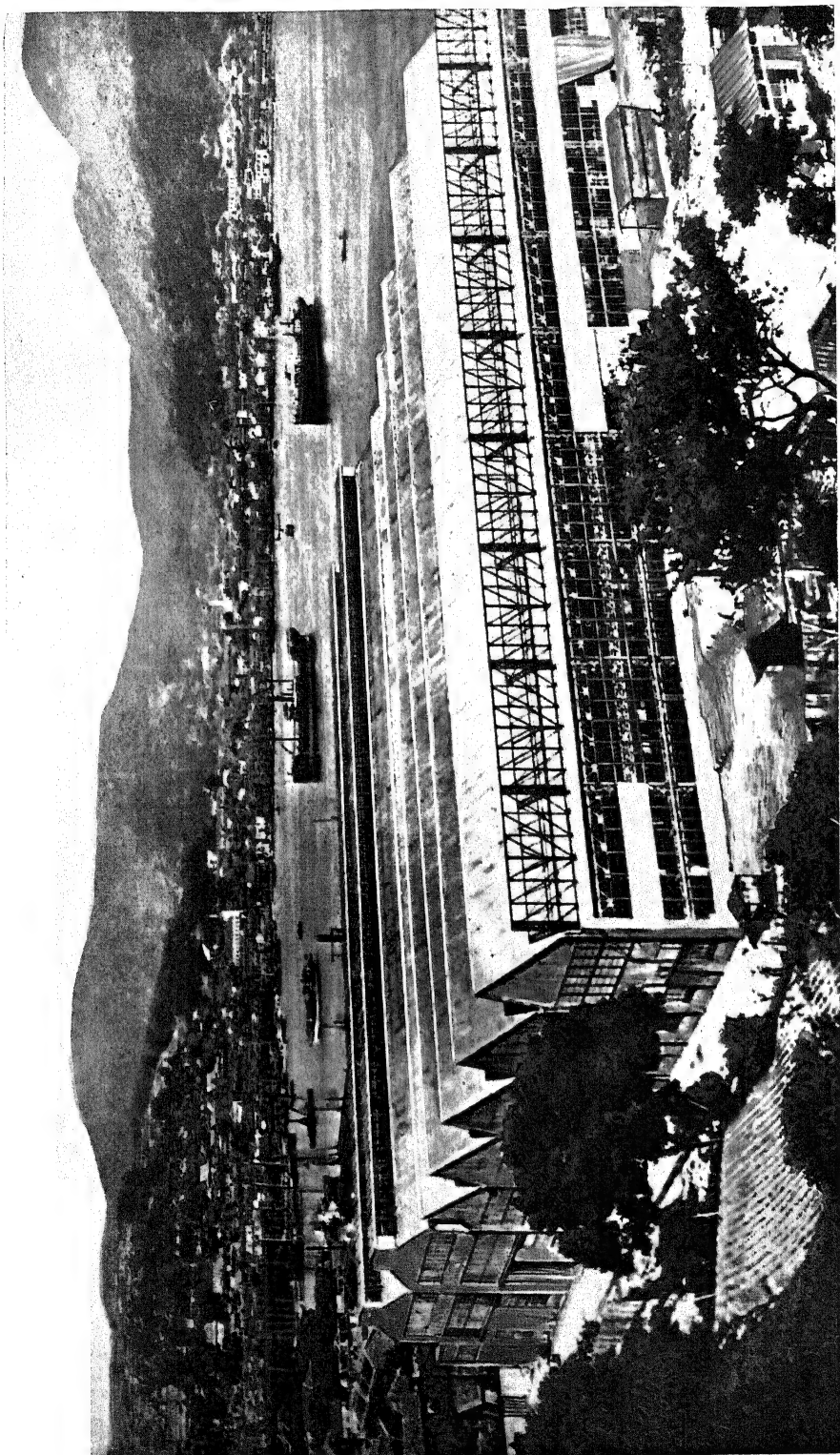
The race of people who are perhaps the most important in the formation of the Japanese as we know them to-day are those who came from the south. They are believed to be Mongolian in origin, like those who came from Korea, but who, after long wanderings through China and Malaya, have a large admixture of Chinese and Malay blood. They are small in stature, with a finely-developed body and small hands and feet. They have generally good features, but their skin is darker, their noses are broader and their eyes straighter than the aristocrats from Korea.

In character the Japanese are industrious, but very gay and pleasure-loving. They are frugal people, content with little and wonderfully adapted to endure hardship. Obedience and reverence are instilled into them from childhood, as also are gentleness and politeness. So polite and courteous are all, rich and poor, that Japan has been called "The Land of Gentlemen." Another great and valuable quality that they possess is perseverance in attendance to detail.

The Japanese house is very fragile, being made for the most part of thin, sliding, wooden frames upon which paper is stretched, the only solid part being, as a rule, the roof. It has only one floor, and is divided into rooms by paper and wood partitions, which can be slid back and forth as desired. The floor is covered with matting, and the only piece of furniture regarded as essential is a tiny charcoal stove. There is sometimes, however, a low stand, which supports a beautiful piece of china containing a spray of flowers, and a low screen may stand upon the floor. At meal times tiny tables are brought, but no chairs are needed because everyone sits upon his heels on the floor. Everybody sleeps

Wright

MIYAJIMA THE SACRED is a mountain-island that rises from the still waters of the Inland Sea. Forests of pine and maple and open, grassy glades cover the mountain slopes, and down the many ravines fall innumerable cascades, with never-ceasing music. There are wonderful temples on the island, which is dedicated to the three daughters of Susa-no-o, the Sea-King; one temple stands on the shore, another on the hill above, and a third on the highest peak, eighteen hundred feet above the sea. A ferryman will carry us across the water to Miyajima.

Weston

FUJI THE PEERLESS, whether we see it from north, south, east or west, is never anything but lovely, at all seasons and at any hour of the day or night. It stands in the centre of a plain surrounded by less lofty mountains. To the south of it stretches the sea; to the north five lakes lie at its foot, from all of which wonderful aspects of the sacred mountain can be obtained. Thousands of pilgrims climb up to its crater during the brief time in the summer when Fuji-san is bare of snow.

Tomii

ACROSS THE HARBOUR OF NAGASAKI ON KIUSHIU, THE SOUTHERNMOST OF JAPAN'S FOUR GREAT ISLANDS

The principal port on Kiushiu is Nagasaki, which has one of the prettiest harbours in the Far East—a narrow channel, with many bays and wooded hilly shores. Nagasaki first became important in the sixteenth century when it was the centre of Japanese Christianity. Later it was the sole port of Japan that would trade with foreigners, and then only with the Dutch and Chinese. It has now large engineering works and docks and a great fish market. Steamers coming here for coal are loaded with amazing rapidity by gangs of young girls.

Tomii

IN THE NEW FISH MARKET OF TOKYO, CAPITAL OF JAPAN

Tokyo suffered appallingly from the great earthquake and fire of 1923. Indeed, three-quarters of the city were utterly destroyed. But it is wonderful with what rapidity a new city arose. The fish market, always a busy spot, especially early in the morning, was wiped out, but in seventeen days' time a new one was opened.

upon the floor, too, between padded quilts. The women, whose hair is often so elaborately dressed that it is only done up once or twice a week, do not use a pillow under their heads; each has a hollow block of wood into which her neck fits, her head being unsupported.

The beautiful costume of Japanese women is well known—the brightly coloured kimono, with the broad sash tied at the back. The business men are, to a certain extent, adopting European dress. That is to say, they wear it during the day while at work, but upon returning to their homes in the evening exchange it for their loose, full-skirted national dress. On entering a house everybody takes off his shoes and leaves them at the door.

Recently Japanese women have been getting more freedom and consideration, but for centuries they have been regarded as the servants of their fathers and brothers and, later, of their husbands. This is especially so among the upper classes. With the peasants, among whom the women do much of the work, they are held to be more nearly man's equal.

One of the first things we notice in Japan is the wonderful gardens round the houses and temples. Even the poorest people have their flower gardens, and tend them with great care and devotion. The Japanese, as a nation, have a natural love of beauty, and this causes them to make long pilgrimages, sometimes hundreds of miles on foot, to see some particular beauty spot of their land, such as a

Weston

THIS BUDDHIST ABBOT, in his brocaded robes, will sit thus, on his heels, for hours at a stretch, wrapped in silent contemplation. He is of the Zen sect, which comes nearer to the Buddhism of India than any of the many other sects in Japan. The faith was introduced from China forty-five years before Christianity first came to England.

Weston

CEREMONIOUS POLITENESS is one of the most charming attributes of the Japanese of all classes. Reverence to parents and to the aged is, indeed, taught them by their religion. In her home of paper and wood we see a hostess greeting her guest. Both kneel on the matting that covers the floor and bow to the ground several times.

Nippon Yusen Kaisha

MERRY WORKERS IN A TEA GARDEN

Picking the tea leaves is not regarded as a labour in Japan. Everyone enjoys the work, and looks upon it as a picnic. There are so many ceremonies attached to tea-drinking that the etiquette is taught in schools.

certain avenue of blossoming cherry trees. In the early months of the year the plum trees, trained into graceful shapes, are covered with white and red flowers. A little later the cherry trees are a wonderful sight with their seas of blossoms—pink, not white like our English cherry. Scarcely have they ceased to flower when the wistaria blooms, then the iris and azalea and peony, these in turn being followed by the white flowers of the lotus and these by the national flower, the chrysanthemum.

We cannot help being amazed also at the tiny trees which, grown in beautiful china pots, are very popular for house decoration—dwarf pine-trees or maples that will grow no more than a few inches high even after a hundred years.

In the north of Japan the winters are severe, lasting often for four months, and there is heavy snow, but farther south they are mild and extend over barely two months of the year. The rain-fall is very heavy in most districts, Japan being one of the wettest countries of the world, but the greater number of days in the year are sunny. On the farms the Japanese people still use old-fashioned methods and implements, and in the square ricefie-lds, flooded with water while the shoots are growing, we can still see the farmers ploughing with ancient implements. Very often we come across an old-fashioned "treadmill" wheel, rather like the Siamese one we can see in page 712, used for irrigating the land.

Farther up the slopes of the mountains the rice fields, which provide Japan's most important product, give way to terraces of wheat and barley. Near Kyoto much tea is grown; very little is exported, however, for tea is the favourite drink among the people and practically the whole of the crop is used by the Japanese themselves.

As the farmers have so small an area for cultivation—generally no more than three or four acres—they have to eke out their living by handicrafts and manufactures. Some of them make baskets, others carve wood, but nearly all of them cultivate the silkworm for the production of raw silk. In each house we hear the rustling noise of silk winding and find rows and rows of cocoons put out on trays to dry in the sun.

The farmers grow large numbers of mulberry trees, on the leaves of which the silkworms feed, and make, sometimes, a better business out of this so-called addition to their earnings than from their main occupation of farming the land. Indeed the silk industry is next in importance to rice cultivation.

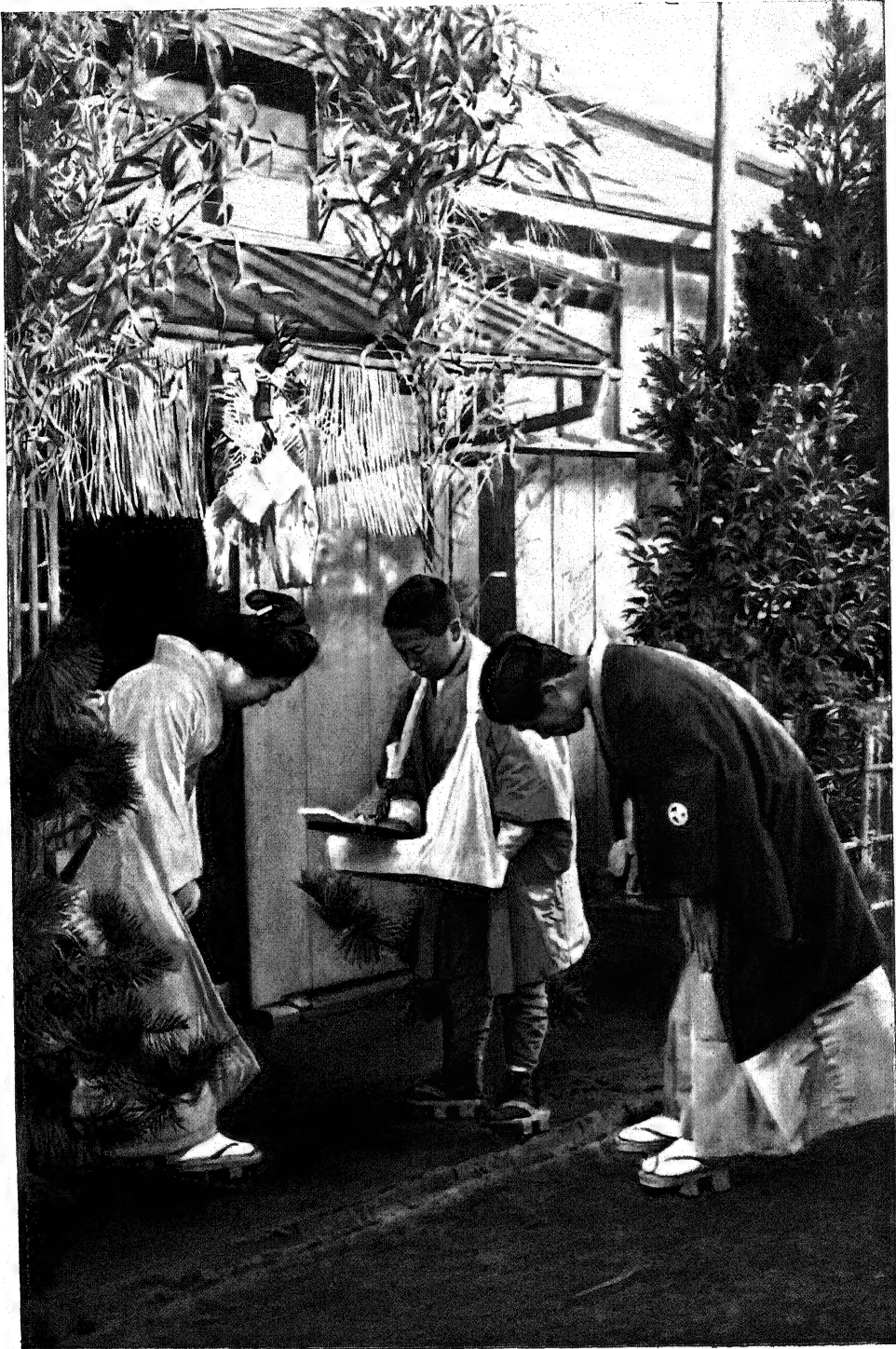
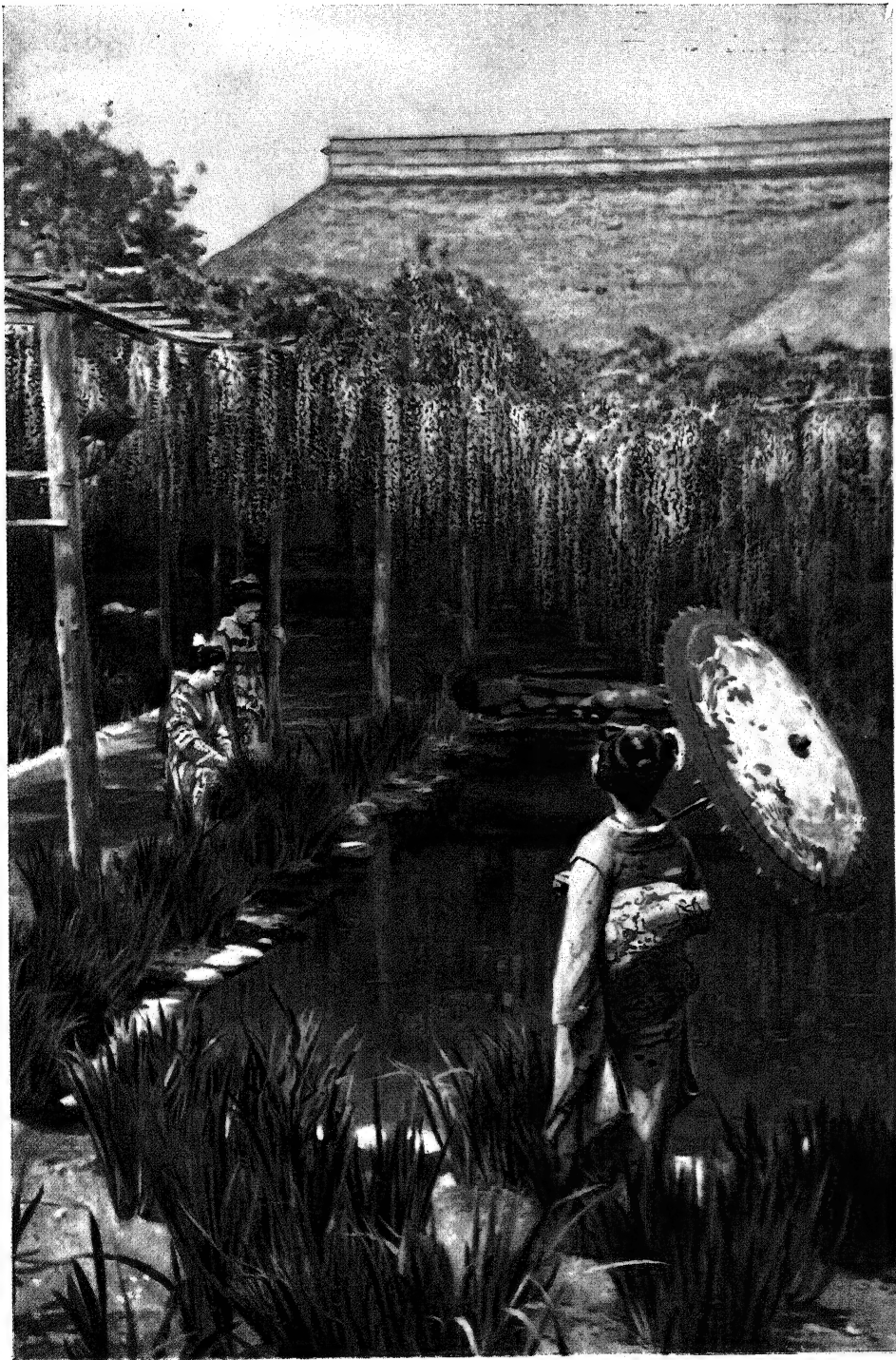
On the higher slopes we find vast groves of bamboo. The tender young shoots and the seeds are used for food, and the larger, older canes supply material for building, and, when split, for basket and hat-making.

While we are among the people of the country we must pause to have a look at the children who, playing with their kites and tops and shuttlecocks, run happily about the streets dressed in bright-coloured kimonos. They do not wear any stockings, but use clogs for footwear out of doors and straw sandals when they are in their homes. Japanese children are gradually trained to appreciate artistic things from their earliest days, the girls even having lessons in how to arrange flowers. Everywhere there is evidence of this careful training, for even in the poorest villages, among the most hard-working peasants, articles of craftsmanship are produced that are exquisite both in workmanship and design. They

Hunter

AN ABORIGINAL OF JAPAN WHOSE PRIDE IS HIS BUSHY BEARD

When the Japanese first came to Japan—no one is quite certain when or whence—they drove the original inhabitants north into the island of Hokkaido, and there their descendants live to this day—the hairy Ainus, a primitive tribe of hunters and fishers. They are not really abnormally hairy, but the men grow luxuriant beards.

Weston

THE NEW YEAR is a great festival in Japan. Every house is decorated with fir and bamboo, and is sure to display at least one symbol of good fortune in the form of an orange, lobster and piece of charcoal tied in a fringe of grass. Gifts are distributed and calls are paid, courtesy demanding an elaborate series of bows at each meeting.

Weston

WISTARIA comes out when the cherry blossom falls, and then all Japan visits the pretty tea-houses that fringe many of the lakes in the temple gardens. There one may sit beneath a canopy of hanging blossoms—sometimes a yard in length or even more—or stand among the leaves of June's flower, the iris, and watch the reflections in the water.

are only made with this loving care, however, for use in Japan. Things made in bulk for foreigners, who, so the Japanese believe, have no taste, are usually made quickly and carelessly, and are often over-decorated and really ugly.

Before we leave this country of picturesque scenery and glorious colours, we must first see the huge volcano, Fujiyama, one of the most beautiful mountains in the whole world. It stands by itself in the midst of a plain, some seventy or eighty miles from Tokyo, and is partially encircled by a chain of lovely lakes. It is now generally supposed to be extinct, for it has displayed no activity for many years.

Fuji is beautifully symmetrical in shape and is usually capped with snow. It is regarded as sacred by the beauty-loving Japanese, thousands of whom make a pilgrimage to the crater every summer. If we climb the steep sides we shall find everywhere shrines built to the spirits that inhabit it. From it, too, we shall get a view of plains and lakes and distant mountains that will be a fitting conclusion to our visit to the delightful country whose name means, in Chinese, the "Land of the Rising Sun."

Weston

KING BABY OF JAPAN: HOW HE FARES ON BOYS' DAY

Japan is called the Paradise of Babies, and on two days of the year this is especially true. March 3rd is the girls' festival, the Feast of the Dolls; May 6th is the boys' day, the Feast of the Flags. Then the sons of the house are surrounded with toys, and every family that includes a boy hangs a great paper carp outside the door.

A Link Between East and West

HUNGARIANS OF THE CITIES AND VAST PLAINS

Hungary once again became an independent land after the conclusion of the Great War, but though it had formed a part of the Dual Monarchy of Austria-Hungary for many years, the state of the country was and is very much the same as that of rural England in the eighteenth century. The Magyars, or Hungarians, are the descendants of the Tartars who took possession of the country in the ninth century, and Hungary has been termed the gateway of the East. Certainly the people still retain many Eastern characteristics, and perhaps the influence of the East may have something to do with the backward condition of the country.

ANYONE who wants to form a really good opinion of the Hungarians, to judge their civilization as they want it to be judged, should not go straight to Budapest from London, Paris or Rome. He will get to Constantinople as best he can, stay there for a while, put up for a week in Bukarest, then another week in Belgrade. After that let him go to Budapest and he will be agreeably surprised. He will find himself among a cultivated and charming people, with Western ideas, Western methods, Western honesty, Western civilization. He will be impressed and thenceforward will regard Hungarians with affection and admiration. . . . If he enter Hungary the other way—go to Budapest with London and Paris fresh in his memory—he will still enjoy himself, still find much that is delightful in the Hungarians, but he will feel he has reached the beginning of the East, the first of the turbulent and troublesome Balkan States."

So advises an Irish writer, who visited Hungary after the Great War, when it had been separated from Austria and become an independent state.

Saintly Founder of the State

At the conclusion of the Great War the Treaty of Versailles split up the kingdom of Hungary, one of the oldest and proudest kingdoms in Europe, whose Charter of Liberties dates back to a little earlier than Magna Carta and whose thousandth anniversary was celebrated in 1896. Many different elements had become united in this kingdom under successive leaders, beginning with Stephen, saint and king, who early in the eleventh century turned a confused tribe into an organized state, and, somewhat forcibly it must be confessed, converted the people to Christianity. Stephen, on whom Pope Sylvester II. conferred the title of Apostolic King, united the state and made of it a real bulwark against an Asiatic invasion of Europe.

A Hungarian King Solomon

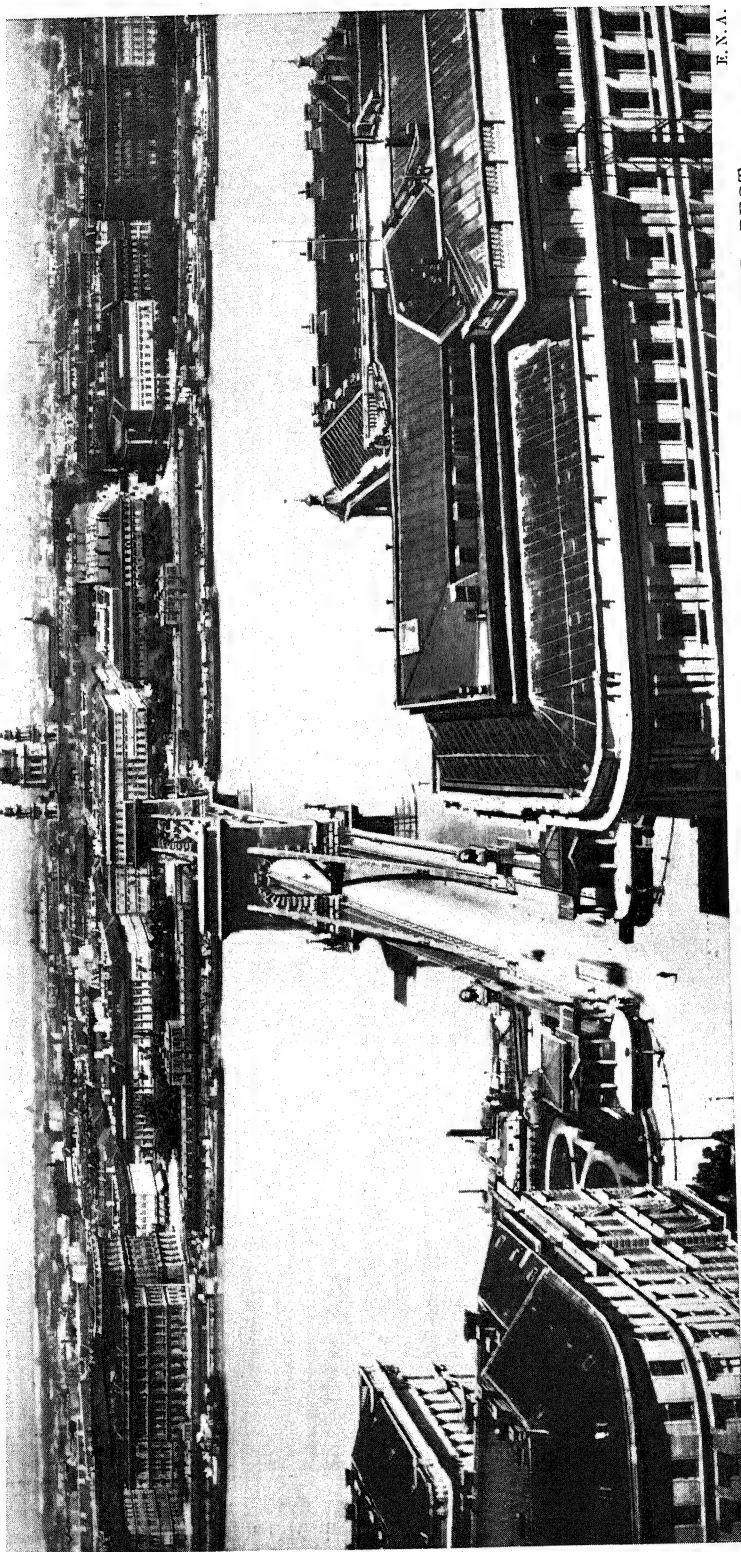
King Ladislas I. was the second of his dynasty to be canonised as saint. Another and much later name that stands out in Hungarian history is that of Matthias the Just, whose reign was, perhaps, the most splendid of all. He held a position that could only be likened to that of King Solomon, so great a lover was he of splendid clothing, splendid palaces and pageantry. The father of Matthias was the indomitable fighter, John Hunyadi, or as it is written in Hungarian, Hunyadi Janos, who saved Central Europe from the Turks.

It is not to be wondered at that, with their long line of splendid, fighting kings, the Hungarians never willingly agreed to form part of the Dual Monarchy of Austria-Hungary in which Austria occupied the principal position, more especially as in course of time Austria demanded increasing financial support from them, and an increasing number of men to swell the ranks of the Austrian army. The Hungarians have suffered for their loyalty to Austria, for it is through that loyalty that they are left to-day with but a third of the rich territory that once belonged to them.

Kankovszky

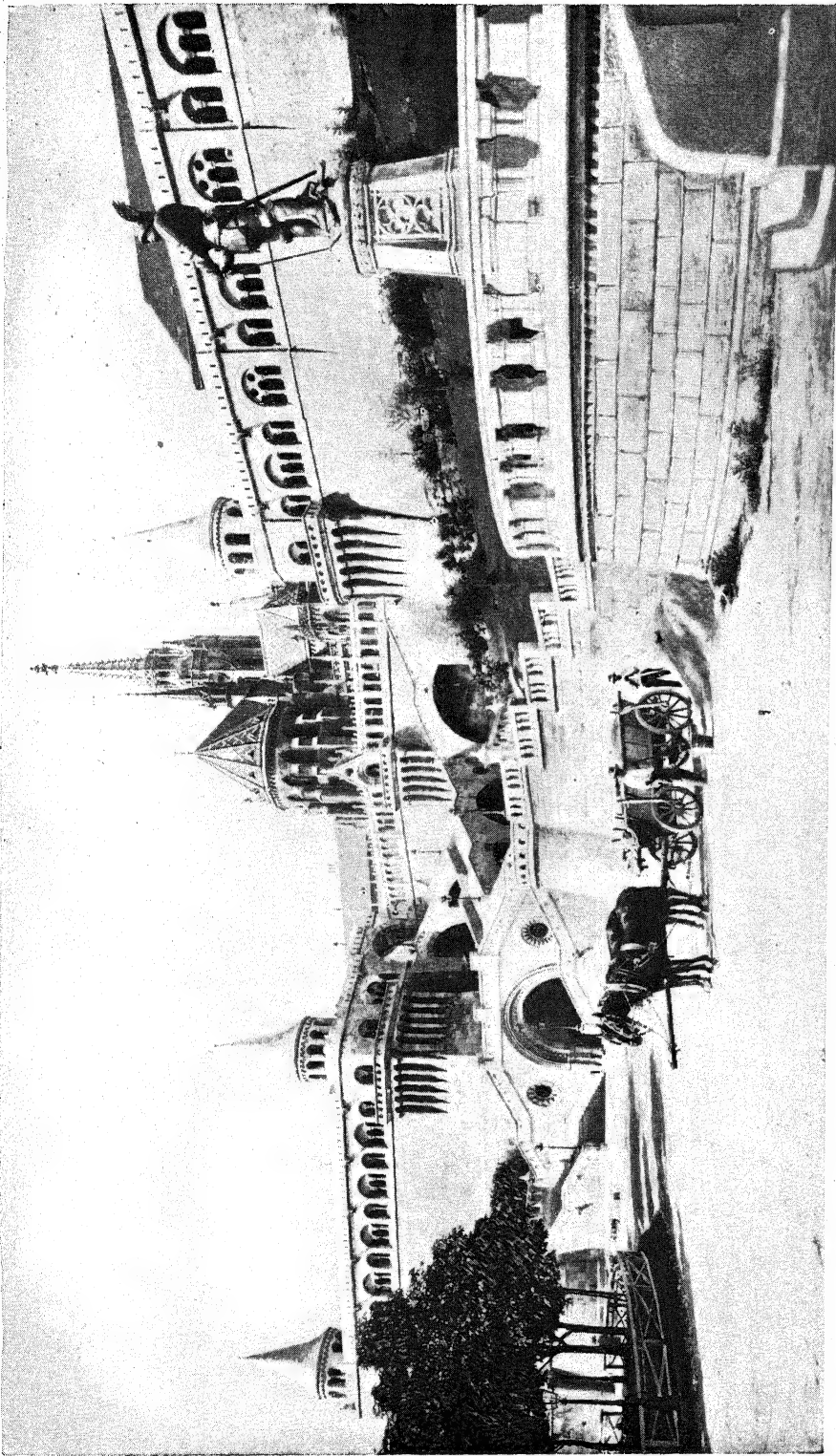
HER GAY CLOTHES do not mean that this girl does not work, because here we see her at the wheel of a well in a tiny village near Kalocsa. The well is the favourite meeting-place in these villages and the girls chatter away as they await their turn to draw water. The wells in the Danube region never fail, because they are fed by the river.

Cutler

BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM are a wondrous sight in Hungary, for they still wear elaborate wedding garments, such as have been worn for centuries. Upon the girl's head is a marvellous creation of tinsel and flowers, and flowers are fastened in the man's hat. Under his cloak he has on a white garment with very full sleeves.

E. N. A.

SUSPENSION BRIDGE OVER THE DANUBE JOINING THE TOWNS OF BUDA AND PEST

The city of Budapest was formed by the union of the towns of Buda and Pest in 1873. Pest, the more important part of the city, lies on the low left bank of the Danube, the further one in the photograph. Six bridges link up the two portions of the city; the Suspension Bridge, which was built by an English engineer, is the oldest of them all and is one of the largest of its kind in Europe. In the distance can be seen the dome of S. Stephen, in which is a statue of S. Stephen, the first Christian king of Hungary. Buda is the older of the towns.

E. N. A.

UPON CASTLE HILL IN BUDAPEST RISE THE WALLS AND TOWERS OF THE FISHERMEN'S BASTION

From the walls of this bastion, which was completed in the twentieth century, one can look across the broad Danube and beyond the huge city upon its banks. Behind the bastion and in the centre of the photograph is the coronation church of S. Matthias, where Francis Joseph was crowned King of Hungary in 1867. The church was begun by King Bela IV. in the thirteenth century, and during the years that the Turks were in possession of the city it was used as a mosque. The Turks captured Buda in 1541 and held it for nearly 150 years.

E. N. A.

DANCING THE HUNGARIAN NATIONAL DANCE BEFORE A VERY CRITICAL AUDIENCE

The Csárdás, as the Hungarian national dance is called, has two movements—one slow and stately, the other gay and whirling. These Magyar peasants are very fond of dancing, and it is a splendid sight to see them, dressed in their bright clothes, at their favourite pastime. Hungary has been called the gateway of the East, and certainly the Magyars are of Asiatic stock, with their slightly oblique eyes and rather high cheekbones. Like the Arab, they would rather ride a horse than walk, and their ideas of hospitality are quite Oriental.

Cutler

HUNGARIAN BABIES REST COMFORTABLY ON FAT BOLSTERS

Sometimes one or more huge bolsters, with covers beautifully embroidered in the brightest colours, are placed upon the mother's lap when she is nursing her baby. The Hungarians love fine clothes and their traditional costumes. The peasants make their own clothes and many hours of patient labour are spent upon every garment

When the Dual Monarchy was agreed upon in 1723, it was decided that the ruler of both Hungary and Austria should be one and the same person. Though the agreement still left Hungary a considerable measure of independence, with her own parliament and her own laws, the Hungarians were convinced that the Austrians were having by far the best of the bargain, and so they reserved the right to call their men to arms.

The story of Maria Theresa's appeal to parliament to exercise this Right of calling an Insurrection, as the call to arms was termed, is generally made dramatic by picturing her facing the nobles with her infant son in her arms and so playing upon the chivalrous feelings of the loyal Hungarians. But according to another account, which is probably the more accurate of the two, she laid aside her royal robes and, dressed in simple mourning and without her child, went almost unattended to meet the nobles.

On September 11, 1741, the representatives of both Chambers of the Hungarian Diet, or parliament, were invited to gather at the castle at Pressburg (now Bratislava). The Queen, it is said, contemplated nothing less than summoning to her standard, in order to repel the invasion of Austria by the French, every Magyar, that is, Hungarian, who was capable of bearing arms. This idea was

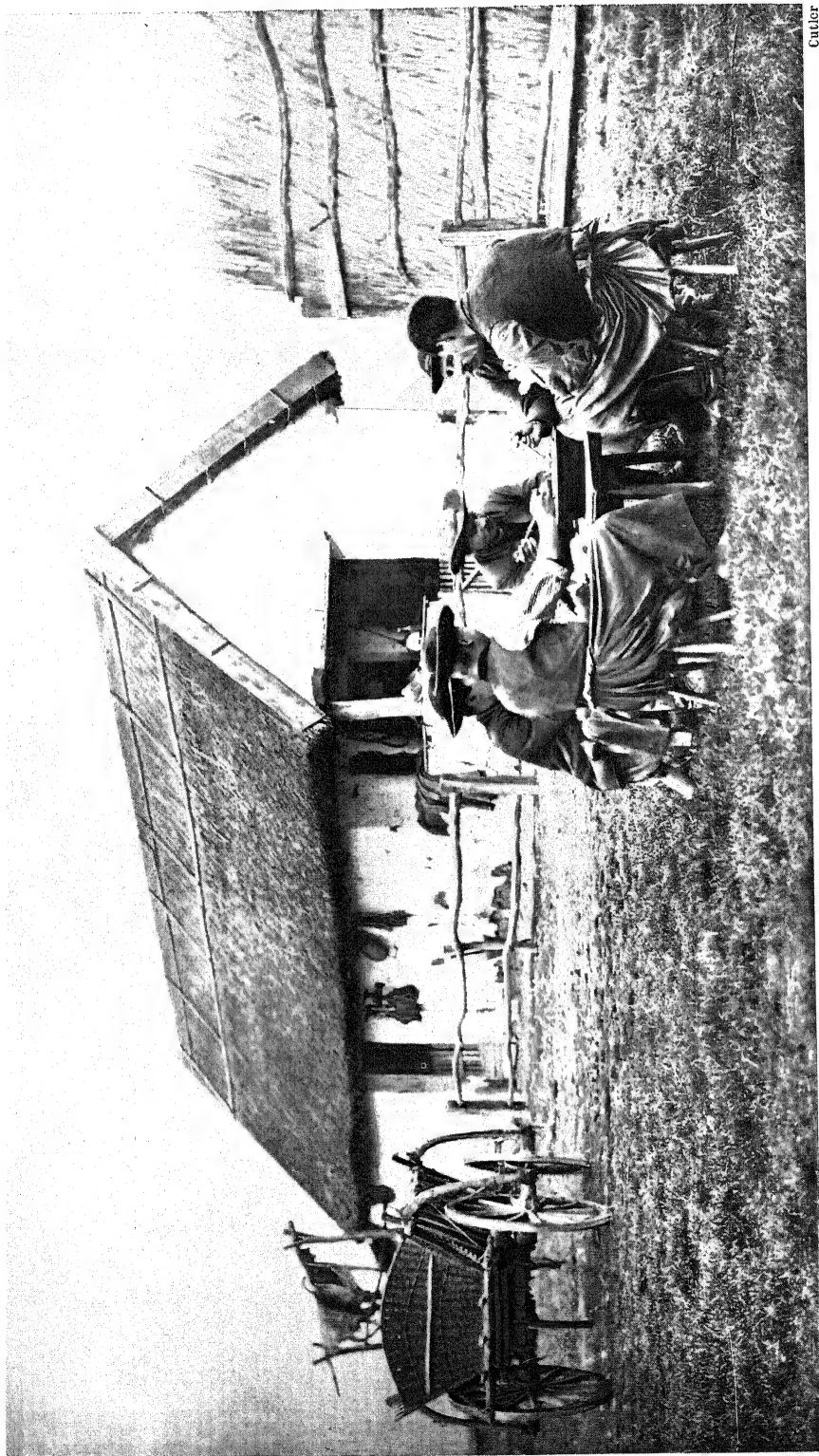
Cutler

HUNGARIAN WOMEN CARRYING THEIR GEESE TO MARKET

Peasant women have discovered that it is very much quicker to carry a goose to market than to drive it, so they put it in a wicker basket on their backs. These women are wearing high leather boots, which are much the same as those worn by the woman in Czechoslovakia of whom we have read in page 312.

Cutler

HERDSMEN BEFORE THEIR SHELTER ON THE HORTOBAGY PLAIN

In the eastern part of Hungary lies the Alföld, or great plain, of which the Hortobágy Plain forms a part. Herds of cattle and horses and flocks of sheep graze over its rich pastures, attended by herdsmen such as we see here. The man on the right is wearing an embroidered sheepskin cloak, with the fleece inside, as is the custom in Tibet.

Cutler

MAGYAR COWHERDS EATING THEIR EVENING MEAL AT THEIR HOME ON THE GREAT PLAIN

Solitary homes of these sturdy herdsmen are scattered all over the Alföld. These men lead a very primitive life and differ in many ways from the other peasants of Hungary, as they have their own customs and dress, their own traditions and ways of living. These men correspond in Hungary to the cowboys of the North American continent. They wear round felt hats with broad brims and wide skirt-like trousers. Since the Great War the herds have been diminishing in size, as more of the land is being devoted to agriculture.

Cutler

YOUNG GALLANT KISSING THE HAND OF THE PARTING GUEST

Politeness is to be found among rich and poor, young and old in Hungary, and this little boy is only showing the traditional courtesy of his countrymen. We should be surprised to see such behaviour in Britain, but, like the costumes, it is the custom of the country, as shaking hands is with us, and rubbing noses is with the Maoris.

regarded as nothing less than madness by the Austrians, who for years had preferred to submit to defeat by the Turks rather than authorise any general arming of the Hungarians, for they feared lest these weapons should be turned against themselves.

Maria Theresa, nevertheless, determined to appeal to Hungarian goodwill, and it is said that even those deputies who were most averse to making sacrifices for Austria were moved as she passed to her seat on the throne in the Audience Chamber. Only one symbol of royalty did she assume for this occasion, but it was the one which no Hungarian could resist—on her shining hair rested the iron crown of S. Stephen. By the Magyars this crown

Cutler

FAMILY MAKING JELLY IN THE VILLAGE OF CZINKOTA

In the autumn, when the plums have been gathered, everybody seems to be busy at the same task—jelly-making. The whole family has to help, because the stirring must go on throughout twenty-four hours without a stop. We see here, as in some of the other photographs, that the people often go about with bare feet to save their boots.

was regarded with an almost superstitious veneration. So jealously was it guarded that only the existence of complete confidence between herself and her Hungarian counsellors could have enabled Maria Theresa to make use of this effective means of reminding them that she and the Magyars were pledged to mutual support.

Standing before them, the young queen spoke eloquently, reminding them of the danger threatening the kingdom and how "we place our sole reliance in the fidelity, arms and long-tried valour of the Hungarians" and promising them that "the faithful states and orders of Hungary shall experience our hearty cooperation in all things which may promote the

Cutler

PEASANT LADS PROUDLY WEARING THEIR SUNDAY CLOTHES

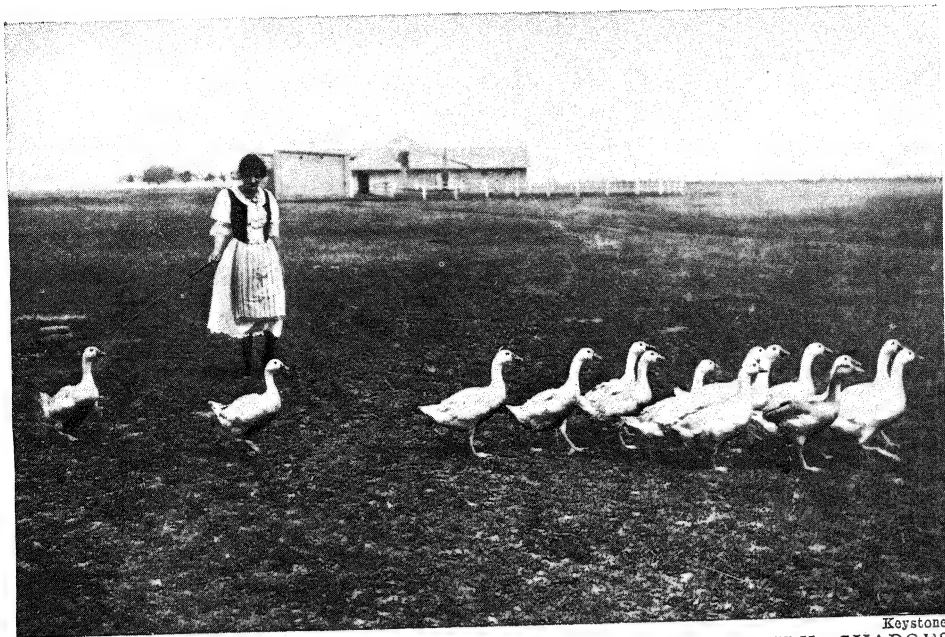
We should have to go to the court of some Eastern prince before we should again see men wearing such gorgeous clothes as these, and yet in the village of Mezökövesd they are to be seen every Sunday. The beautiful aprons and the ends of the wide sleeves are of all the colours of the rainbow, and no two patterns are alike.

happiness of this ancient kingdom and the honour of the people."

She made an overwhelming impression on everyone present. The hall re-echoed to the sound of sabres half-drawn then thrust back to the hilt, and hundreds of voices cried: "We consecrate our life and blood to your most sacred majesty!" Then the members of the Diet went to their Chambers and voted a liberal supply of men and money to wage war for a queen who had so dramatically appealed to them. It was not long before their loyalty brought suffering upon them and the queen's sympathies soon wavered. Nevertheless, she is a great figure in Austro-Hungarian history and one of which both countries are equally proud.

Cutler

FISHERMAN INSPECTING HIS NETS ON THE BANKS OF THE RIVER HORTOBAGY

When the fisherman takes up his nets he spreads them over a wooden frame to dry, and before he sets them again he carefully mends any tears. The fishermen generally make their nets themselves, and as they are unable to earn a living solely by fishing, they try to obtain a little extra money by making brooms, rush baskets and mats. On Hungary's vast wide-spreading plains there is not the same need for feverish activity as there is in more densely populated countries where the struggle for existence is hard and unceasing.

Keystone

GOOSEGIRL ENDEAVOURING TO ROUND UP HER UNRULY CHARGES

Many of the homesteads on the plains keep a flock of geese, which is driven out in the morning and brought into the farmyard at night. Here we cannot see another house, and this girl's nearest neighbours may be a day's journey away. This gives us some idea of the size of the Hungarian prairies and of the secluded lives the plainsmen lead.

E. N. A.

YOKE OF LONG-HORNED OXEN BRINGING HOME THE HARVEST

Lying between the Danube and the Drave, in the south of Hungary, is the fertile district of Baranya, where vast fields of wheat are cultivated. Hungary produces so much wheat that it has become one of the granaries of Europe. The farmers are proud of the fine oxen which they use, and are reluctant to replace them by tractors and motor-lorries.

Kankovszky

GIRLS OBSERVING A STRANGE CUSTOM IN THE BAJA DISTRICT

The peasants of the Baja region in south Hungary have a quaint custom. On certain days when the men are harvesting, unmarried women and girls go into the fields to cook for the men, taking flowers and cooking utensils. The flowers are given to the men, and if a man likes a girl he offers her a piece of sugar as a sign of their betrothal.

It was during Maria Theresa's reign that the pontoon bridge was built across the Danube to connect Buda and Pest, two ancient cities that are now one—Budapest, the capital of Hungary. In those days, however, they had long been rivals, separated by jealousies, as well as by the broad Danube. It was not until 1873 that the passing of a law decreed that the cities of Buda and Pest should henceforth be one and be known as Budapest. Some twenty-one years later it became a "royal city," equal in rank with Vienna.

It is a beautiful city without a doubt, with its handsome bridges over the river, its parks and wide streets lined by many cafés and its numerous splendid churches and museums. There is music everywhere, for Hungary is the home of the born musician and of the gypsy players. Liszt, one of the greatest composers, gives the credit for the creation of Hungarian national music to the gypsies. Another great musician, Brahms, based all his Hungarian songs on the haunting gypsy melodies.

Newspapers without Paper

The Opera and National Theatre belong to the State and the standard of acting is high; Shakespeare is frequently played. Music-halls and cinemas are found everywhere; so are museums, some of them being exceptionally fine and famous all over the world. The library of the National Museum is said to be the most valuable in Europe.

Budapest was the first city in the world to possess a newspaper in which the news was circulated by telephone instead of print. All day a clear-voiced elocutionist announced items of news as they arrived, and at intervals told stories to entertain the subscribers.

In their desire to make a good impression upon a visitor the Hungarians are sometimes apt to be rather over-hospitable. It is one thing to visit friends, but quite another matter to get away from them. They have even been known to remove the wheels from the vehicle in which visitors have arrived and thus oblige them to remain!

The custom of making a speech on entering a house and the kissing of the hands of the ladies are ceremonies that put our form of greeting to shame! It is usual, also, to shake hands after a meal and to wish each other continued good health. A lady visitor is always presented with flowers or with a single flower, which is certainly a gracious custom.

Girls Stay Indoors at Easter

One of the sights of the city—and indeed throughout all Hungary—is the peasant women. With bright red stockings, full petticoats, of which they sometimes wear as many as ten or a dozen, gay blouses and aprons and be-ribboned hair, we can distinguish them anywhere. The Hungarians are lovers of fine clothes and of embroidery. Joseph's coat of many colours would be easily outshone and even Solomon might find his glory dimmed. Colour is life to the peasant and fingers are skilful. Time and patience, too, are not lacking and no occasion for putting on finery is ever missed.

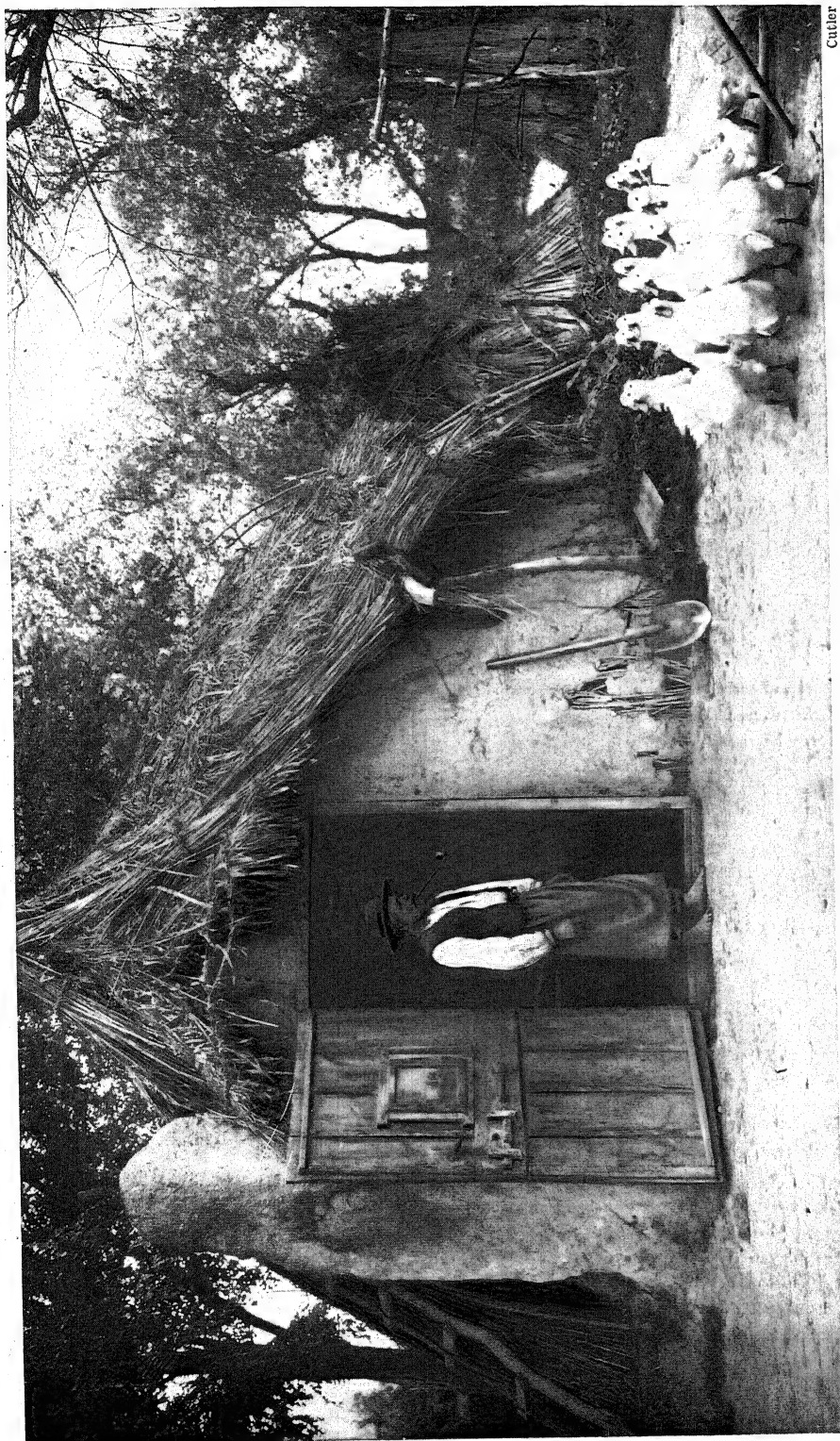
Easter, Christmas and New Year's Eve are great events. Easter is the sprinkling season and the first young girl to be met must be sprinkled, whether she likes it or not. She is supposed to be sprinkled with scent-water, but, in actual fact, if she is daring enough to venture out of doors she will promptly be seized and taken to the nearest well or fountain and will be lucky if she escapes with having only one bucket of water emptied over her.

Trousers like Petticoats

In the country the atmosphere is so clear and bright, even in the winter, that colour seems natural and fitting. The men dress as gaily as the women. They wear small, round hats, ornamented with feathers and even flowers. Black sleeveless jackets cover loose white undershirts, which often have enormous and richly embroidered sleeves. Their white trousers look like petticoats, and they wear also brightly embroidered aprons.

Cutler

PEASANTS SELLING THEIR WARES AT THE MARKET IN THE TOWN OF DEBRECZEN

Debreczen stands in the Hortobágy Plain, and is about thirty miles from the Rumanian frontier. The town is the market centre for the northern districts of the Alföld, and hither come the peasants to sell the produce of their farms. They do not set up stalls, but sit beside their goods, which are spread out upon the ground. The sellers form two long lines some distance apart and the buyers walk up and down between them. The town is famous for its important horse market, since horse-breeding is carried on in the surrounding districts.

Cutler

LITTLE HOME OF A SIMPLE FISHERMAN BESIDE THE HORTOBAGY RIVER

We should not care to live in this queer house, but the Hungarian fisherman has simple tastes and is quite content with such a home. The walls are of reeds obtained from the river, plastered with mud, and the roof is thatched with bundles of reeds. On the left of the photograph is the chimney, and the door is secured by a wooden bar. His house is very dark, but as he spends most of his time in the open air, this does not inconvenience him at all. He takes a great deal of pride in his small flock of ducks, which lay many a golden egg.

The women, both married and single, spend a great deal of their time in embroidering aprons for themselves and their menfolk. They, too, wear the sleeveless bodice and white blouse and a full, embroidered skirt. Very often a handsome shawl is added, with a kerchief for the head, but the feet are usually bare.

People of Pride and Poverty

The "suba" and the "szur" are two garments specially beloved by the shepherds and peasant workers. They are the garments in which the owner practically lives and sleeps. The suba is a long cloak of sheepskin with the wool worn inside. The leather is tanned and elaborately embroidered. The szur is also a cloak reaching to the ankles, but it is made of thick, felt-like material. It gives even more scope for decoration than the suba.

In the cities we may find great contrasts in wealth and poverty. The true Hungarian is usually poor; it is the Jew who has the money. Outside the cities there is less poverty and more pride. Most houses bear a small brass plate with the words, "Nem, nem, soha," meaning "Never, never, submit!" In the tramcars there is the inscription, "I believe in one God, one Fatherland, in one divine hour coming, in the resurrection of Hungary!" Among the peasantry little effect was produced by the short Bolshevik revolution which so disorganized the towns.

Men of the Vast, Rolling Plains

We shall not find the true Hungarian character in Budapest or in any of the other cities, but on the vast, rolling plains where dwellings may be a day's march from each other. There live men who are so sure of themselves that they are convinced that when God in Heaven speaks, He speaks their language and none other. These men of the plains—of the Great and Little Alföld—live with their horses and their cows; they despise traders and townsmen, do their work leisurely, enjoy a dance and a song and are lords of all they survey.

The plains are like rippling seas over which the clouds alone cast shadows. Often the only landmarks are the tall poles that mark a well, the cross-beam looking like the yard-arm on a ship. At one end of the beam is the bucket which is raised and lowered by pulling down and releasing the other end of the beam. Sometimes the bucket is raised and lowered by the turning of a wheel. The well is the centre of life on the plains—the meeting-place for flocks of sheep and of geese, men and maidens and gossips.

In his simple home the man of the plains is the supreme head. His wife generally addresses him as "sir," and his children stand in awe of his authority, yet both she and they manage often to get their own way.

Whence the Gypsies Came

The Szekelies are the healthiest and most robust people of the Magyar nation and their original home is that part of Transylvania which was ceded to Rumania by the Treaty of Trianon.

The superiority of this people over other Magyars is shown in their houses, which fulfil not only all elementary ideals, but the very highest modern requirements of cleanliness and hygiene. Among the Szekelies none is very rich and none very poor. The "golden mean" seems to rule in everything, even in their colouring, which is "neither very dark nor very fair," and it is typical of them that a favourite saying of the Szekely man is that he "recognizes no superior, but also no subordinate."

We cannot leave Hungary without visiting the Tziganes—the gypsies—who are in greater number in this country than in most others of Europe. They are believed to have come originally from the East Indies, and arrived four hundred years ago in Hungary, where they now number about half a million. Many of them are traders in horses, some are thieves and vagabonds, but nearly all are musicians, and so are always welcomed at the weddings and dances of the peasants, and are engaged to play in private houses.

Spinners and Weavers

FOLK WHO PRACTISE MAN'S OLDEST HANDICRAFTS

Spinning and weaving are two of the oldest industries of man, so that it is very surprising to find that until the eighteenth century the methods employed remained practically unchanged. When the machinery for the textile factories was invented, these two handicrafts began to die out in many countries, but in certain parts of the world where, for various reasons, factories have not appeared, spinning and weaving are still done by hand. Peoples of many races and living in every quarter of the globe are to-day still using spindles and distaffs, and primitive looms very much the same as those employed by their forefathers many centuries ago, and the implements of one race differ in principle very little from those used by another.

HAVE you ever wondered—perhaps when you are holding a skein of wool on your hands, while someone winds it into a ball—how it is that from the comparatively short hairs that make up the fleece of a sheep. one thread yards and yards in length can be obtained? That is what spinning does. Spinning is the twisting together of a series of short threads and the drawing of them out to make one long, continuous thread. Silk does not need to be spun, because the thread provided by each silkworm is hundreds of yards long in its raw state, but wool, cotton, flax—all the other fibres from which man makes his cloth—must undergo the operation called spinning.

It is impossible to say for certain when and where spinning first came into existence, for it goes back to prehistoric days. We know this, because together with certain remains of prehistoric man that have been found, spun thread or spinning implements have been found, too.

The oldest known form of spinning is with distaff and spindle. Monuments of ancient Egypt, old Greek mythology and countless fables, writings and ballads, all bear testimony to their use. Yet, old as it is, the same method is practised, as we shall see in the illustrations, in many parts of the world to-day.

The distaff, sometimes called the rock, is in its simplest form a cleft stick about three feet long, on which the raw wool or flax is wound; the spindle is a pin a few inches long, having a nick at the small or upper end of it, to hold the thread, and having a weight of some sort at the other end to make it hang and spin properly.

The spindle is threaded with a long piece of the twisted yarn and is then set twirling rapidly. While it revolves, the spinner draws out the fibres from the distaff that she holds under her left arm, and twists them together. As she twists and the hanging spindle spins, the fibres get wound round each other and drawn out—in other words, the yarn is spun. When so long a thread is

E.N.A.

SPINNING IN THE GOOD OLD WAY

This old Belgian woman spins as her great-great-grandmother did. With her right hand she turns the wheel, with her left she twists the thread that the spindle draws from the distaff.

spun that the spindle nearly touches the ground, the spinner winds it round the spindle and starts again.

It is not known exactly when the first spinning wheel came into existence, but it was certainly a great improvement on the distaff and spindle. Nuremberg and Brunswick, in Germany, both claim its invention, and there is a fourteenth century manuscript in the British Museum that tells us that there were spinning wheels even in those early days. The early kings of our race, like the Eastern potentates of still earlier times, set great store on the art of spinning. For example, King Edward the Elder commanded his daughters to be taught the use of the distaff, and his father, Alfred the Great, referred in his will to the female portion of his family as the "spindle side."

The idea that holds to-day in Germany, Rumania and elsewhere, that a bride should provide the household linen, originated in the fact that our forefathers considered no woman worthy of wifehood until she had spun and woven for herself a complete set of bed, body and table linen. Hence it is that an unmarried woman was, and still remains in name a spinster or spinner, though the custom of women weaving and spinning their own clothes died out many years ago in Britain.

After the spinning comes the weaving—that is, the combining of the single threads to make cloth. This is done by stretching a series of threads—called the warp—tightly over a frame, and crossing them with other threads—the weft—which are passed alternately over and under the warp. The frame on which this is done is a loom. The illustrations show us many different forms of primitive loom, all of which, however, follow the same principle. The first looms were very simple; but improvements were gradually made to them, an important one being the invention of the device called the

Tuck

IRISH RELIC OF A DAY WHEN ALL SPINNING WAS DONE AT HOME

Spinning was once an important home industry in Ireland, but it is now rapidly dying out. It is very strange that methods of spinning, which is one of man's very oldest industries, remained practically unaltered for centuries, and yet, in the last 150 years, since the first machine was invented, no industry has made more rapid progress.

E. N. A.

DISTAFF AND TWIRLING SPINDLE IN THE HANDS OF AN OLD BRETON

This is how all spinning was done before the spinning wheel was invented. The spinner attaches the thread to the spindle, which she twists and then lets hang. It continues to twirl for a little time, and so, while the thread is being drawn from the distaff by the spindle's weight, the short fibres that compose it are being twisted together.

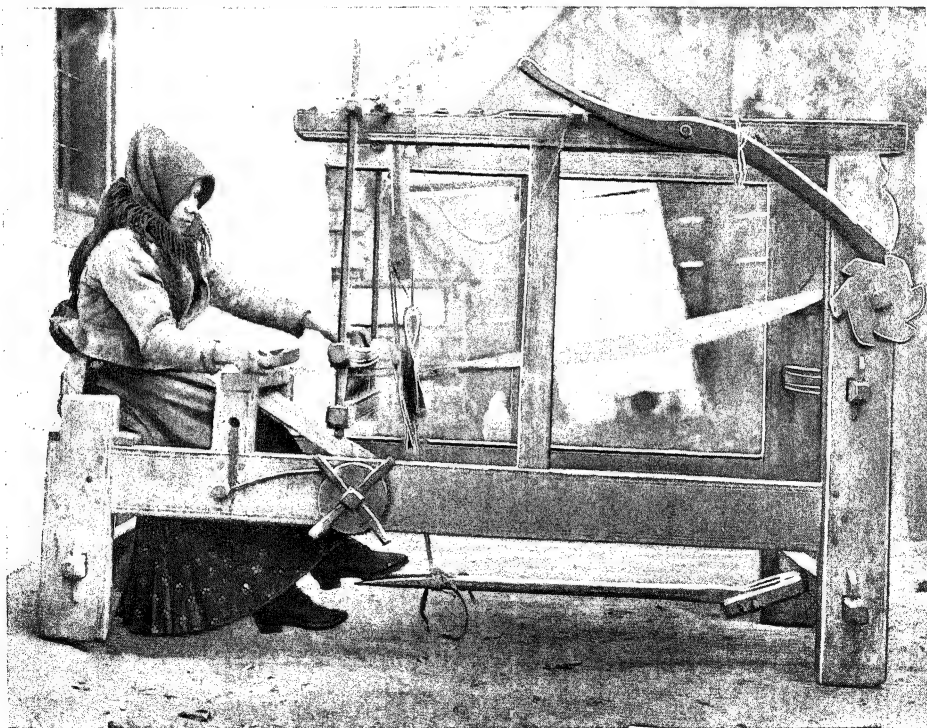
heddle, which raises and lowers alternate threads of the warp to facilitate the movement of the weft thread. The weft was first wound into a ball, then it was wound round a stick, then finally it was twisted round a spool which was enclosed in a torpedo-shaped shuttle.

So rarely, however, did man invent improvements in the methods of spinning and weaving and so slight were the improvements when made, that as late as the middle of the eighteenth century the spinning wheels and looms that our ancestors used were very little different from those of their forefathers. Then in the eighteenth, nineteenth and twentieth centuries improvements came so fast that the industry was revolutionised.

Andrade

SPINNING OCCUPIES THE HANDS OF THE ECUADORIAN SWINEHERD

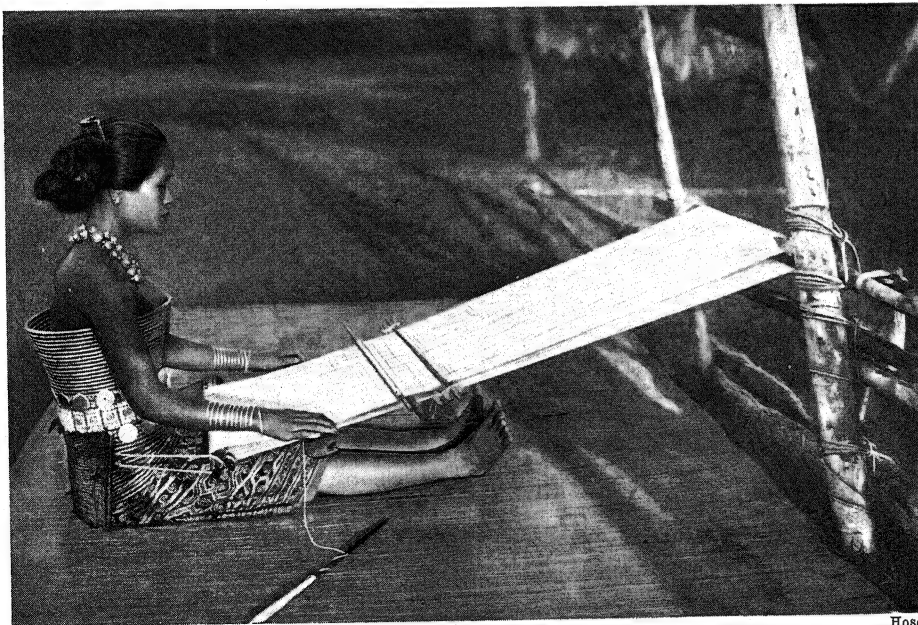
It is extraordinary that in an industry so widespread as spinning, practically the same methods of doing it should be employed everywhere. The native of Ecuador, like the Breton woman in page 1347, and the Rumanian in page 1194, holds a distaff and twirls a spindle, though the one is only a stick and the other a cane stuck through a potato.

Cutler

HOME WEAVER IN THE HUNGARIAN VILLAGE OF MEZOKOVESD

There is a greater difference between the looms used in the various corners of the world than there is between the spinning implements. This woman is a Hungarian, and upon her curious and rather complicated wooden loom she is weaving a pair of trousers for her husband. Almost every cottage in Hungary has its loom.

Prideaux

THE SPINNING-WHEEL AS IT IS STILL USED IN CHINA

Here we see how cotton is spun in a Chinese home. This woman's spinning-wheel is different in shape from those shown in pages 1345-6, yet it works on the same principle. She has, however, one great advantage over both the Belgian and the Irish woman. She turns the wheel with her feet—by means of a treadle—and so has both hands free.

Hose

HOW A QUEERLY DRESSED MAID OF BORNEO DOES HER WEAVING

The loom of this Iban woman of Borneo is very simple. The warp, or lengthways thread, is looped round a cross-bar and a small rod, and is kept taut by a piece of webbing around her waist. She runs the long shuttle that is beside her in and out between the threads, and thus makes clothes for herself and her menfolk.

UPRIGHT LOOM UPON WHICH A CHILEAN WEAVER MAKES HER CLOTH

In the southern and western parts of South America are found herds of wild guanacos and vicunas and of domesticated llamas and alpacas—beasts of the camel family—the long, woolly coats of which have proved very useful to man. This Araucanian Indian of Chile is making a blanket of guanaco wool upon her simple loom.

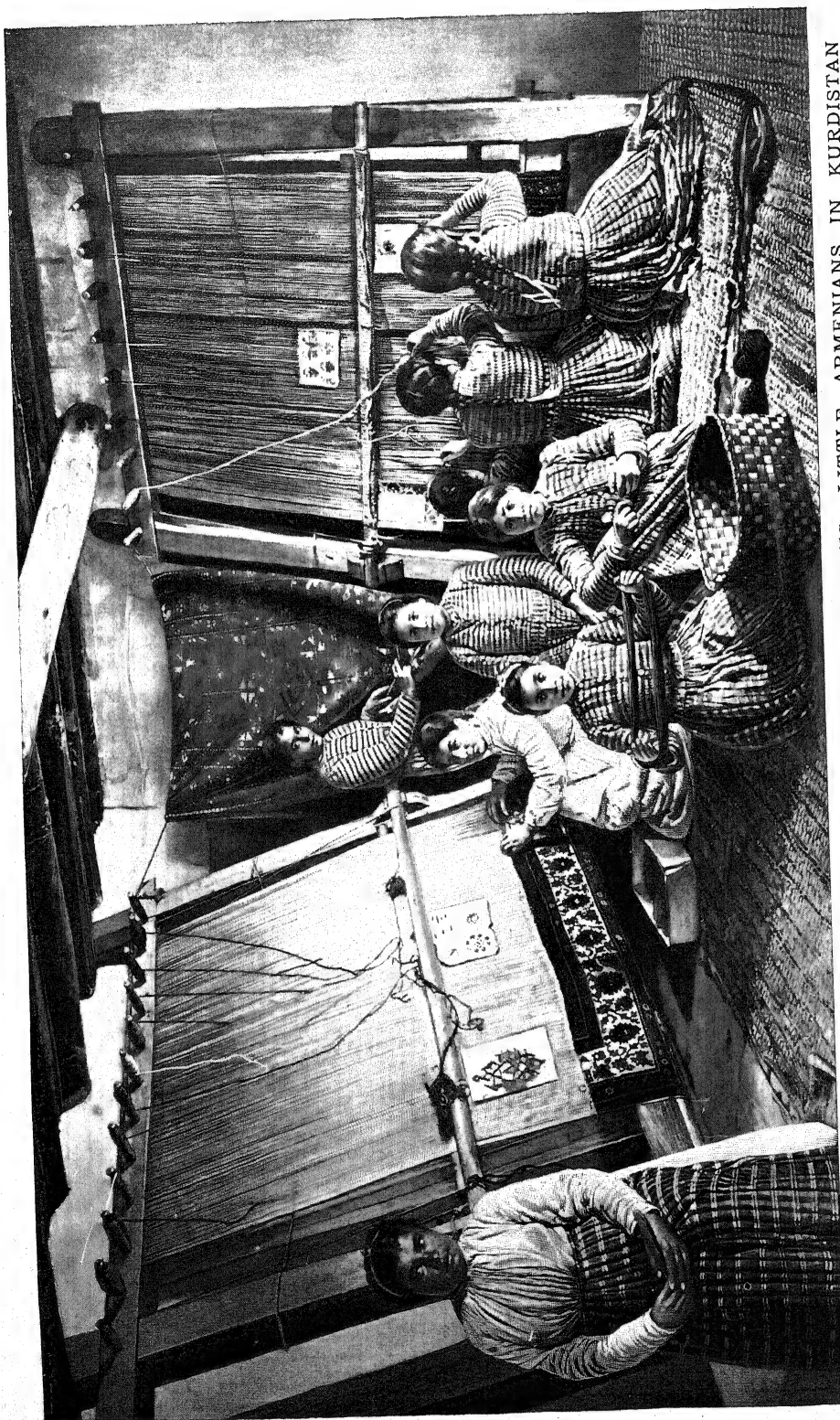
We can only understand how great was the change if we first watch a home-craftsman turning a spinning-wheel and weaving at a hand loom, and then visit a modern textile factory and watch the marvellously intricate machinery that spins the short fibres of wool, cotton or flax into long continuous threads. We shall also see other wonderful machines that shoot the shuttle holding the weft-thread backwards and forwards between the threads of the warp, making hundreds of yards of elaborately patterned or simple material in an incredibly short time.

But although machinery and the need for increased production have killed many an old handicraft, the value of hand-loom weaving, whether as a pleasant home occupation or as an educational pursuit, will always exist. For fabrics turned out by a skilled and conscientious hand weaver will invariably long outlast the cheap machine-made stuffs.

The " homespuns " of Scotland, Ireland and Wales—Harris tweeds, Galway frieze, Welsh serge—that we see in shop windows, are sometimes real homespuns made in the districts that give them their names. But more often they are factory-made imitations, for manufacturers have been swift to turn out thousands upon thousands of yards of cloth modelled in appearance

Lewis

INDUSTRY AND IDLENESS IN A FAR EASTERN ISLAND

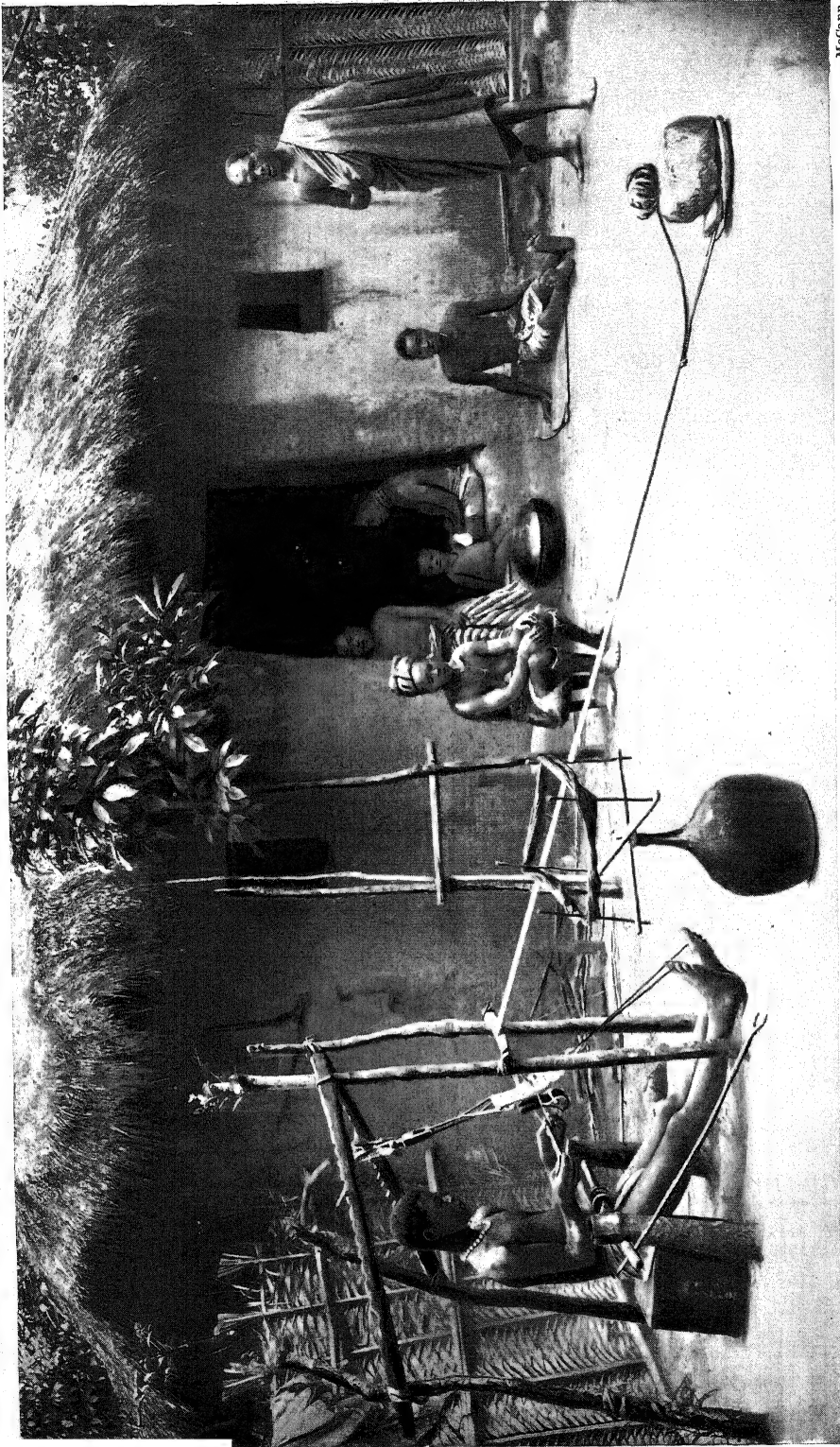
Like the Hungarian woman in page 1348 and the West African boy in page 1354, this girl of the Celebes works at her loom before the door of her house. Looms, houses and weavers are all, however, very different. Her loom is more like that shown in page 1349, which is worked by a girl of the neighbouring island of Borneo.

CHILDREN WHO MAKE SOME OF THE WORLD'S FINEST CARPETS: LITTLE ARMENIANS IN KURDISTAN

Turkish carpets have long been renowned for their beauty of design and their long-wearing qualities, but it is not usually realized that most of them are not Turkish but Armenian. Many are made by Armenian girls who if they were English would still be at school. The looms they use are very simple—upright wooden frames around which the warp threads are drawn taut. Weft threads of various colours are twisted round pegs stuck in the top bar of the loom, and enlarged details of the pattern are pinned up near the weavers.

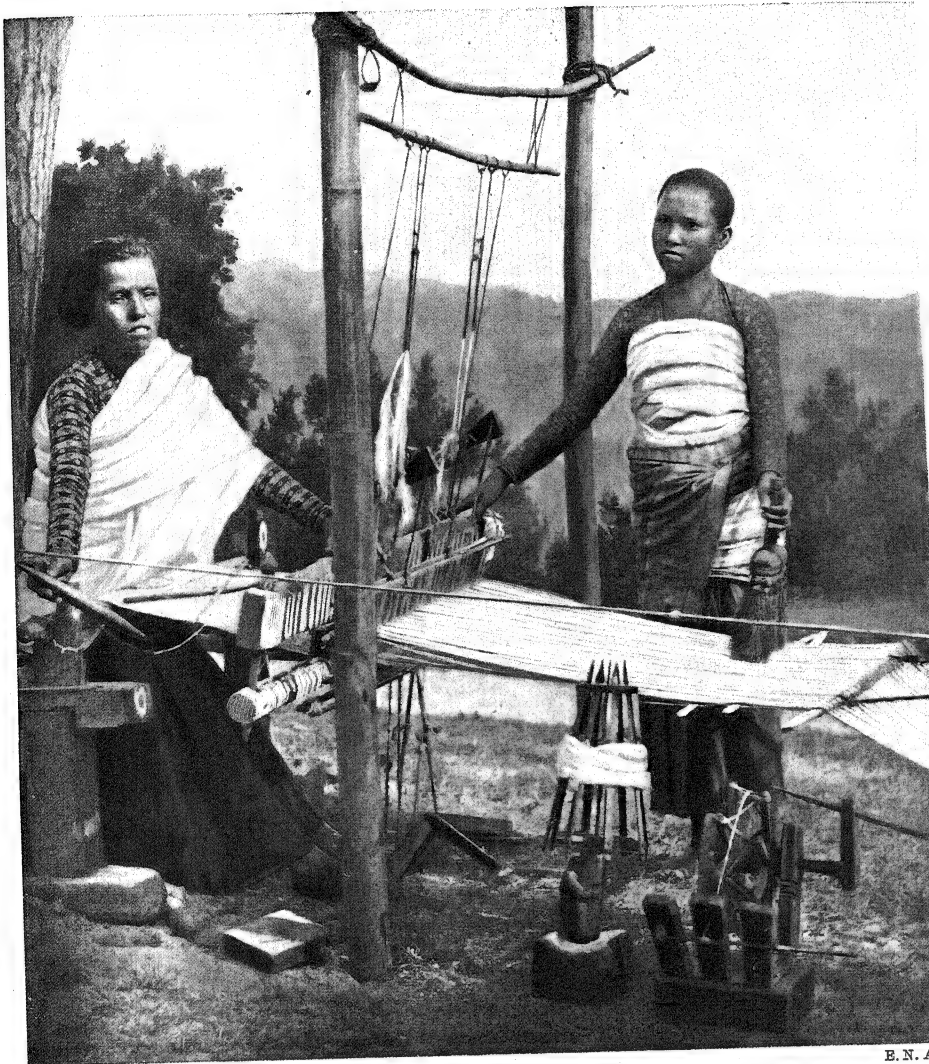
DISTAFF AND LOOM ARE NEVER LONG IDLE IN BULGARIA
The peasant women in Bulgaria are very industrious and never let their hands be idle. There is always flax or wool to be spun and cloth to be woven, for not only do they make all the material for their clothes, but they also make homespun for export. Here, at Dobromiri, women and girls have gathered together for a spinning and weaving bee.

on the old-fashioned cloth that would last for years. However good the machine-made "homespuns" may be, they can never surpass the fabrics woven so carefully and conscientiously upon the hand looms from threads spun on the old spinning-wheels, which now, for the most part, are curios for museums.

In foreign lands, however, hand-spinning and hand-weaving have not been superseded by machinery and are not likely to be. The hand-made carpets and rugs of the East are in great demand all over the world, not only because of their beauty of design, but because the care with which they are made and the beautiful colourings produced by the use of vegetable dyes, mean that these wares will outlast many a machine-made article, in the colouring of which mineral dyes have been used. In our museums we may see examples of Persian and Turkish rugs and carpets that are, perhaps, two or three hundred years old, and are still as freshly coloured and beautiful as they were when they were made.

The looms of Bradford and Manchester supply China and India with an immense quantity of cheap cotton fabrics and woollens, yet still, fortunately, the hand-loom plays a very important part among the natives of those countries. Some of the most beautiful hand-made materials in the world come from China, and an old

McCann

THE WEST AFRICAN NEGRO MAKES LONG STRIPS OF NARROW CLOTH AT HIS INGENIOUS LOOM

In most parts of the world weaving is regarded as woman's work, but in the Gold Coast man takes it in hand. His loom is certainly ingenious, and, for all its apparent simplicity, somewhat complicated. The warp threads are kept taut by large weights, and the heddle, the contrivance that raises alternate threads of the warp to simplify the movement of the shuttle, is worked by cords around the weaver's toes. His supply of yarn is ready to hand on a very ingenious machine, extraordinarily like one used by us for winding skeins of silk or wool.

E. N. A.

NEWAR WOMEN OF NEPAL WORK AT THEIR LOOM IN THE OPEN AIR

Of the two chief tribes in Nepal, the Gurkhas are the fighting men and the Newars are the craftsmen. Newar men build elaborate wooden houses, and their women make cotton cloth on their home-made looms. The woman on the left is doing the weaving; the one on the right holds a brush with which entangled threads are separated.

piece of Chinese tapestry will fetch a very large sum of money. Indian silks are also prized for their excellent quality and beautiful designs. Yet the looms on which these lovely materials are made appear very crude and imperfect.

China and India are, however, the homes of very old civilizations. It is more surprising to learn that even the most primitive people have taught themselves methods of spinning and weaving. In uncivilized lands, far from places where cheap fabrics and machine-made clothes can be procured, the women of the savage races, and even the men, spin animal or vegetable fibres with primitive distaff and spindle and erect curiously ingenious looms, on which they weave material to make what clothing they require.

Spinning and weaving, two of the oldest industries of mankind, have been practised for centuries in strangely similar ways by Christian and heathen, by black man and white, by civilized man and savage.

Sykes

BEING PHOTOGRAPHED RATHER FRIGHTENS THIS LITTLE BOY

Not many white people live in Sin-Kiang, and cameras are still regarded with suspicion, so that this boy is very glad of his mother's protection while the photographer is there. They are standing on the banks of the Yarkand River, in the south-western portion of Sin-Kiang. The people of the towns, such as these, are called Sarts and are of Turkish origin.

In Unknown Sin-Kiang

LIFE IN CHINA'S WESTERNMOST PROVINCE

We have read about Russian Turkistan in the chapter "A Glimpse of Turkistan," and now we are to be taken through Chinese Turkistan by one of the few white people who have lived there. Greeks, Huns, Persians, Mongols and Chinese have each in turn overrun the country, the last-named conquering it in the eighteenth century and still remaining in possession. In the south, in the Taklamakan Desert, are towns buried in the sand, from which manuscripts, wall-paintings and clothes have been recovered, telling us of the splendour of bygone ages and something of the ancient history of the land.

SIN-KIANG, or Chinese Turkistan, is the most westerly province of the Chinese Republic, of which it forms an important part, for it has great mineral and other resources. At present it is an almost unknown land. No railways link Sin-Kiang with the outside world, and to reach it from Peking one must travel on horseback and in carts for more than three thousand miles across the plains and mountains of China.

Speaking generally, Sin-Kiang is a land of deserts and sand dunes, though the rivers and streams make a certain amount of cultivation possible by supplying water for irrigation canals. It is bounded on the north by Siberia, on the east by the province of Kansu in China proper and by the desert of Gobi in Mongolia, on the south by Tibet and the northern frontiers of India, and on the west by Russian Turkistan and Afghanistan. Urumchi is the capital, but the most important towns for trade and commerce are Kashgar and Yarkand.

The climate is the same as that of other regions far from the sea—in summer it is hot and in winter very cold. In the spring high winds are frequent, and raise clouds of dust, enveloping the country in a haze that often takes days to disperse.

In the Path of Great Conquerors

Sin-Kiang is a land of great interest, for it can tell us more of the world's history than can any books. The Greeks under Alexander traversed it; the Huns followed them; and for a time it formed part of the Persian empire. In the fourteenth century came Tamerlane, the Tartar conqueror, who carried fire and sword through Asia and Europe, and who, in the course of his amazing career, dethroned no fewer than twenty-seven kings, and even harnessed kings to his chariot. In 1750, the Chinese conquered Sin-Kiang, and though there have been one or two rebellions, it has remained in their possession ever since. They called it the New Dominion. It is of the greatest importance to them, since its frontiers touch those of India, Russian Turkistan and Afghanistan.

Light-hearted, Easy-going People

The majority of the people are of Turkish origin and are Mahomedans by religion, the Chinese people forming only a small percentage of the population and being either officials or merchants. The Turkis are engaged chiefly in agriculture and commerce, carrying on trade with neighbouring states, especially with India. They are light-hearted and cheerful, easy to govern, and without any desire for advancement either educationally or in any other sense. All, both men and women, are good riders, and if a horse or donkey is not available they are equally at home astride the lumbering ox.

Their houses are low and made of mud, are generally without windows and devoid of architectural beauty. Indeed, all houses are practically the same throughout China and so there are no architects. Outside the towns most of the houses have a courtyard and veranda and are surrounded by trees, under which in the summer the women sit and weave the rough but durable white cloth from which they make their clothes.

The people can best be seen on a market day. All roads lead to the bazaar, and they are crowded from early morning by a mixed crowd of men, women and children, mounted on ponies or donkeys, all going to the places allotted to the venders of particular articles.

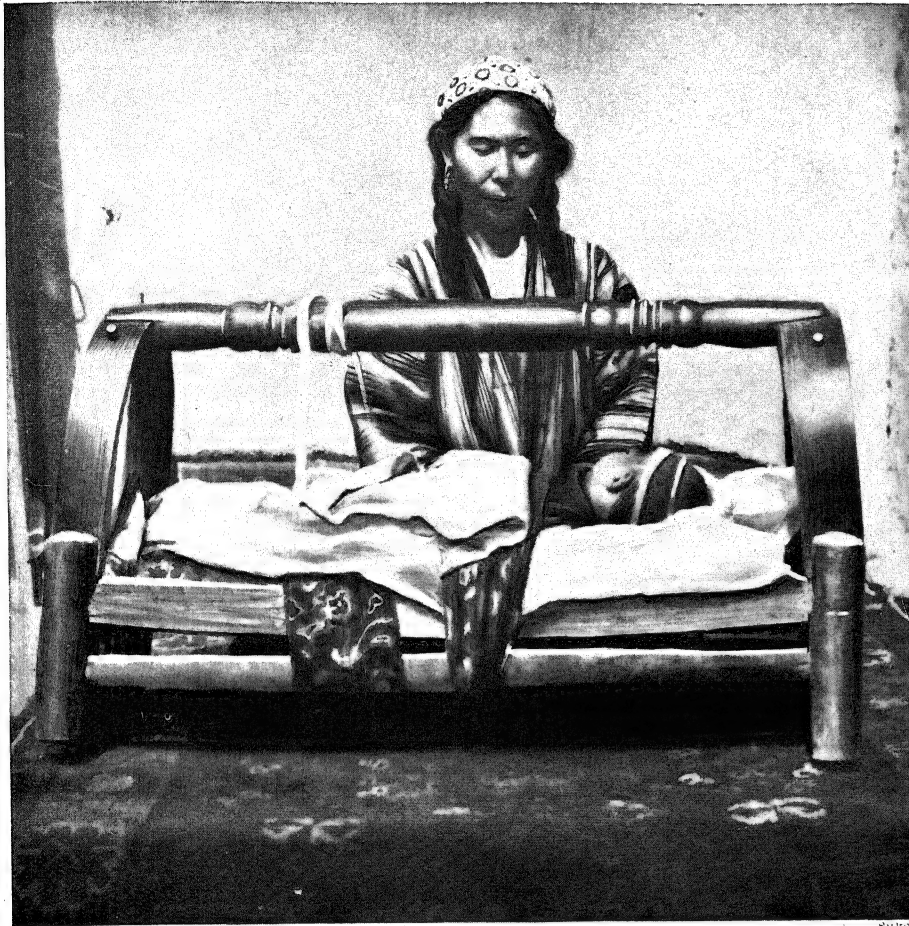
Market day shows the national costume in its many colours. That worn by the men is a long coat of bright coloured cloth reaching to the knees and fastened at the waist by a coloured handkerchief. They also wear trousers like those of a European sleeping-suit, of dark material secured by a girdle. The coats have long sleeves which in winter are pulled down over the hands, thus taking the place of gloves. Leather knee-boots, with a detachable slipper that is kicked off on entering a house, and a cloth or velvet cap edged with fur—the headgear common to both men and women—complete the costume.

The dress of the women is somewhat similar, but the ladies of fashion wear beautifully embroidered silk waistcoats over a short coat, which is covered by another long coat, and over all is a white, muslin cloak reaching to the heels. The women wear a lattice-work veil, usually

Macartney

KIRGHIZ AT THE OPEN DOOR OF THEIR PORTABLE HOME

Encampments of the nomadic Kirghiz are to be found on the slopes of the Tian Shan Mountains, which divide Eastern Turkistan from Zungaria, in the north. The Kirghiz are stocky little people, with slanting eyes and high cheek-bones. They wander about with their horses and camels, making camps wherever there is grass for their animals.

Sykes

BABY'S CRADLE IS VERY STOUTLY MADE IN SIN-KIANG

Built of wood, this cradle can be rocked without any fear of it overturning, because there is a wooden block, two of which we can see here, at each corner. The baby is tied to the cradle so that he cannot fall out, and above him is a bar over which a net is hung to keep off flies and mosquitos.

edged with embroidery, which hangs down over the face and hides it, as is required by Mahomedan law.

Tea-shops, with floors of mud on which the customers sit, provide refreshment. The tea-urn sings merrily and there is a tiny china teapot with a bowl for each person. The seller of meat dumplings and small cakes is there to supplement the tea. He takes coins in payment, using his mouth as a purse, and deals out change to veiled ladies, solemn-eyed priests and other customers. Hotels are unknown, but accommodation can be had in the inns, or serais, where camels, carts, horses and men are lodged side by side. These inns are merely a roof, with mud walls and floor. In winter there is a fire, but nothing else is provided for the comfort of travellers.

It is interesting to contrast the mode of life and the food with those of Europe. The meat market supplies beef and mutton, but horse-flesh is a dainty and fetches a high price. The principal articles of food are mutton and rice, with onions, potatoes, turnips and spinach. There are many forms of roast and boiled joints, soups and pilau—a mixture of meat and rice flavoured with fried onions and other vegetables. Tea is the chief drink and is served with sugar but without milk. Bread is made in the shape of little circular rolls with a hole through the centre. Only

Sykes

CUNNING OLD MAGICIAN WHO IMPOSES UPON THE SUPERSTITIOUS

Most of the people of Sin-Kiang are Mahomedans, only a few being of the Buddhist faith. Many of the poorer people and the wandering Kirghiz are very superstitious, and, no matter what their religion may be, still have a firm belief in soothsayers, spells and omens. They pay this bearded magician to tell them the meaning of dreams and to remove spells.

Sykes

STURDY MEN OF THE CHANTOS, PEOPLE OF THE PLAINS

The Chantos live in hamlets of mud houses close to the towns of Eastern Turkistan, and are the farmers of the country. They are a hardy race with almost European features. Owing to inter-marriage with the inhabitants of the surrounding countries and with the invaders of and settlers in Sin-Kiang, they have become a very mixed people.

Sykes

CHEERFUL TRIO OF WANDERING MUSIC-MAKERS IN SIN-KIANG

Having arrived at a town, they spread their carpet in the street and begin their performance, the man with the tambourine thumping an accompaniment to the weird tinkling of the stringed instruments. Orientals can remain in this kneeling position for hours, though it would cause us immense discomfort after five or ten minutes.

two meals are taken by the Turkis, one in the morning and one in the evening, so the work of the household, the farm and the shop goes on without the interruptions that are common in European countries.

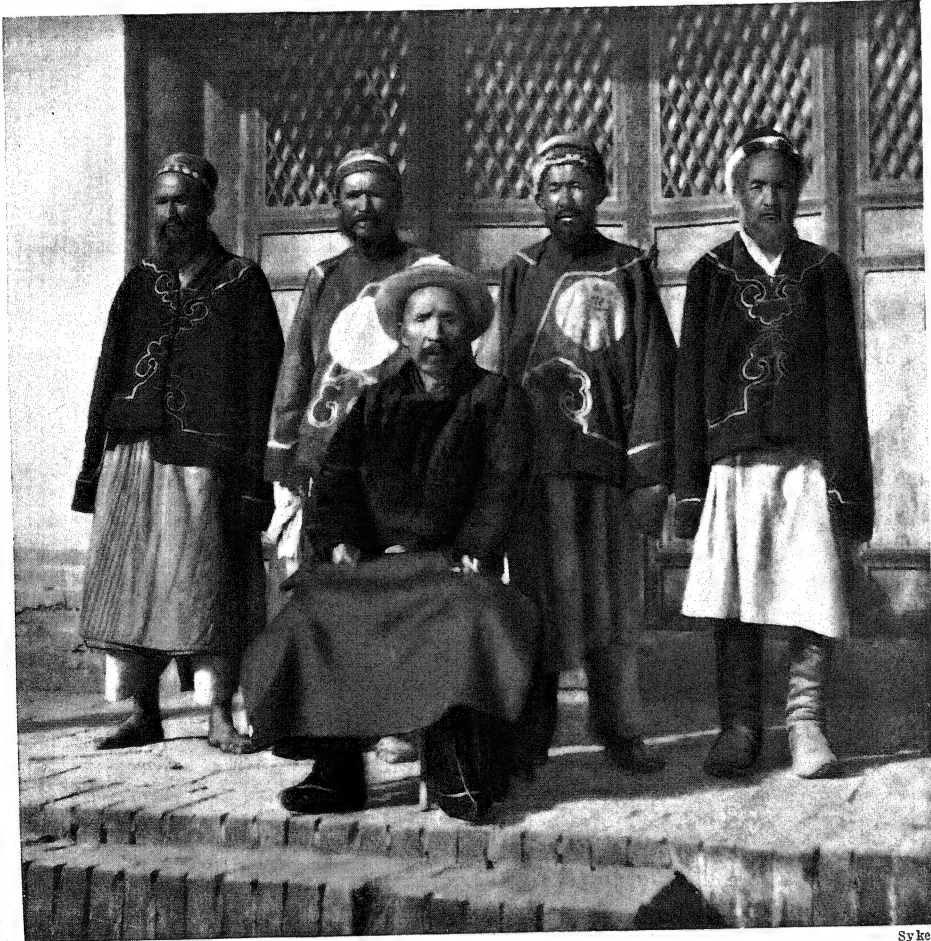
On market days the restaurants are well patronised. The customer may have tiny meat dumplings known as " mantu," pastry cooked by steam, soups of vermicelli, macaroni and mutton, stews made in curds and whey, doughnuts of fat and flour, salads of carrot, radish and onion chopped fine, and mustard and cress.

Fruits of all kinds—melons, apples, pears, apricots, peaches, nectarines, pomegranates, plums, cherries and mulberries—grow in profusion in some parts of the country and appear on the table at the feasts which are popular during the summer months.

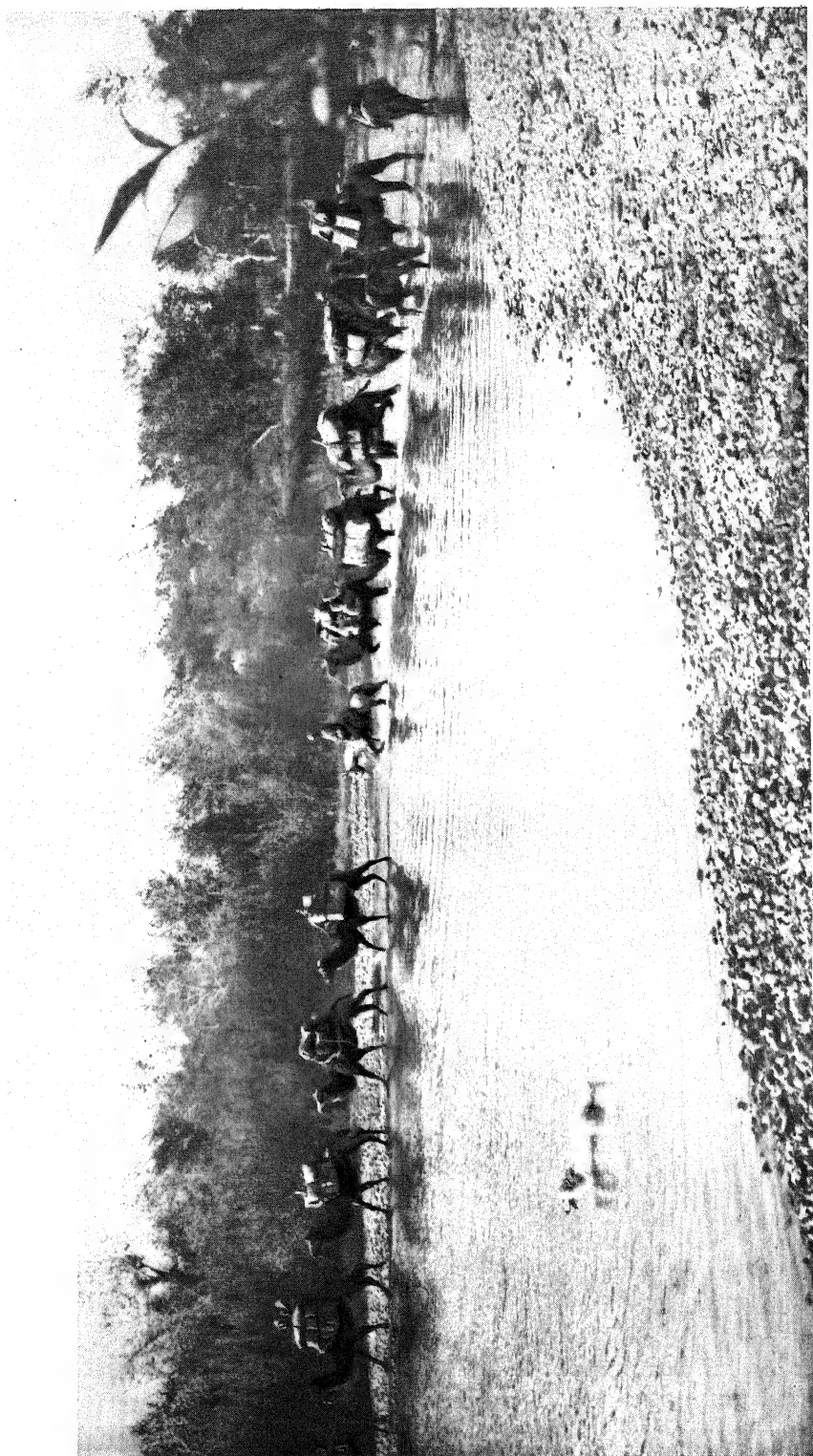
The inhabitants of Sin-Kiang are a pleasure-loving race and they have various forms of sport and games, but none is more popular than " baigu," a game, played also in Russian Turkistan, in which the carcase of a sheep or goat serves as a ball. The players, who are all mounted on fast, strong ponies, form up in line. There are often as many as one hundred and twenty players, one of whom is selected from the centre of the line to start the game. He takes the carcase and dashes forward

with it, well in front of the eager crowd. He swings round in a wide circle and then hurls it to the ground. This is the signal for the rest, who set off in full cry. It is a scene of the wildest confusion.

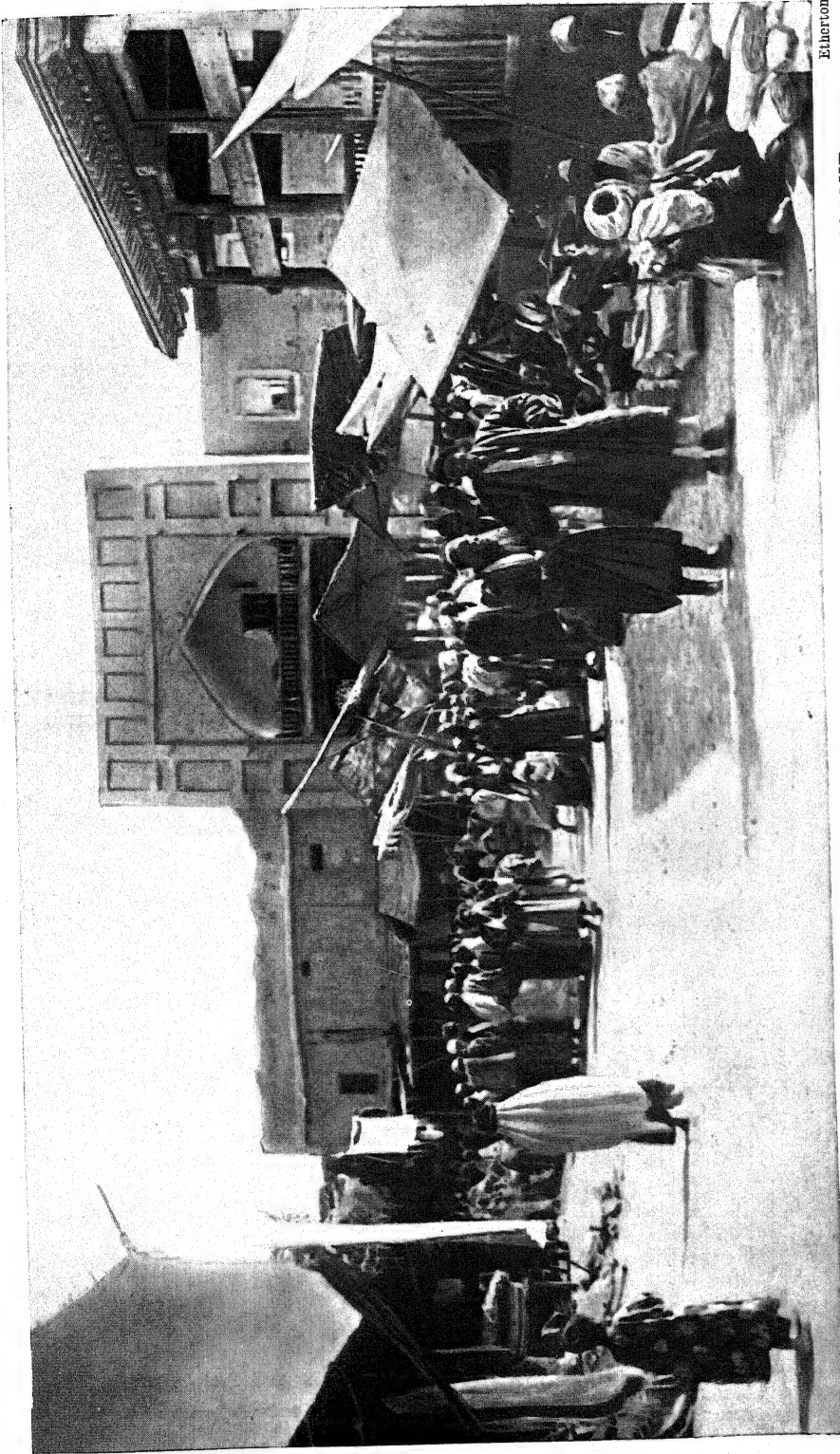
The rider who gains possession of the carcase will have a dozen men hanging on to him, either by his own clothes or by the saddlery and trappings of his horse. All is fair in this game. A man may beat his opponent's mount to force it out of the scrum, or he may seize a player and, by fair means or foul, unhorse him or compel him to give up the trophy. The din is terrific, for the wild yells of the players mingle with the thunder of hoofs and the jingling of stirrups and ornamental trappings as they sweep past like a devastating host in their efforts to get hold of the carcase and place it at the feet of the principal guest.

Dancing and music are popular, and at the end of a game of baigu the entire party, players and spectators, adjourn to a chosen spot for a "dasturkhan," the Turki equivalent of tea and cakes. Dancing then goes on to the music of an orchestra, consisting of a dulcimer, a native banjo and a tom-tom, or drum. The Turki has, however, a different idea of

Sykes

ONE OF THE CHINESE OFFICIALS WHO GOVERN SIN-KIANG

Sin-Kiang is part of the Chinese Republic and is governed by the Chiangchun, or governor, who lives at Urumchi, and a provincial commander-in-chief, who has his headquarters at Kashgar. Many Chinese merchants come from China proper and live in Sin-Kiang until they have made their fortunes, when they return to their native land.

Carruthers

CARAVAN OF HEAVILY LADEN CAMELS FORDING THE RIVER KRAN IN ZUNGARIA

Zungaria is the northern portion of Sin-Kiang and is separated from Eastern Turkistan by the Tian Shan range, which is also known as the Celestial Mountains. There are no railways in Sin-Kiang, and the roads have been made by the caravans that have been passing over them for centuries. Camels are employed as beasts of burden in the plains, but the yak, which will carry a heavy load along trails that only a mountaineer would care to use, are used in the mountainous districts. The camels are of the two-humped, Bactrian species.

Etherton

PEOPLE IN KASHGAR BARGAIN AND GOSSIP WITHIN THE SHADOW OF THE MOSQUE

Squatting amongst their goods spread out beneath the square sunshades, the merchants are prepared to bargain for hours over the price of an article that may have cost them the equivalent of twopence in our money. Kashgar, like most of the towns in Turkistan, is divided into two portions—one Mahomedan and one Chinese, the latter containing the residences of the Chinese officials and their staffs. The gates of the city are guarded by Chinese soldiers, whose duty it is to open them at dawn and close them at sunset.

Sykes

BOYS STUDYING THE KORAN AT A SCHOOL IN KASHGAR

Practically all that these boys will be able to do when they leave school will be to recite mechanically several chapters of the Koran which they have learnt by heart. All the boys are wearing heavily embroidered skull-caps, which are a popular form of head-dress among the young Mahomedan people of this district, though the turban is also worn.

Etherton

POPULAR IN THE BAZAARS OF KASHGAR—THE WATER-SELLER

With two casks of water slung across his donkey, the water-seller wanders through the sun-scorched bazaars doing a splendid trade among the thirsty people. Some of the very narrow streets are roofed to keep the sun out, and in this photograph we can see the awnings of matting which overhang the front of the shops on both sides of the bazaar.

music from ours. An amusing example of this was given during a journey I was making, when a selection of operatic music was given on the gramophone to a native audience. The first piece chosen was a song by Melba and at its conclusion the gathering was asked to express an opinion. They declared that it must have been an old woman crying!

With regard to the keeping of law and order, there exist some curious customs which throw an interesting light on the system of government in Sin-Kiang. Each city and town is surrounded by a wall with four gateways that correspond to the points of the compass. The town is divided into four quarters and subdivided again into wards, each being under a police sergeant assisted by watchmen who patrol the streets at night. These individuals are not paid by the State, but they are authorized to collect a small sum weekly from every shopkeeper in the town.

Each householder pays the watchmen, who also receives a commission when any house or property is sold in his area. It will thus be seen that the police and watchmen are paid direct by the people. They also receive bribes, however, from thieves and gamblers, and thus the police and criminals are sometimes in league against the unfortunate public.

The system of revenue and taxation shows the methods of Chinese officials in remote parts of the republic. There are official regulations fixing the amount of taxes to be levied, but they mostly depend upon the Amban, or magistrate, of the particular district, for bribery and corruption are common. An example of this is given in the following true story.

E. N. A.

AGED SELLER OF PORCELAIN IN YARKAND

Yarkand stands on the Yarkand River and, after Kashgar, is the most important town in Eastern Turkistan. Yarkand was once the centre of an independent kingdom and is famous for its silk, carpets and dyes.

A large amount of firewood was demanded, the price then being, in British currency, fourpence per eighty pounds weight. The Amban summoned the chiefs and subordinate officials, who were sent out to collect the wood, with the result that the price of wood rose to elevenpence, and still not more than half the requisite quantity had been supplied. The people then came forward to say that the commandeering of further stocks of fuel must inevitably cause hardship in the district, upon which the Amban showed a fatherly benevolence and stated that, as it was not his intention to cause suffering, he would accept the remainder in cash—at the then prevailing rate.

Theatricals play a prominent part in the lighter side of life in Sin-Kiang, for they are the national pastime of the Chinese and are much patronised by the Turkis. The scenery is of a rough and ready kind and much is left to the imagination. There are no dressing-rooms for the actors. All changes of costume, the arranging and plaiting of the hair, painting and powdering are done in the open, in full view of the crowd, who treat everything as a matter of course. For the site of the theatre it is usual to take the courtyard of an inn or a point in the street where it is fairly wide, and there the company set up their stage and prepare for the play.

Meanwhile, the street is littered with beams and posts, and pedestrians trip up over coils of wire. Gaudy screens, trees and foliage are placed in position, and soon the theatre assumes a size that stops all traffic, which has to be diverted down side alleys. Foot passengers who wish to gain the other end of the street must follow suit or climb under the stage. Nevertheless, no one resents this appropriation of the public highway. In page 523 we see that in China proper also, the streets are often completely blocked by jugglers or other entertainers.

The military forces in Sin-Kiang are not up-to-date. The soldiers are of all ages from sixteen to sixty and their arms are antiquated, for some of them are provided with old muskets, others with spears and battleaxes. Corruption is as common in the army as elsewhere.

There is the case of a certain Amban who maintained a force of five hundred men on his books as the strength of the local garrison, and for twelve years he drew the pay, rations and equipment for that number, whereas in reality he kept but forty-two. Finally, he was discovered, presumably having been given away by someone who was dissatisfied with his share of the spoils, and he had to go and offer explanations to the Governor-General. The interview was evidently to the satisfaction of both, since he subsequently returned to his post.

Etherton

LONG-HAIRED, HORNED MOUNT OF A FRONTIER GUARD

Some of the Kirghiz who are employed by the Chinese as frontier guards are mounted on yaks, and are the only cavalry of this kind in the world. A rope passed through the animal's nose serves as a bit and reins, and the saddle is very rough and ready. Yaks can only be used where it is cold, as they do not like heat.

The Pleasant Land of France

THE INDUSTRIOUS FRENCH AND THEIR OLD CULTURE

Separated from England by but a few miles of sea, our neighbour France has shared with the British in war and peace, friendship and quarrel, the drawbacks and advantages of living next door, as it were, since Caesar crossed from Gaul into Britain two thousand years ago. Her history and the character of her people, therefore, are things of the greatest interest and importance to us. We shall read in this chapter of the deep devotion of the people to their historic land and of its varied beauties, of the industry which has made them a great nation, and of the national genius which long ago assured them a premier place among the peoples of the world. This chapter is supplemented by others which describe Brittany and Paris.

THOSE people who think of France as being solely a land of sunshine and pleasure know little of it. No country has suffered more or fought harder for the lands it possesses. France has been a land of war for untold ages.

The first inhabitants of whom we have any definite knowledge are the Gauls, who were conquered by the Romans and who are described by Julius Caesar. Protected and instructed by the Romans, these Gauls were able to absorb the knowledge and skill of their masters. They became civilized and built many beautiful cities. Lyons was their capital, and the remains of their great cities, notably Nîmes, with its amphitheatre and fine Roman temple, the Maison Carrée, still tell of those days.

The People who Gave France its Name

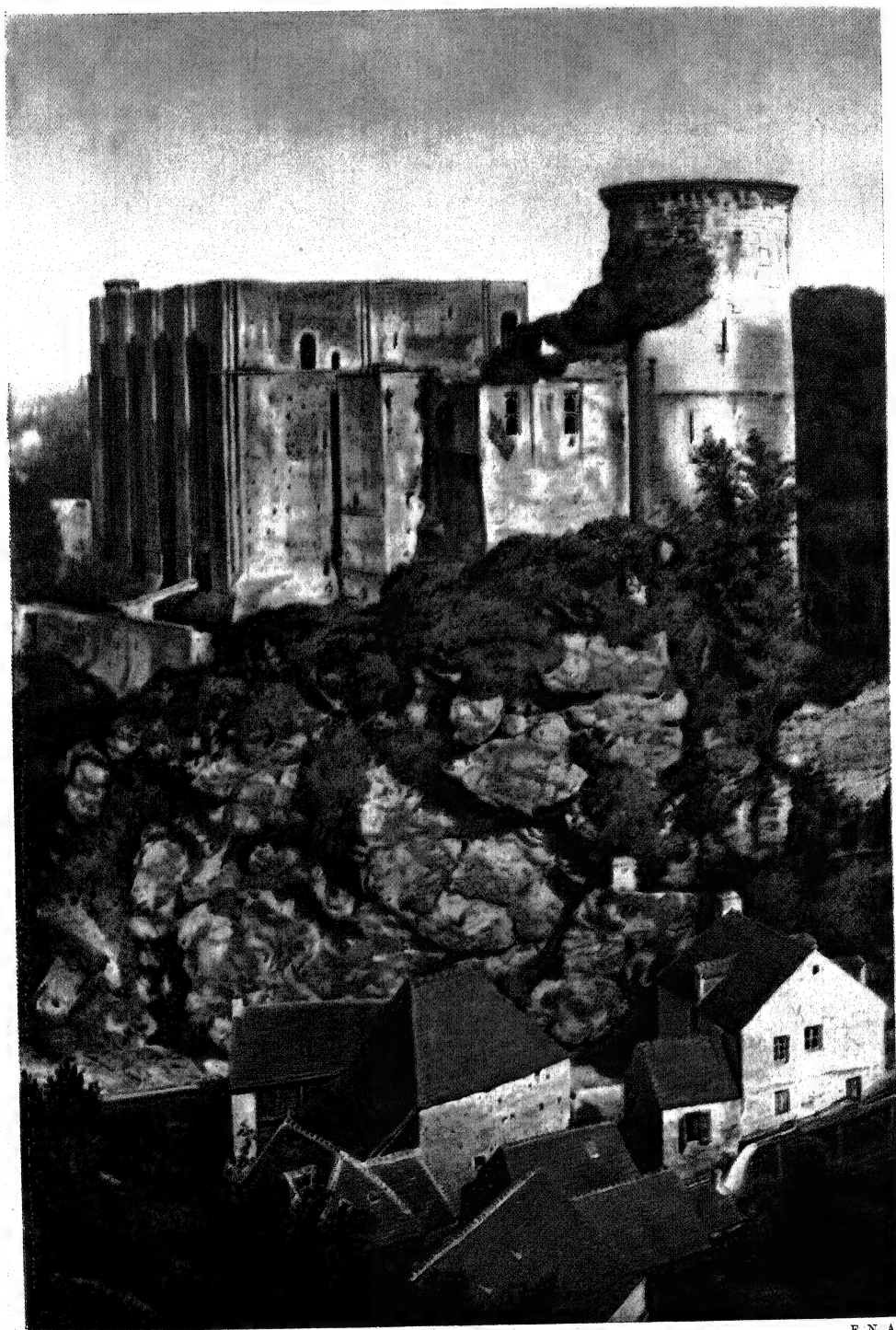
The Roman power weakened, and the Teutons, the Huns and other tribes invaded the Gauls' territory. Some of them settled down, like the Burgundians, in the regions that are still named after them. There were also the Goths, who founded the kingdom of the Visigoths, with Toulouse as its capital. A group of German tribes, the Franks, who had never been conquered by the Romans, swept over the land, reached the Seine and occupied Paris. Their king, Clovis, became a Christian, and was noted for his religious fervour. He drove the Romans out of northern Gaul and united the people under him. It was his race, the Franks, that gave France its present name.

Clovis' weak successors could not hold what he had won. There were divisions and rivalries, and eventually his family was displaced by Pepin the Short, who founded a new line of kings. Pepin's son, Charlemagne, the greatest ruler of his line and one of the mighty figures in French history, established a vast empire, which did not, however, last for very long after his death.

Hundreds of Years of War and Strife

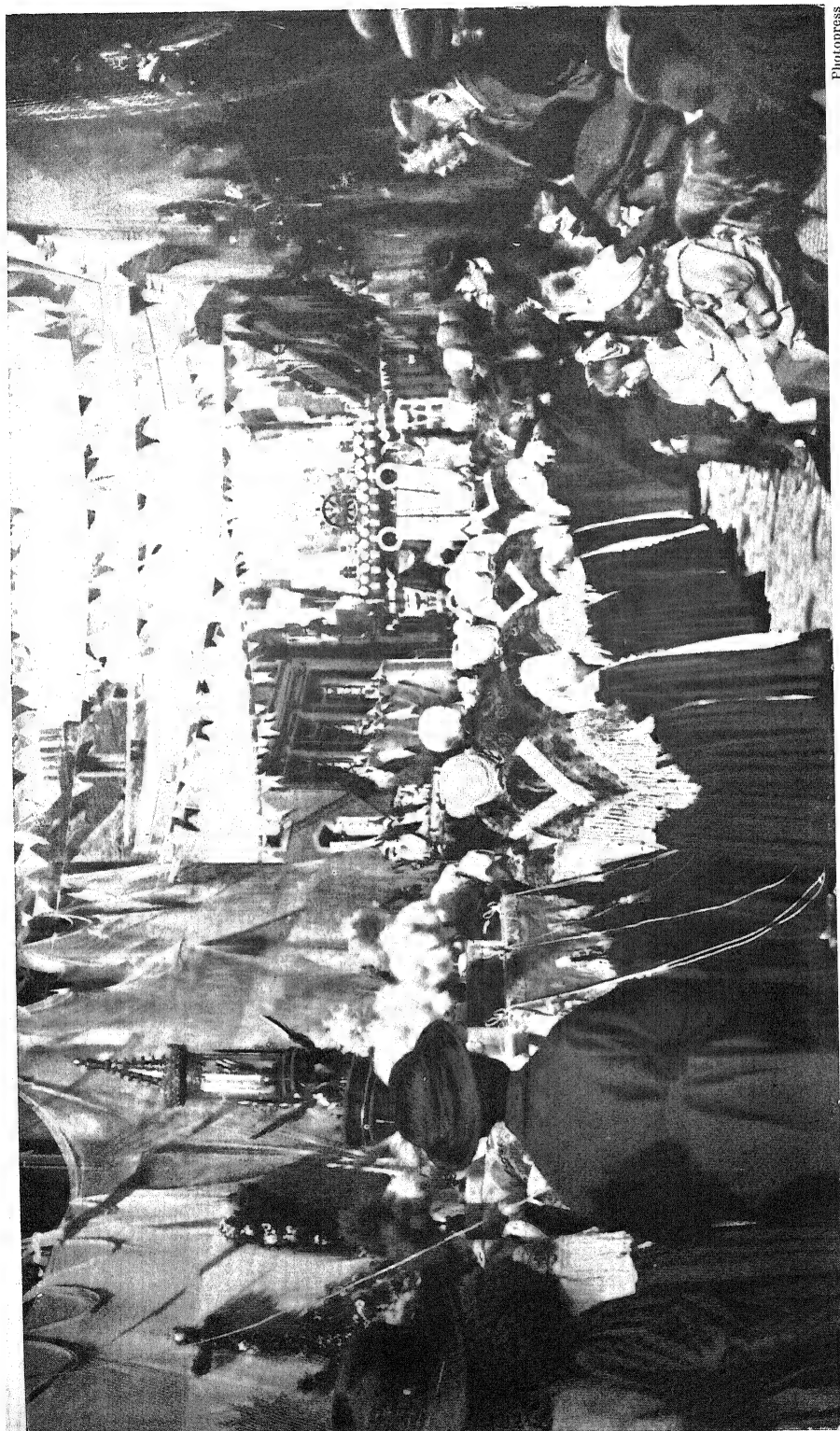
For hundreds of years the land was in an almost constant state of wars. It was threatened by the Moors, who had conquered Spain. Powerful families became the independent rulers of wide territories, such as the dukedoms of Burgundy and Normandy. Each baron held his own territory by his sword and spear and by the strength of his castle. That was how the huge castles, which are now such a feature of France, came to be built.

In 987, Hugh Capet became king of France and founded a new dynasty that was to reign until the Revolution. The kings had to fight hard to keep their crown, for the kings of England claimed the throne of France. For centuries, England and France were continually at war, the English, at various periods, holding large parts of France, even occupying Paris. They were finally expelled in 1558, when the French recaptured Calais.

The land of France was so rich that even wars could not long keep it poor. The kings gradually became stronger; they extended their territories, and in time were among the most powerful sovereigns in Europe. When Luther preached against the Roman Catholic Church, a number of French people adopted Protestantism.

E. N. A.

FALAISE CASTLE is of special interest to us. Looking from its windows, Robert the Devil, sixth duke of Normandy, first saw Arletta, the tanner's daughter, in the streets of Falaise town. Their son, who was born in the castle, was William the Conqueror. All that remains of this fortress is the square donjon keep and the round Talbot's Tower.

McLeish

LOVELY OLD ROUEN, once the capital of Normandy, has many quaint, narrow streets like this but, notwithstanding, it is a busy centre of trade. The beautiful cathedral that lifts its towers and spire over the house tops was standing, though not as we see it now, on that sad day, five hundred years ago, when Joan of Arc was burned at Rouen.

Photopress

FESTIVAL TIME IN BOULOGNE-SUR-MER, A BUSY SEAPORT AND FISHING TOWN ON THE ENGLISH CHANNEL

Every year, in August, there is a great procession through the streets of Boulogne to celebrate the festival of the Blessed Virgin Mary. The streets are bedecked with flags and decorated fishing-nets, and all the fisherfolk of the neighbourhood parade the town, bearing shrines and banners. In 633, so goes the legend, a boat without sails or oars came over the sea to Normandy bearing an image of the Virgin, and where it reached the shore a church was built to receive the image. On the spot, it is said, where stands Boulogne's cathedral of Notre Dame.

This led to a succession of religious wars, which ended in the defeat and in the expulsion or the massacre of the Protestants.

The splendour and wealth of such a king as Louis XIV. surpassed anything the world has ever known, and the French armies seemed all-conquering. They established extensive colonies and dominions abroad, notably in North America. The great palaces of the kings and the châteaux of the nobles were wonderful. Art, music and literature flourished.

But while the kings and nobles lived in luxury, the people were very poor. Their misery led to the Great Revolution in 1789, when the monarchy was destroyed, the king and queen beheaded and the nobles driven out of the country. Napoleon Bonaparte, a young soldier, led the republican armies of France to victory, and was himself made emperor. After a career of amazing brilliance, he was defeated by the British and Germans and sent into exile on the island of St. Helena, where he died.

Crété

STEEPLE HAT OF A PEASANT OF NORMANDY

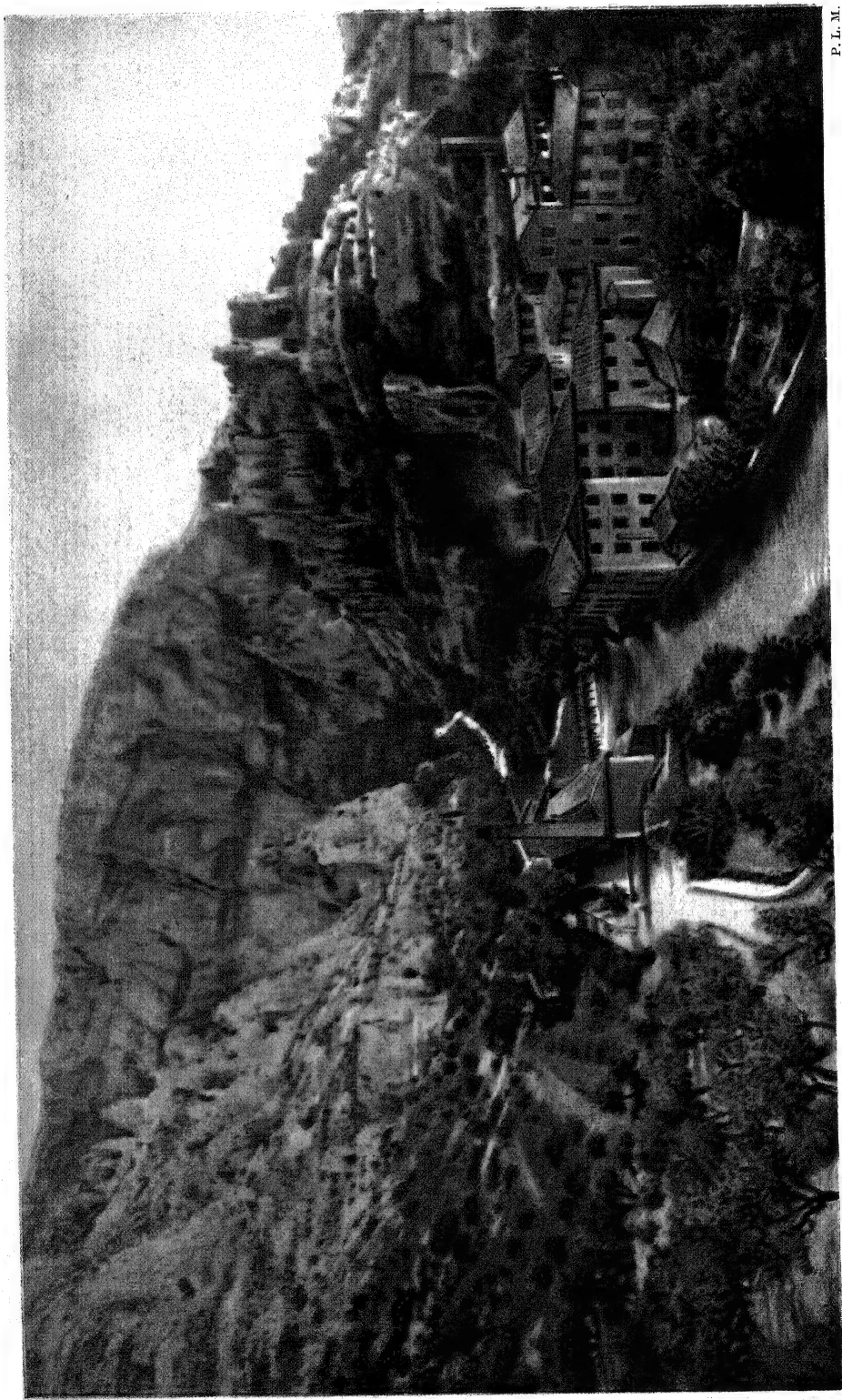
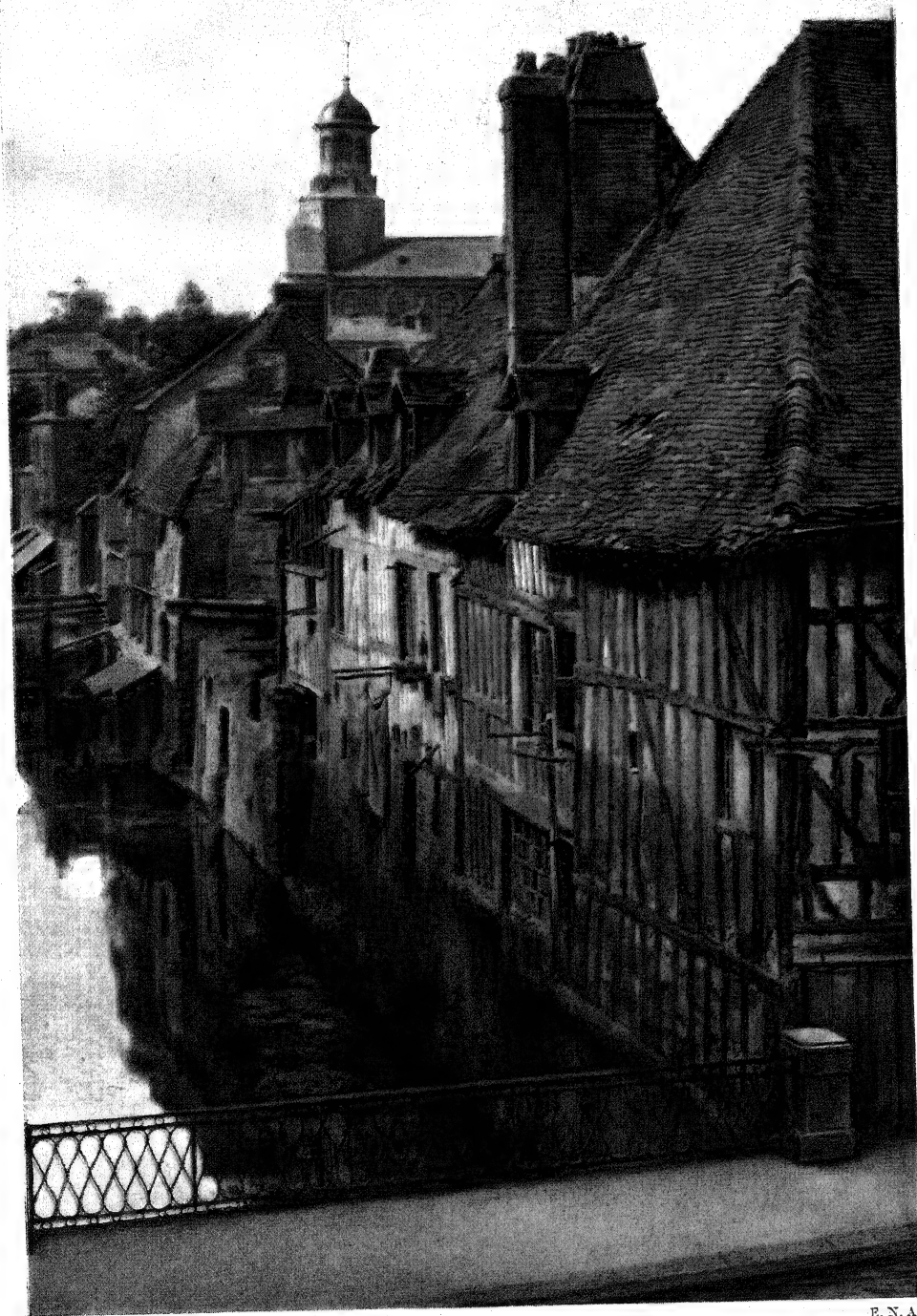
The pretty national costume is dying out in Normandy and nowadays we very rarely see the laced bodice, full skirt and distinctive caps that were once so general. Only on holidays or festivals are the old costumes worn.

The monarchy was again restored, but in 1848 the people revolted and established another republic. One of the Bonaparte family, Louis Napoleon, was elected president and plotted his way to the throne as Napoleon III. He remained emperor for eighteen years, until war broke out, in 1870, between France and the united German states.

The French, who are a nation of soldiers, imagined themselves to be invincible, but they found that their army was no match for that of the Germans, and they were utterly defeated. Napoleon was driven from the throne; a republic was again proclaimed; and France only obtained peace by paying a huge ransom and surrendering two of her richest provinces, Alsace and Lorraine, to Germany.

In 1914 the Great War began, when France and Germany were fighting again, France now having Great Britain and other great Powers as her allies. How, after four years of war, France recovered her lost provinces, we all remember.

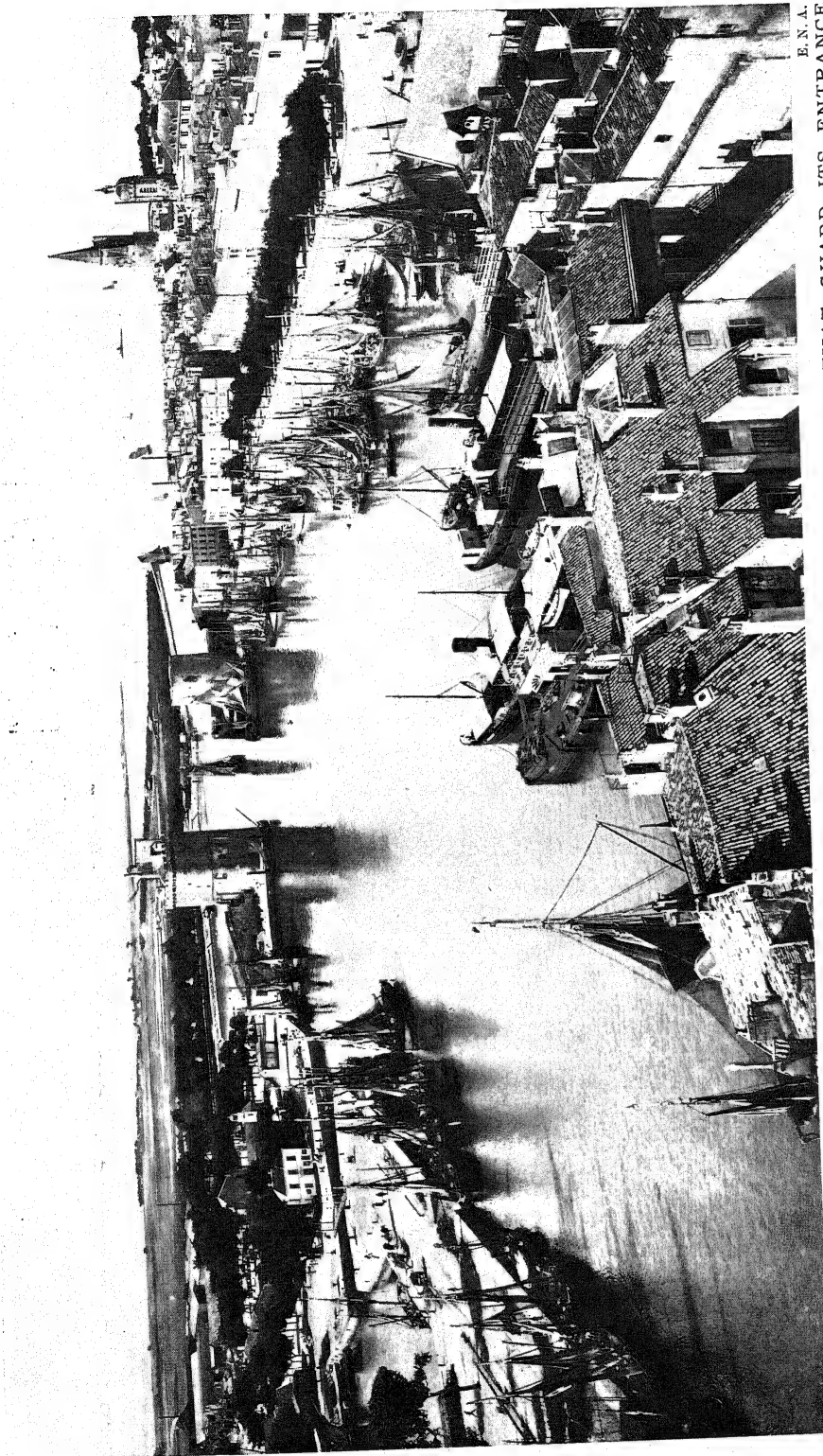
France has often been described as the most beautiful country in the world. "Sweet France," la douce France, was its ancient nickname. This fertile land of flowers and sunshine, stretching from the Alps and the Pyrenees to the Atlantic

P. L. M.

THE FOUNTAIN OF VAUCLUSE is one of the most beautiful spots in South France. Here the River Sorgue rises in a semicircle of frowning cliffs, the entrance to which is guarded by the ruins of an ancient castle. Sometimes the little stream comes gushing out of a deep pool in a cavern, falling in cascades over the mossy stones; at other times the pool is very still and the water trickles out from holes in the rock some hundred yards below. At Vaucluse the poet Petrarch lived; this paper mill stands upon the site of his house.

E. N. A.

TIMBERED HOUSES, built by the master craftsmen of the Middle Ages, line the River Seine at Caudebec-en-Caux, a sleepy little town of Normandy. The passage of centuries has not lessened their beauty—has, indeed, added to it by giving them richness of colour. Caudebec was once an important fortress, which was taken in 1419 by the English.

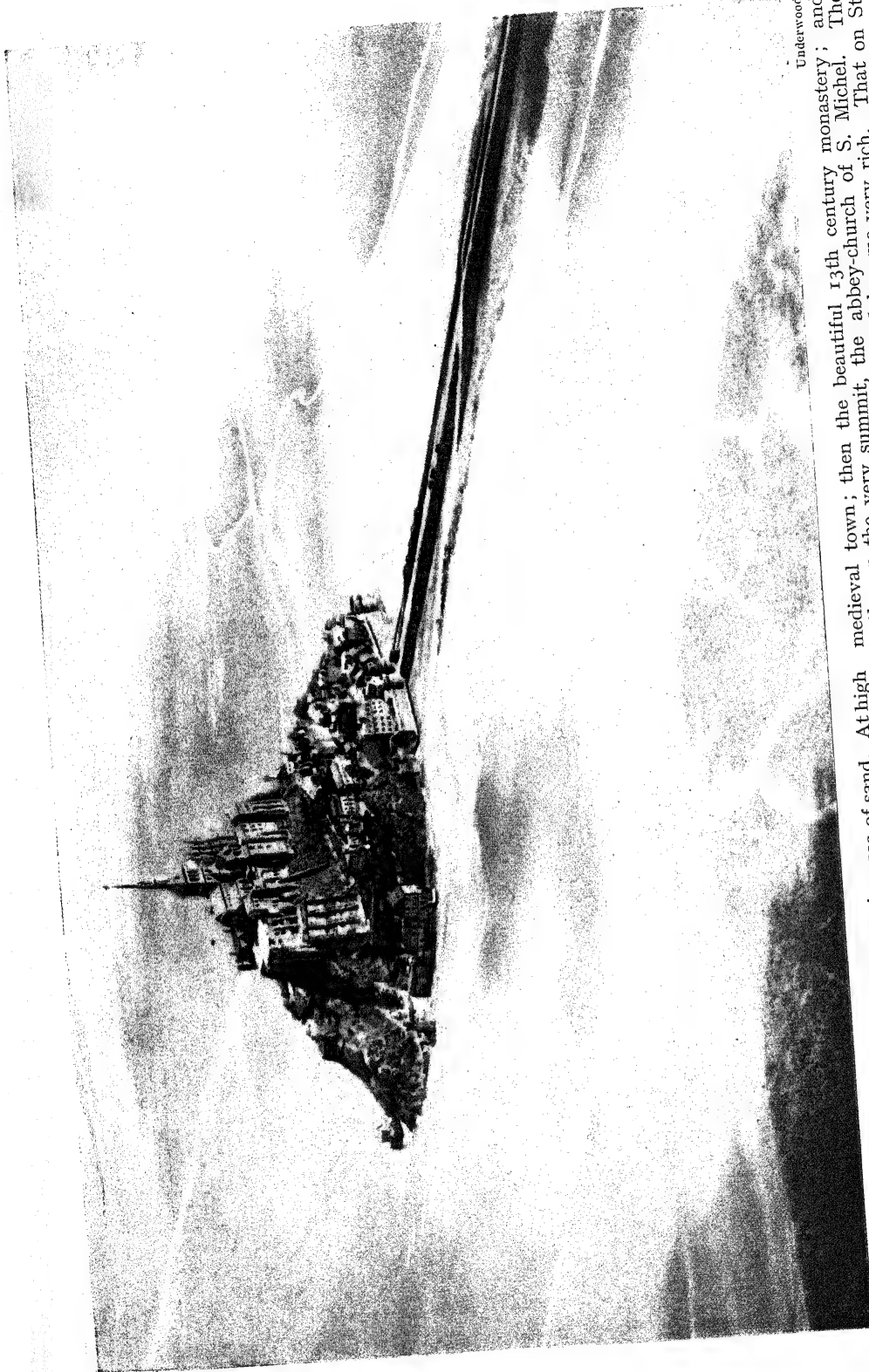
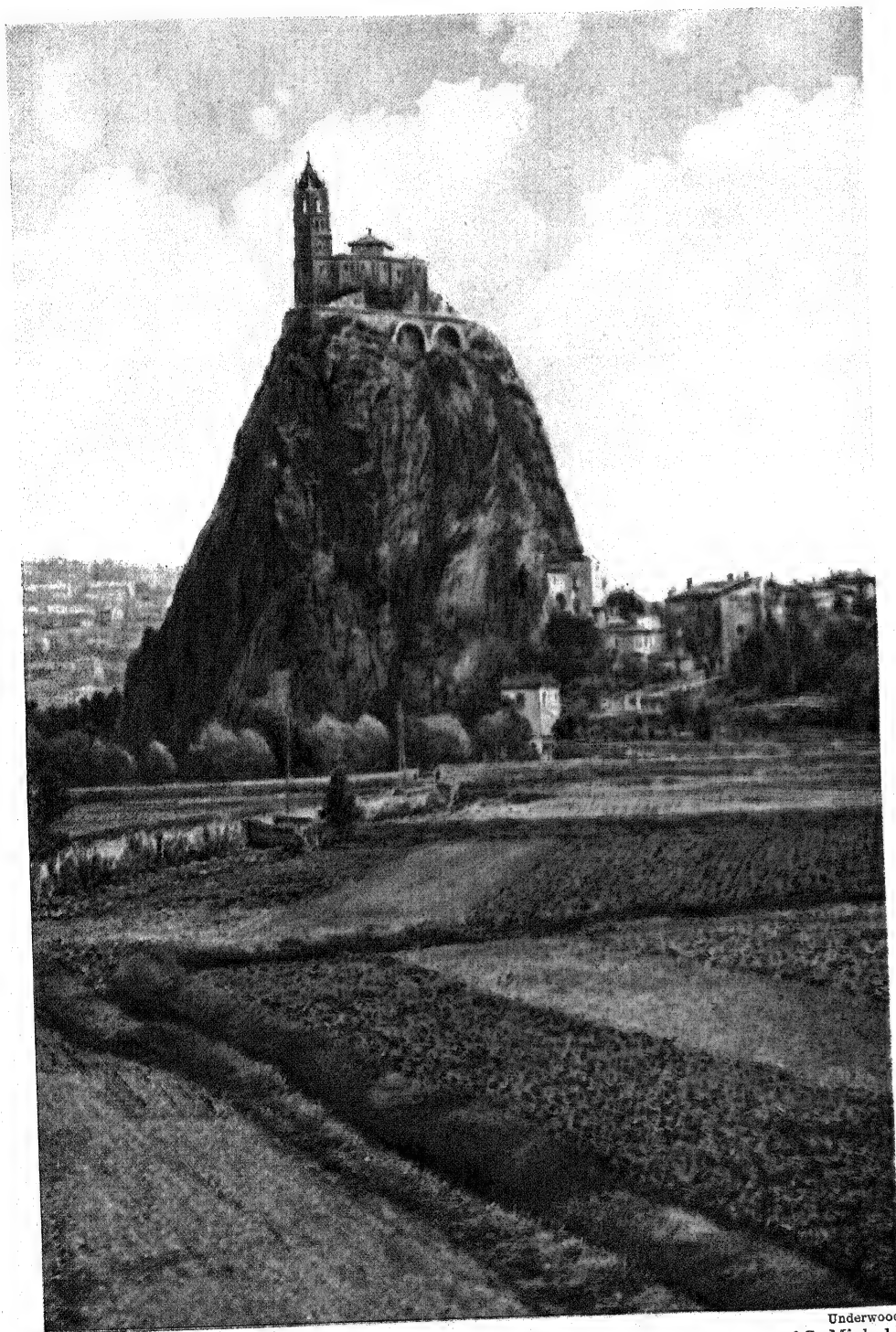
E. N. A.

DAY OF THE CATTLE MARKET AT ORTHEZ, HISTORIC LITTLE TOWN OF THE BASSES-PYRENEES

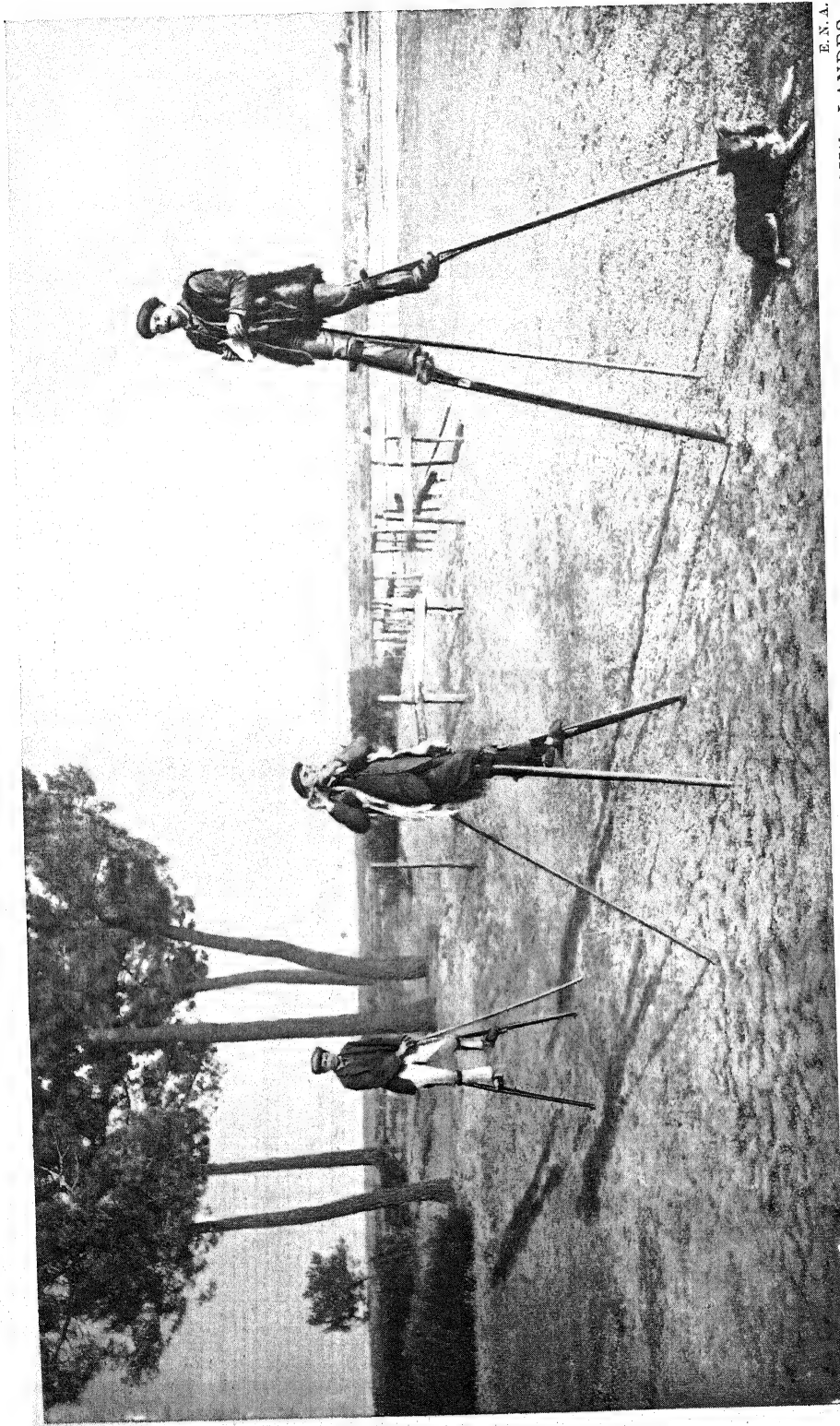
Market day is always a time of bustle and business, and Orthez market is no exception to the rule. The street is thronged with blue-bloused, blue-bonneted men from the foothills of the Pyrenees and teams of stolid, wide-horned oxen and cows, which, as in many other lands, draw the ploughs and wagons in addition to providing milk and meat and leather. Orthez was the chief residence of the lords of Béarn, one of whom was the wicked Gaston Phoebus. Of his splendid castle, the scene of many crimes, only the tower remains.

E. N. A.

FROM ACROSS THE HARBOUR OF LA ROCHELLE WE SEE THE ANCIENT TOWERS THAT GUARD ITS ENTRANCE

La Rochelle, on the Atlantic coast of France, has an excellent harbour and has been a great port for many years. In the course of its stormy history it withstood one long siege, but it was starved into surrender by Richelieu in 1627. The two towers that guard the harbour entrance are very old; the one on the left, the Tour St. Nicholas, dates from 1384, and the other, the Tour de la Chaine, from 1390. The tall pointed tower we see on the right is not a church, but the Tour de La Lanterne, which was built as a lighthouse during the fifteenth century.

Underwood

MONT ST. MICHEL is an island of granite in a sea of sand. At high tide the real sea surrounds it, save for the raised causeway that connects it with the mainland. At the base of the mount are strong fortifications, for it has been attacked many times; next comes a little medieval town; then the beautiful 13th century monastery; and lastly, on the very summit, the abbey-church of S. Michel. The monastery was founded in 709 and became very rich. That on St. Michael's Mount, a similar rock off the Cornish coast, was its dependency.

Underwood

S. MICHEL D'AIGUILLE has just as remarkable a position as the church of S. Michel; it crowns a rock, nearly 300 feet high, and is reached by a long flight of steps. So precipitous are the sides of the rock that one wonders how its tenth century builders contrived to carry up their materials. This church is north of Le Puy, in south France.

E. N. A.

QUEER WAY OF GETTING ABOUT THAT IS PRACTISED BY THE SHEPHERDS OF THE MARSHY LANDES

These men dwell on the Landes, a great stretch of sand and marsh that borders the Bay of Biscay. On their stilts they can walk over the soft, shifting soil as fast as a horse can trot, and can watch their flocks from afar off. Each man carries a long pole to use as a walking-stick or as a prop when he wants to rest and knit. We do not often see these stilts nowadays, for the Landes are being drained and fertilized—those parts of it, that is to say, which are not already planted with forests of valuable fir trees, which yield enormous quantities of resin.

BUSY LITTLE HELPER IN THE VINEYARDS OF CHAMPAGNE

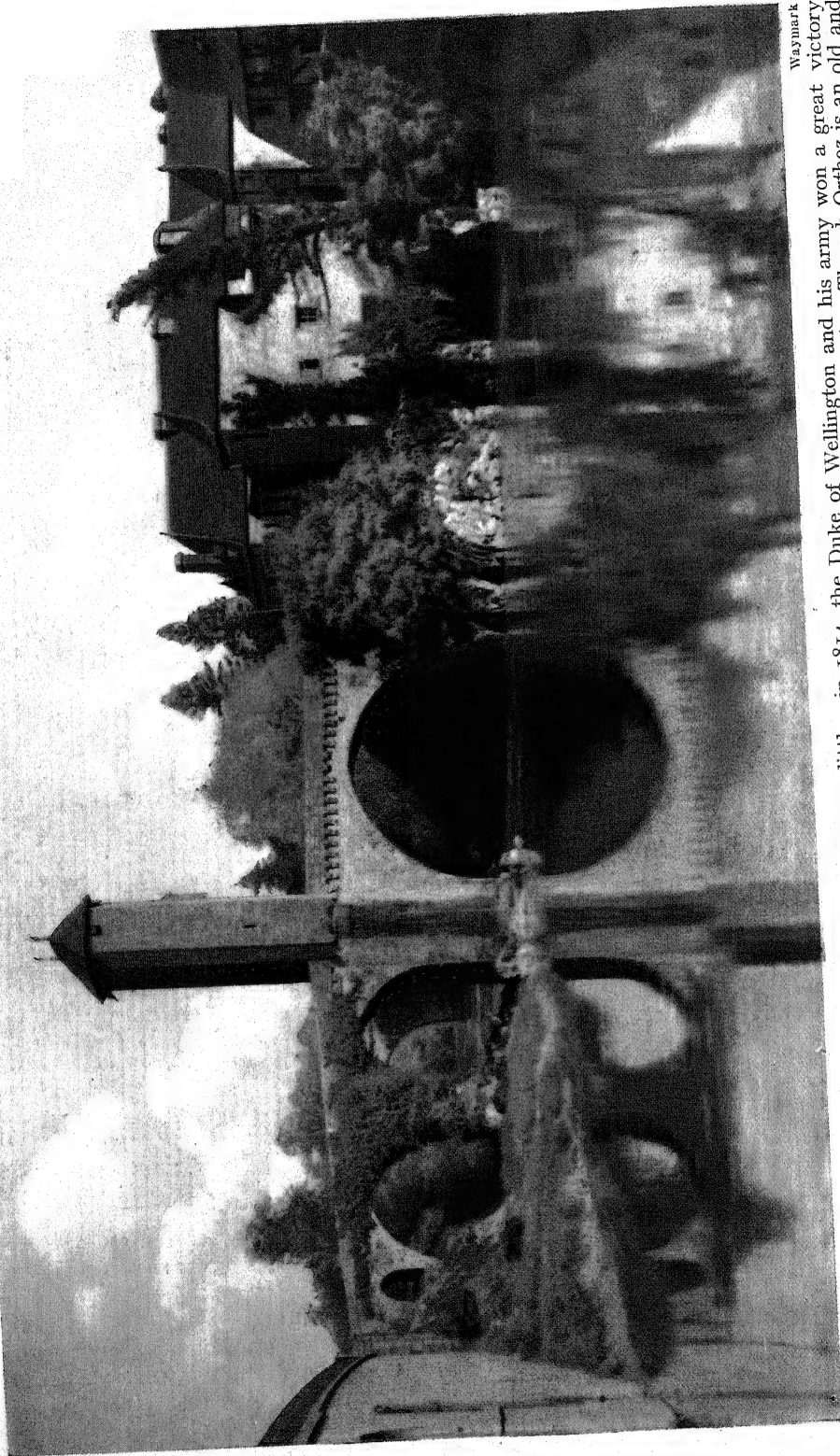
Among France's greatest riches are her wines, and the most renowned of all these comes from Champagne, a district of east-central France. Most of the vineyards here are owned by the peasants who work in them, and so, when vintage time comes round, the whole family, children and all, help to gather the bunches of juicy grapes.

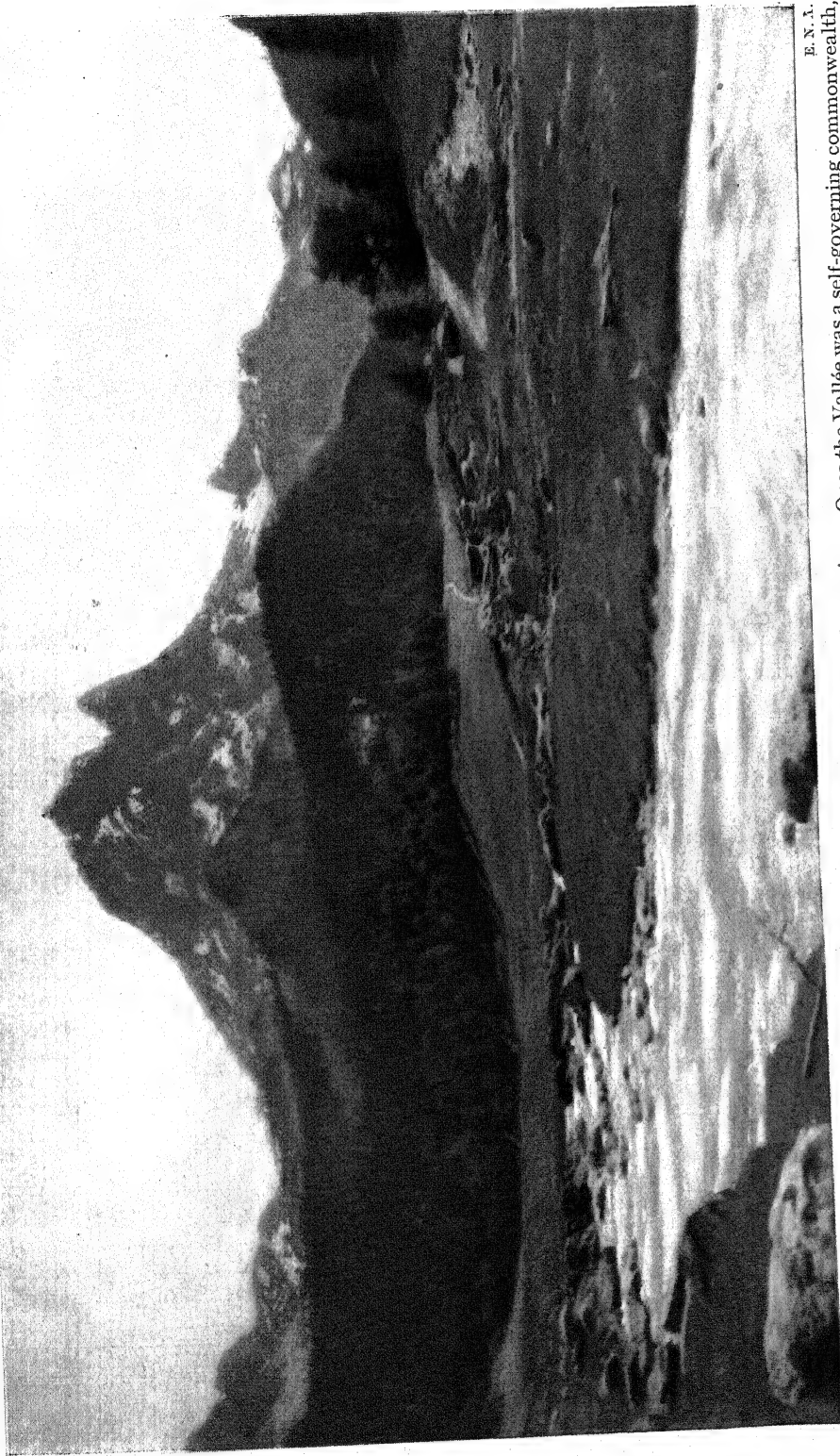
Ocean and the English Channel, with its rich valleys, its numerous broad rivers, its splendid vineyards and its wealth of minerals, wins the love of all who know it.

France and England are near neighbours, separated by a narrow channel, being at one point not more than twenty-one miles apart.

For over a thousand years the people of France and England have fought and made friends alternately. The wars between them have been many. The wars they have made in common have been not a few. In the Great War, British and French fought and conquered side by side. Large numbers of French people, including the Norman conquerors and the French nobles who fled during the Revolution, have settled in England and become part of this nation. Large colonies of British people live and work in France.

Yet between the two nations there are great differences in manners, in customs and in character. The British look at things in one way, the French in another. Our very hours for meals are different. Even to this day many Frenchmen think of London as a city wrapped perpetually in fog and of the Englishman as a man who lives on huge slabs of "rosbif," and who drinks unlimited

Waymark

AN OLD BRIDGE over the Gave de Pau takes us into Orthez, a little town of the Pyrenees. From the guard-tower in the centre of the bridge, it is said, Roman Catholic priests were thrown into the river by the Calvinist soldiers who took the town in 1569. Not far from here, in 1814, the Duke of Wellington and his army won a great victory over the French under Marshal Soult. Though Orthez is an old and historic town, and stands at an important junction of roads leading over the Pyrenees into Spain, it has not many interesting buildings.

E. N. A.

IN THE PYRENEES there are few valleys more beautiful than the Vallée d'Ossau which runs northward from the cleft peak of the Pic du Midi d'Ossau. Its name means the Valley of the Bears, but there are no bears there now, only chamois, and their numbers are sadly decreasing. Once the Vallée was a self-governing commonwealth, and its people are still very independent. The women till the fields and spin with distaff and spindle, and wear quaint red hoods. The men wear brown clothes made of wool, and brightened by a sash.

quantities of that strange medicine—tea. The English schoolboy, on the other hand, long laughed at "Froggy," as he called the Frenchman, because he ate snails, frogs and horseflesh. He did not realize that the Frenchman is the most dainty eater in the world and a master of good cooking.

Frenchman's Simple Breakfast

The Frenchman has a simple breakfast of coffee and rolls. He regards the British breakfast of porridge and egg and bacon as a barbarism. At noon he has a more elaborate meal, usually consisting of hors d'oeuvre, with plenty of bread, a simple soup and a meat dish. His meat dish is not, like that of the British, a solid joint, but usually consists of small pieces of meat served with plenty of vegetables and a sauce. Afterwards he drinks a cup of coffee. It is not uncommon for him to linger for two hours over his lunch.

In olden days he never had tea, but the English habit has now become established and "le fiv o'clock," as it is called, is growing to be more and more common in the cities. Soon after six comes the evening meal. Even the poor man tries to have several courses, one of which is always soup.

Soup is the most important article of diet to the French. The women know how to prepare it, and make it very nicely from trifles which are often thrown away in Britain. Indeed, the average French family lives much better and at much less cost, as far as food is concerned, than a British one does.

French "Hearth" and English "Home"

There was an old and very foolish idea among foreigners that the French people had no word which was equivalent to the word "home" and had no home life. It is true that the Frenchman speaks not of the home but of "le foyer"—the hearth—but the "hearth" means to him everything that the word "home" means to the people of Britain. French family life is very deeply rooted. In Britain we throw our homes open to every stranger, but in France the hearth is held to be so sacred that it is kept for the family itself. If the Frenchman wishes to entertain you he invites you not to his home but to a restaurant. The family is the heart of French life, and the father has great and recognised authority. The French father and mother live for their family and save every sou they can for their children's future.

The French home, with its polished floors and formal furniture, with its primly-arranged curtains and general air of having been thoroughly cleaned five minutes before his arrival, sometimes strikes the stranger as being stiff. Little French girls and boys playing in the parks, wearing their elaborate dresses and with their beribboned nurse looking after them carefully, used to look pityingly at the carelessly dressed British boys and girls playing unattended at all kinds of games. Nowadays, the French are adopting the British ways of freer life and less formal customs for their children. Maybe, the British will adopt a little of the French ways, and between the two a very happy medium will be struck.

Wonderful Courage and Endurance

The British for a long time laughed good-humouredly at the Frenchman as a bustling, noisy, insincere man, who was easily excited and made a great fuss about things, but who forgot his excitement equally quickly. The Frenchman laughed likewise at the British, describing them as icicles, who had no feelings and who froze whatever they touched. Both the British and the French learned in the Great War to understand the other better.

The Frenchman may be emotional and get easily excited over little things, but when it comes to matters of great importance, he can fight for a long time against almost hopeless odds, and by his courage and his wonderful endurance win victory out of defeat.

French customs are largely influenced by religion. For centuries the country

Nicholls

ABSURDITIES THAT "KING CARNIVAL" BRINGS TO SUNNY NICE

At Nice, a gay holiday resòrt on the Riviera, the twelve days before Lent are Carnival days. Merry crowds throng the streets, wearing fantastic costumes or hooded dominoes. Then extraordinary vehicles, with even more extraordinary occupants, are drawn about the town, and there are battles in which confetti and flowers are the missiles.

E. N. A.

QUEER LITTLE OX-DRAWN WAGON SEEN AMONG THE MONTS DORE

The Monts Dore are volcanic mountains, extinct long, long ago, among which rise the little streams Dor and Dogne that unite to form the Dordogne River. Among these mountains is the little spa of Mont Dore, near which dwells this peasant. The oxen that draw his skeleton-wagon have fringed veils hung over their eyes to keep away the flies.

McLeish

PLOUGHING IN A VALLEY AMONG THE ALPS OF FRANCE

In south-eastern France, approaching the Swiss frontier and in that part of the country that used to be the province of Dauphiné, there are lofty, snow-capped mountains, with pine-clad lower slopes. In the remote valleys among these Alps agriculture is in a backward state, as we may judge from this primitive wooden, wheel-less plough.

Nicholls

IN THE FRUIT AND FLOWER MARKET OF NICE'S OLD TOWN

To the east of Nice, just under the wooded hill called the Château, lies the old town, in one street of which, the Cours Saleya, a fruit and flower market is held every winter's morning. Here we see the crowds that gather round the umbrella-shaded stalls. The roofs of the low houses on the right form a terrace overlooking the Mediterranean.

E. N. A.

GATHERING OYSTERS IN THE BASSIN D'ARCACHON, A LARGE LAGOON ON THE BISCAY COAST OF FRANCE

South of the great port of Bordeaux, in the Landes district, which we describe in page 1380, is a big lagoon connected with the sea by only a narrow channel. Here, among the sand dunes and the pine forests, we find the little town of Arcachon, a popular winter and holiday resort and the chief centre of French oyster production. The Bassin d'Arcachon has a gently-sloping, sandy shore that makes perfect oyster "parks." It is said that three hundred million oysters are exported every year, and twenty thousand people are employed.

has been Catholic, the Protestants having been driven out in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries by the Massacre of Saint Bartholomew and the Edict of Nantes. For a very long time all religions have been tolerated in France, but the traditions and the magnificent services of the Roman Catholic Church have left their mark on the nation.

The Feast of the Kings

There are many feast days. New Year's Day is for remembrance. You visit all your friends within a reasonable distance, and your friends visit you. You send cards to all the people you know, who are living too far off for you to call on them. Every person who serves you, from the concierge—the porter who guards the entrance door to the block of apartments in which you live—to the postman, expects a good present.

A few days later comes the Feast of the Kings, the celebration of the Three Wise Kings of the East. Special cakes are baked, in which a large bean or a small china doll is concealed. Bakers give these as presents to their customers. Family parties are held, at which the cakes are served, one only containing the hidden bean. The person who finds the bean in his or her cake is the king or queen of the festival, and chooses a consort.

Merry Days of the Carnival

The Feast of the Kings is the beginning of the Carnival, which lasts until Lent. In the south, in particular, this is a time of much public merrymaking. Processions are arranged, with all manner of foolish and grotesque decoration. The usually solemn Frenchman—and often enough the sometimes solemn British visitor, too—walks about wearing a big false nose or a fool's dress, and armed with the fool's bladder, flings confetti freely at everyone and enjoys himself. The last day of the Carnival, Shrove Tuesday, is the usual time of the Carnival parade and of the procession of the Fatted Ox, Boeuf Gras, which was originally organized by the guilds of Butchers.

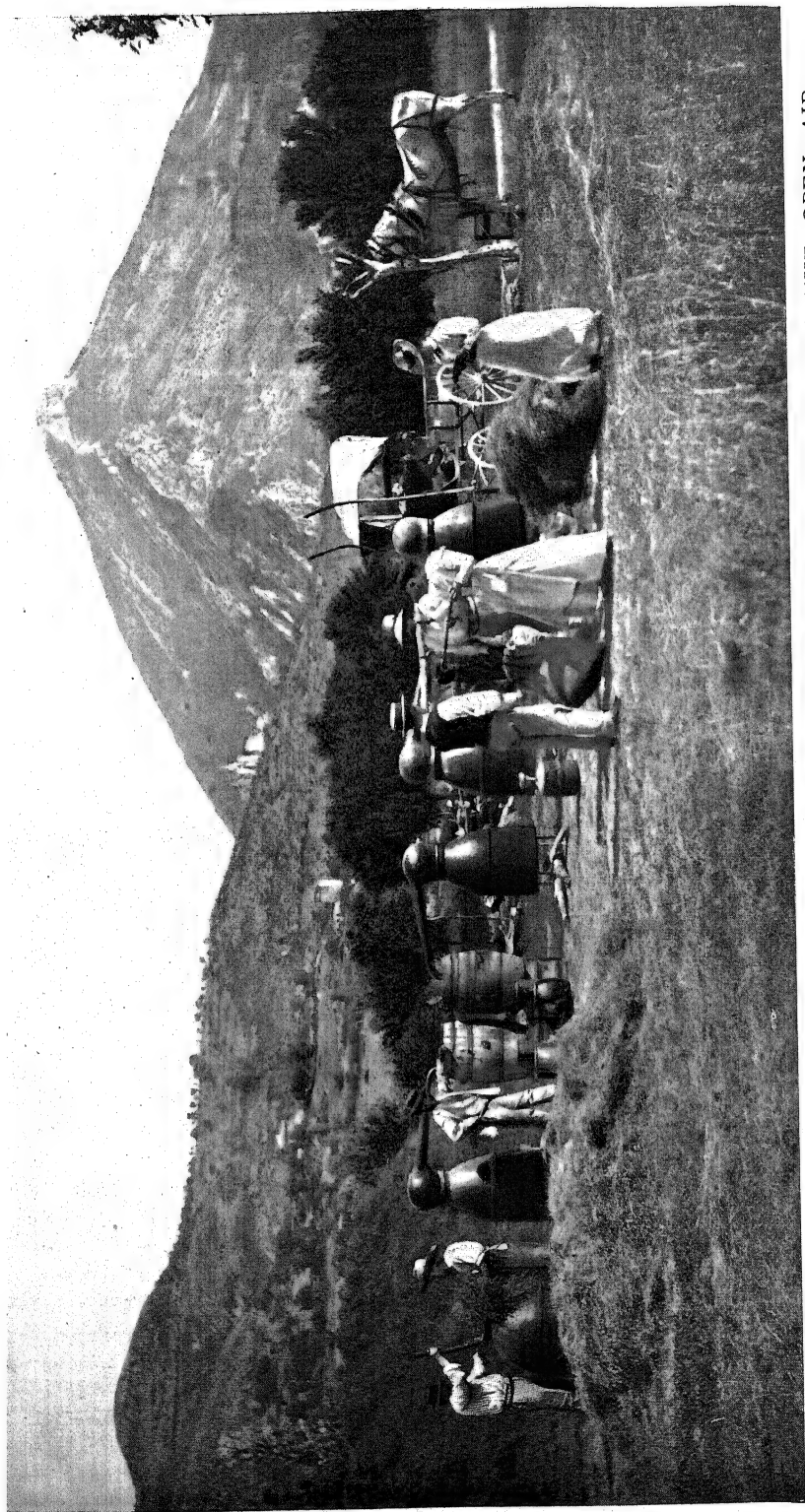
The fast of Lent begins on Ash Wednesday, and in many country districts it is still strictly observed. Mid-Lent, or Mi-Carême, is the one break, when there are often feasts, processions and dances. Passion Week and Good Friday are generally kept rigidly as fasts, and the Frenchman, like the British, celebrates Easter with symbolical eggs. Palm Sunday sees the wearing and hanging in the homes of strips of palm which have first been blessed by the priests.

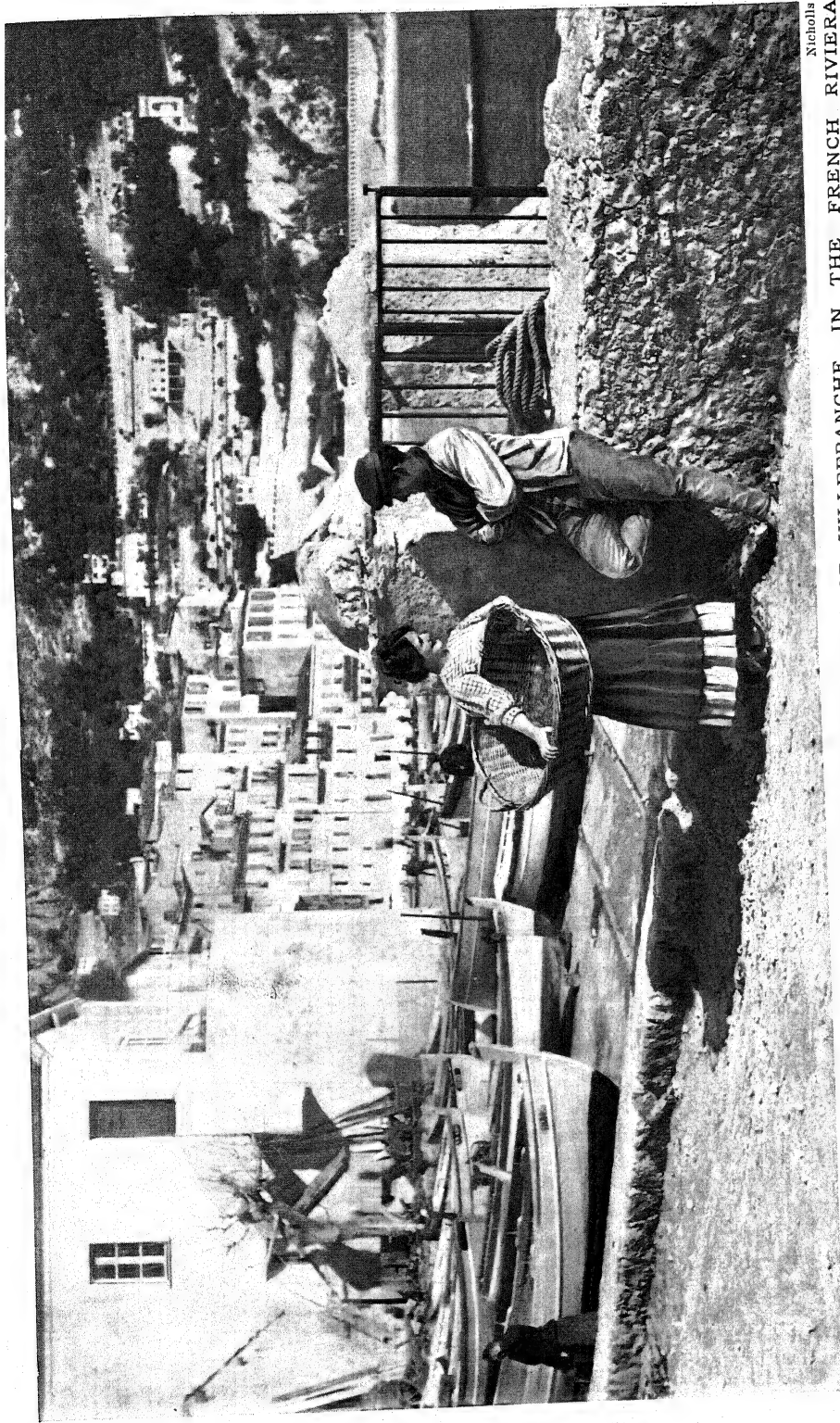
Ascension Day and Whit Monday are both national holidays, and they are followed by the biggest holiday of all, the Fête Nationale, on July 14th, when the whole nation unites in celebrating the forming of the Republic. Speeches are made and processions are formed by veterans and heroes from France's wars. In the evening there is dancing in the streets and much public rejoicing.

Oldest Town in Western Europe

The average visitor is apt to judge France from Paris. The French capital is so wonderful a city that its very beauty at first makes other cities look small. Paris is described elsewhere in this book, so that I need not deal with it here. When we get to know France we shall find other cities rich, powerful and beautiful, each possessing a charm of its own.

There is Marseilles, the oldest town in western Europe, founded six hundred years before the birth of Christ and to-day the great port for Africa and the East. The people of Marseilles, rich, prosperous and self-confident, would look with contempt on anyone who told them that Marseilles had anything to learn from Paris. They have a saying concerning their main street, the Cannebière: "If Paris had a Cannebière, it would be a little Marseilles." Indeed, Marseilles, with its wonderful sunshine, its splendid surroundings and its varied population, makes a very splendid spectacle.

Here East and West and South come together. Here we have the gateway to France's important North African possessions. All the world seems to meet

HARVEST TIME ON A FLOWER FARM AT HYERES: DISTILLING LAVENDER IN THE OPEN AIR

Round Hyères, the first known and one of the quietest of the resorts of the French Riviera, there are wide stretches of land planted with such sweetly smelling flowers as lavender and violets. Many of the violets sold in London streets early in the year come from this place; the flowers are grown more often, however, for their perfume. Here we see a corner of a field of lavender in August, which is harvest time. Retorts, such as we can see here, are set up, the freshly-cut flower-heads are put into them and the fragrant distilled oils are drawn off.

Nicholls

"PASSING THE TIME OF DAY" ON THE SUN-BATHED QUAY OF VILLEFRANCHE, IN THE FRENCH RIVIERA

Villefranche—Villafranca, the free town—lies on the shore of a lovely bay a few miles east of Nice. It is a winter resort, though not a very thronged one, and is also a naval station, for the Gulf of Villefranche is large enough and deep enough to accommodate the biggest ships. The houses of the pretty little town rise one above the other up the steep, wooded hills that fringe the water. So abruptly do they rise that many of the streets are merely flights of steps. Fish are plentiful in the bay and many of the men dwelling here are fishermen.

Société Générale d'Alsace-Lorraine

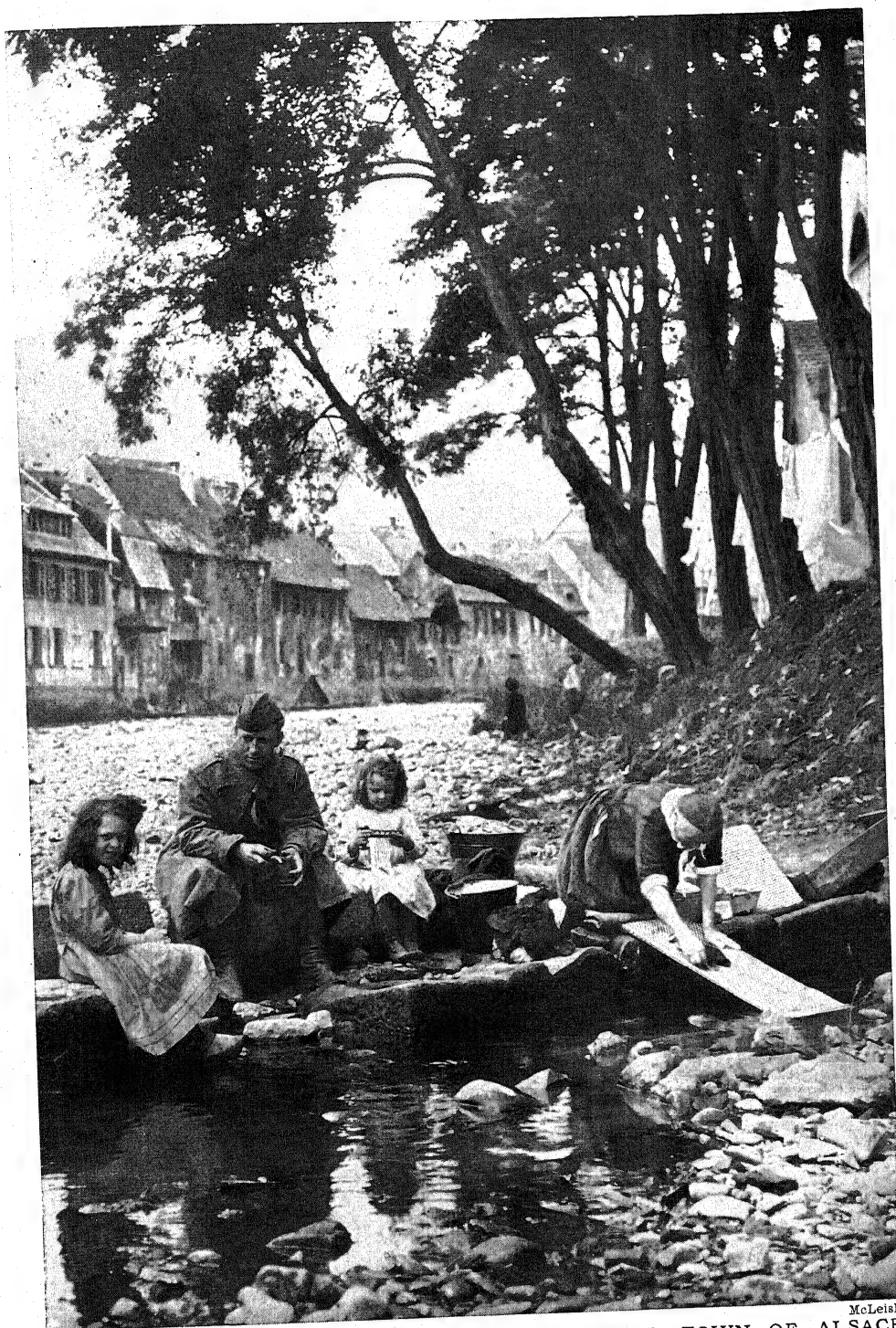
STORKS ARE WELCOME EVEN ON THE CHIMNEY

In many parts of Europe a family is considered lucky if storks build upon their roof. In Czechoslovakia, as we see in page 339, in Belgium, Germany and the Netherlands this is the case, and also, as shown here in Alsace.

in its streets. The harbour is one of the wonders of the world. The mighty transporter bridge, which swings a great load of vehicles and passengers from one side of the harbour to the other, is an engineering marvel. The Corniche road, which leads from here across the south of France to Italy, is without question the most beautiful road in Europe, if not in the world. Outside Marseilles stands, in grim solitude, the Château d'If, which was immortalised by Dumas in Monte Cristo.

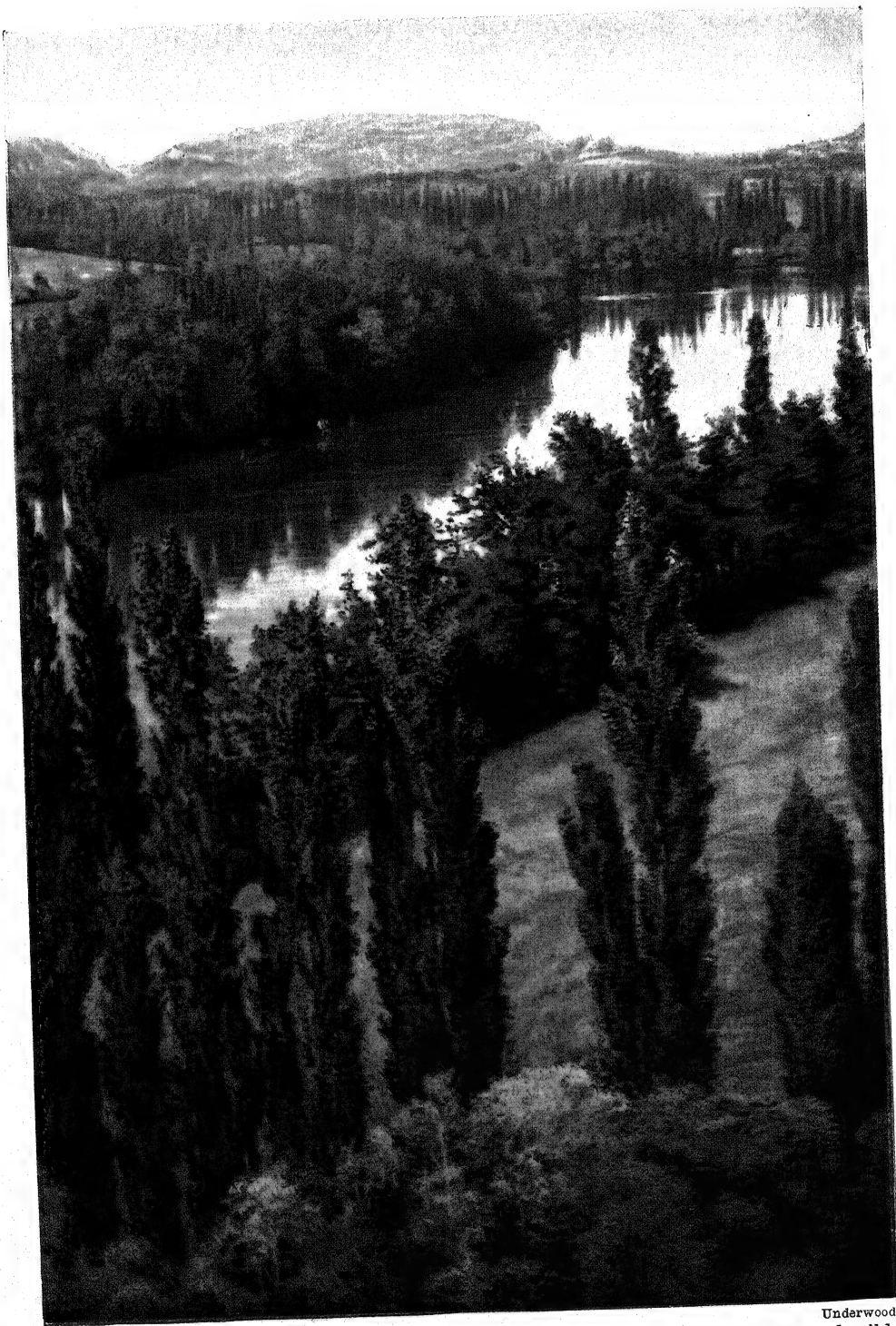
Here we realize how far the cruelty of man can go. The castle was used in the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries as a state prison. Placed in one of the most beautiful spots in the world, high walls were built all around it, so that no prisoner could obtain even a glimpse of brightness. The cells—where men lay forgotten for tens and scores of years because they had, perhaps, offended by a word some court favourite or high official—were dreadful.

One cell, for example, which can still be seen, consisted of three chambers, one behind the other. The second was much smaller and darker than the first. It led to the third, where a man could neither lie down nor stand upright, but was forced to remain crouching all the time, and where, in the darkness, he could only obtain just enough air to keep him alive. In the Château d'If we may still see the oubliettes, the cells under cells, into which men were let down through a hole in the floor and left in the darkness for years, their only relief being when their small allowance of food was lowered to them. When we examine such places as these we realize why the French Revolution took place.

Then there is Lyons, the Coventry of France, a great city divided by the Rhône and the Saône into three parts, where are made the most beautiful silk goods for all the world. After Lyons we can go to Bordeaux, with its wonderful bridge which was built over a century ago and for long was thought by many people to be the finest viaduct in the world, and with its harbour for Atlantic trade. Bordeaux is the main centre of the French wine industry. Here come not only the produce of the French vineyards, but wines from Algiers, the Caucasus and elsewhere, to be blended.

McLeish

A PEACEFUL MORNING IN A LITTLE INDUSTRIAL TOWN OF ALSACE

Little Thann, on the banks of the Thur, a stream that has its spring among the wooded Vosges, is an industrial town of some importance, with cotton and silk factories. We would not guess it from this photograph, however, which shows a soldier home from the wars and his little sisters keeping their mother company while she does the family washing.

Underwood

THE DORDOGNE RIVER, before it leaves the Auvergne Mountains, is rapid and wild. Here it flows placidly through a green world of grass and tree ; later it becomes a busy highway thronged with ships. It runs for three hundred miles through south-west France before it unites with the Garonne to form the Gironde, an estuary on the Atlantic coast.

Knox

LOMBARDY POPLARS line the trim straight roads so typical of France, roads as different as can be from the winding, grass-fringed lanes of England. To French people, doubtless, our country roads appear untidy ; to us, a road running straight as a dart to its destination, lined by the most regular and tidy kind of tree, seems rather monotonous.

McLeish

"A-WASHING OF HER LINEN-O" IN A CLEAR MOUNTAIN RILL

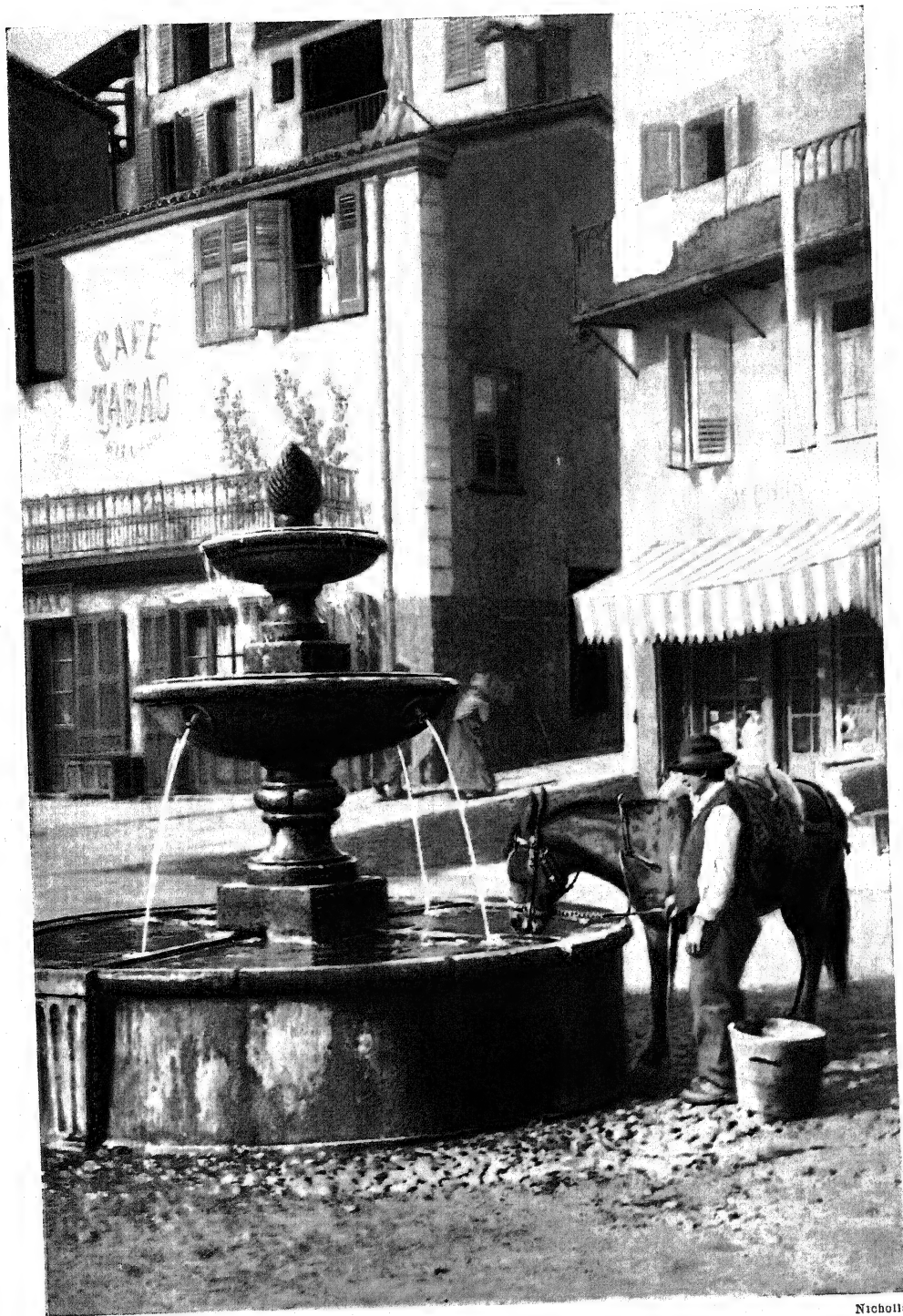
Hot water, so essential to us on washing days, is not used here. Indeed, the water that this girl uses is icy cold, for it has just come tumbling from the snowy Alps of the former duchy of Savoy. The close-fitting pointed cap worn by this young Savoyarde reminds us of those we see in pictures of Mary Queen of Scots.

E. N. A.

A WOMAN OF CENTRAL FRANCE ARRAYED IN HER SUNDAY BEST

Old customs still linger in some of the out-of-the-way districts of France, and quaint costumes still delight the eye every Sunday and holiday. This young woman, who dwells in the rich department of Allier, wears a fine silk apron and kerchief and a very individual kind of head-gear that includes both bonnet and hat.

Nicholls

THE SUN OF THE SOUTH does not encourage energy; that is why we see seven idlers round the spring, and only one worker. The little Mediterranean town of Villefranche has a delightful climate and a lovely setting. Like other places on the French Riviera it seems, in character, more Italian than French—but then it is very near the frontier.

Nicholls

AT THE FOUNTAIN in sleepy little Puget-Théniers, the capital of a district in Provence not far from Nice, a muleteer waters his sturdy, sure-footed steed. Sureness of foot is a valuable asset, for the little town lies in a small valley among the wild and rocky slopes of the Alpes-Maritimes. It was once fortified and still has a ruined castle.

France is the land whither pleasure-lovers go. So a long chain of holiday resorts has been formed all around the coast. To the north is a host of summer watering-places, like Trouville and Dieppe, which many British as well as French folk visit. To the west are famous resorts like Biarritz. The most wonderful of the pleasure cities are in the south, along the coast of the Mediterranean. Cannes and Nice, with their avenues and sea-fronts lined with palms, with their orange blossom and rich tropical foliage, with their music and entertainments, are the most famous of these, and visitors flock to them during the winter and spring.

A Famous Place of Pilgrimage

In the highlands behind Nice and Monte Carlo are quaint old mountain cities like Grasse, which is famous as the centre of the manufacture of exquisite perfumes. Still farther back, in the hills of Savoy, on the borders of Switzerland and Italy, are a number of towns of which Aix-les-Bains is the most famous, that are frequented by invalids who take the waters. The organization of pleasure and recreation for the holiday-seekers of the world is one of the great French industries.

Those who would see a contrasting side of French life should visit Brittany for the Pardons, which are described in the chapter "Britannia Minor," or should go to Lourdes, where miracles are said to happen. For many years Lourdes has been the chief centre of religious pilgrimage in Christendom, scores and even hundreds of thousands of people coming each season, often in huge processions and organized tours, seeking healing.

Where Joan of Arc was Burned

Added to the charm of French scenery are some of the most beautiful buildings—cathedrals, churches and châteaux—in the world. Among the finest of these are the twin Gothic wonders of Rouen, the cathedral and the church of Saint Maclou. Their wonderful towers are richly decorated and their doorways and interiors are beyond praise.

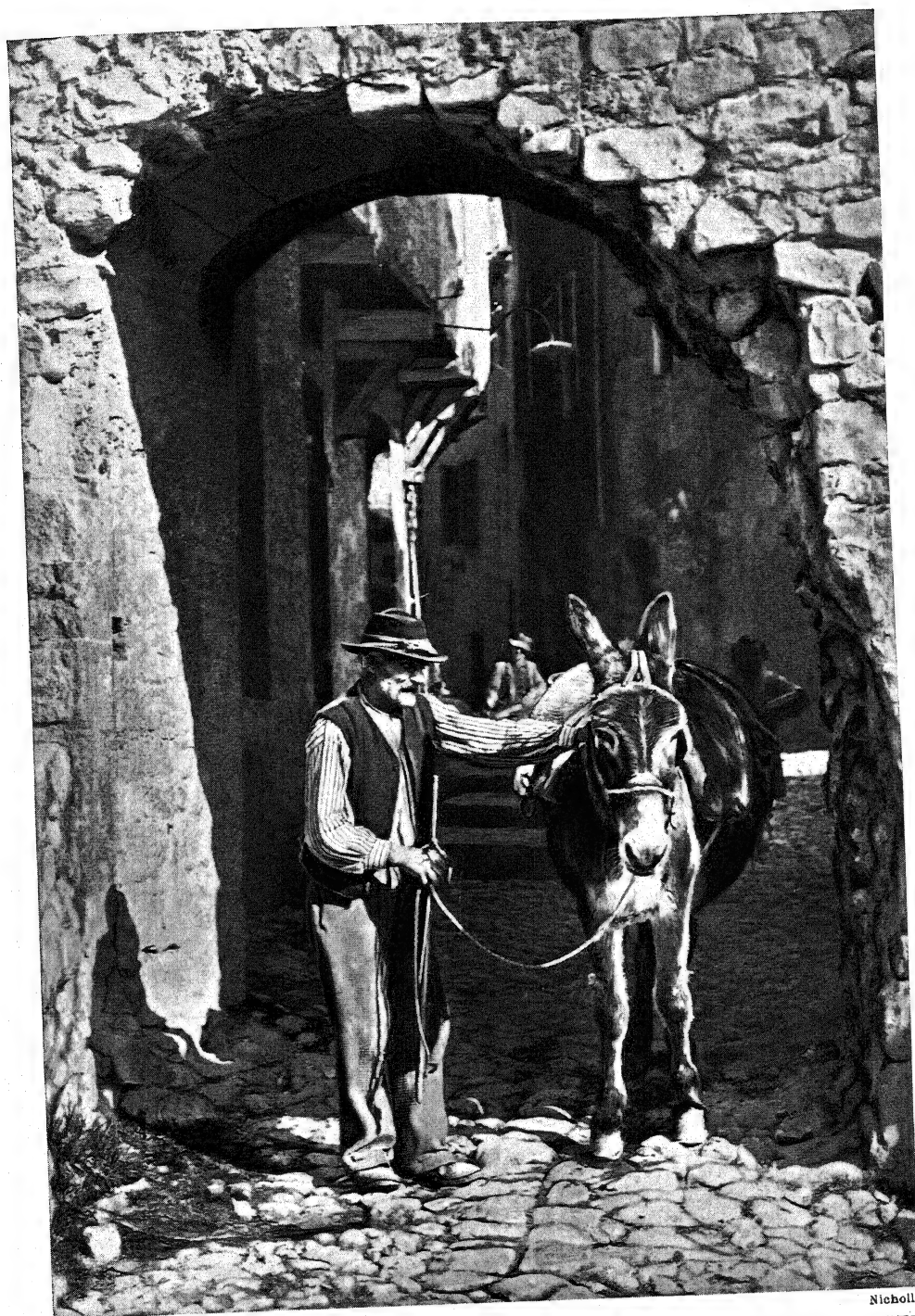
Rouen has a greater claim to attention than its great buildings can give, for here was burned S. Joan of Arc, the girl who still remains a living and vital force in French life, nearly five hundred years after her death.

Rheims Cathedral, deemed by many people to be the finest Gothic building in the world, and combining majesty, beauty and charm, is part of France's history. At one time in the Great War it was threatened with destruction. After the Allied retreat in the spring of 1918 it came within the range of the German guns and was struck, fortunately without much damage being done. Almost everywhere we go in France we find wonderful old buildings. The clergy seized every fine spot they could, even rocks jutting out into the sea, like Mont St. Michel, in Normandy, upon which they built an abbey so exquisite that at first sight it seems a dream-place.

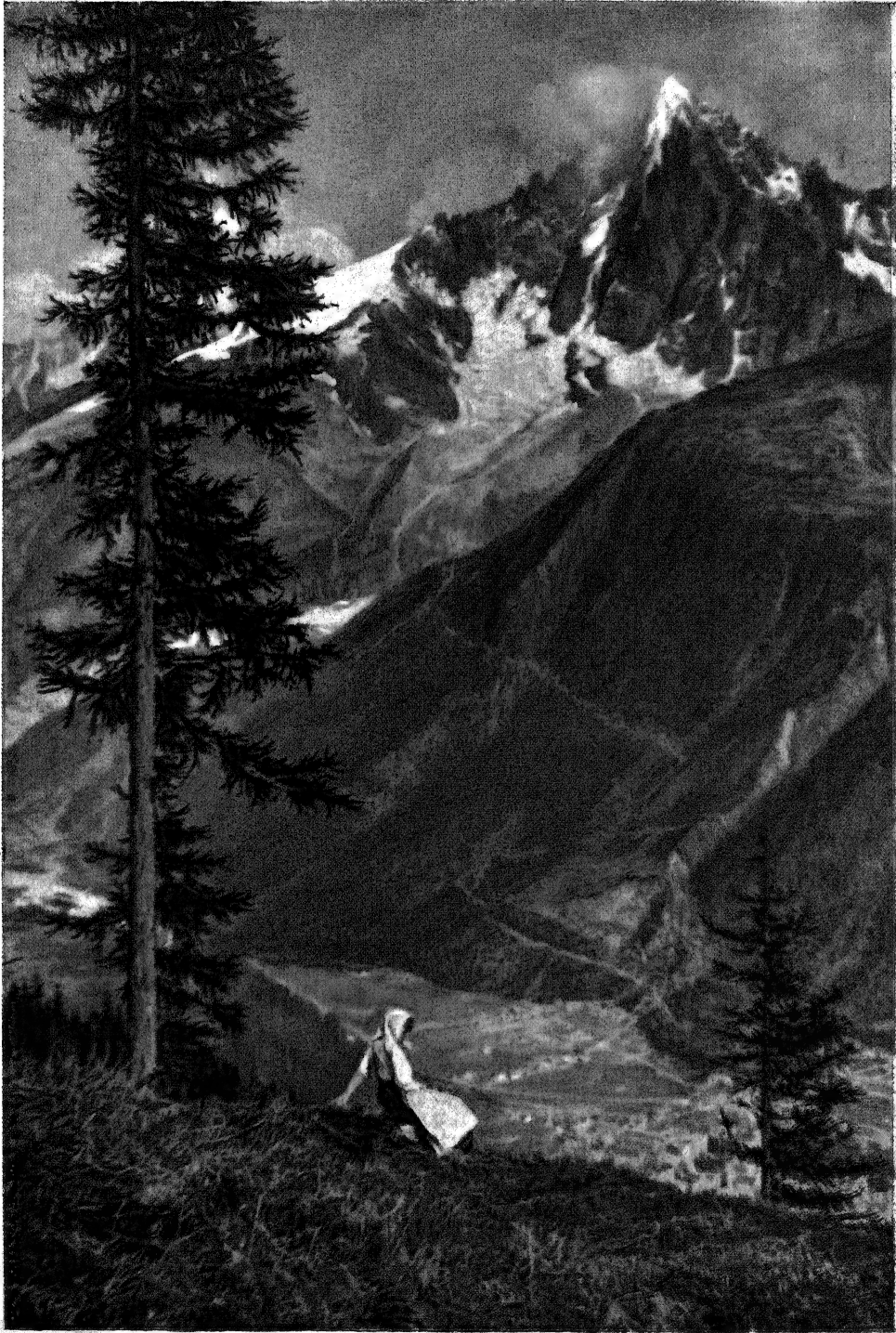
Glory of the Old, Walled Towns

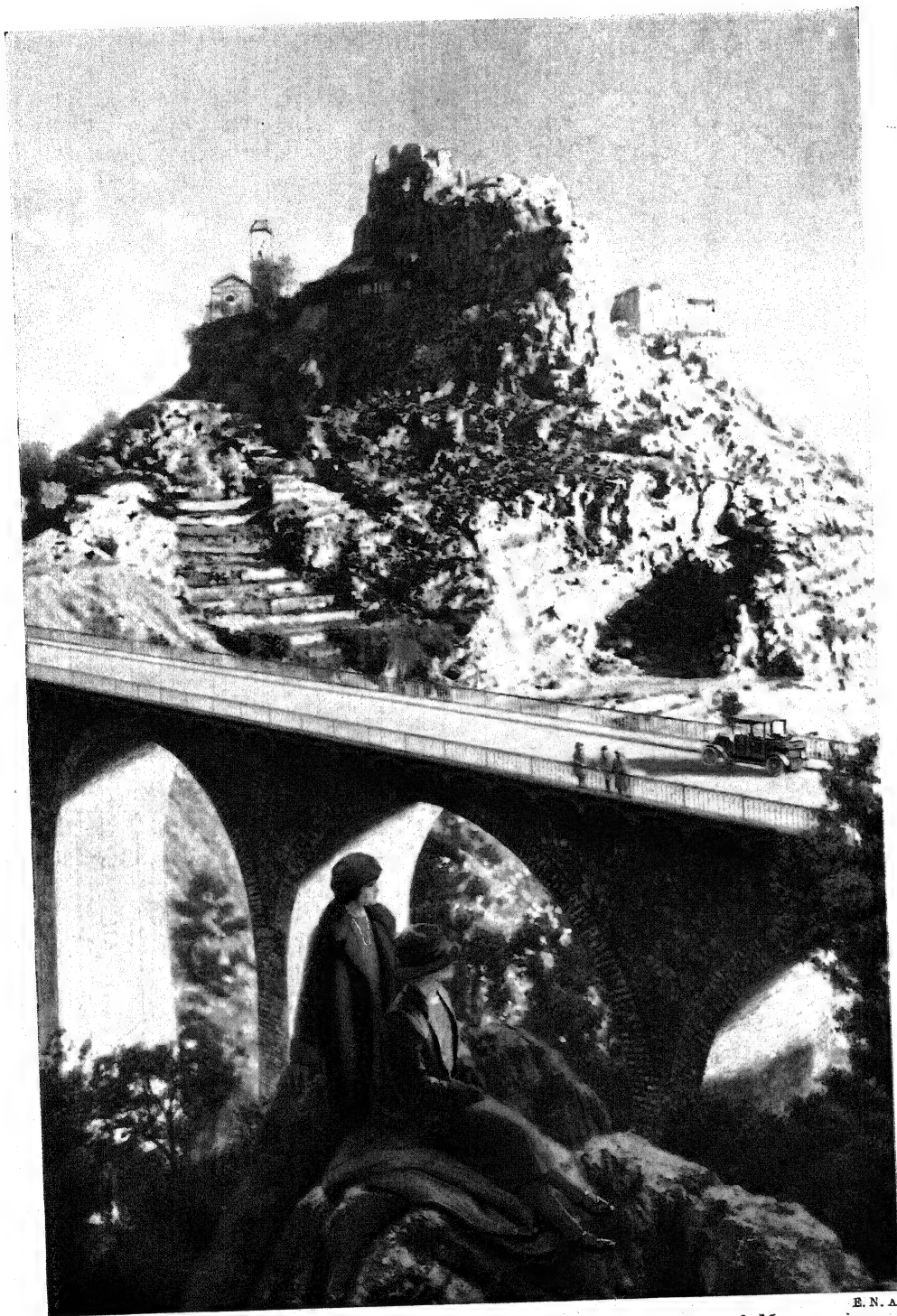
There are several cities which to this day retain their moated walls and defences and their narrow and tortuous medieval streets. Places like Blois, Avignon and Poitiers are history in stone. The past glory of most of these old cities has been dimmed by that of Arras. Here we have a picturesque town, founded in the days of the Gauls, that long played a part in France's fights. Its Hôtel de Ville and its streets of medieval houses are famous all over the world.

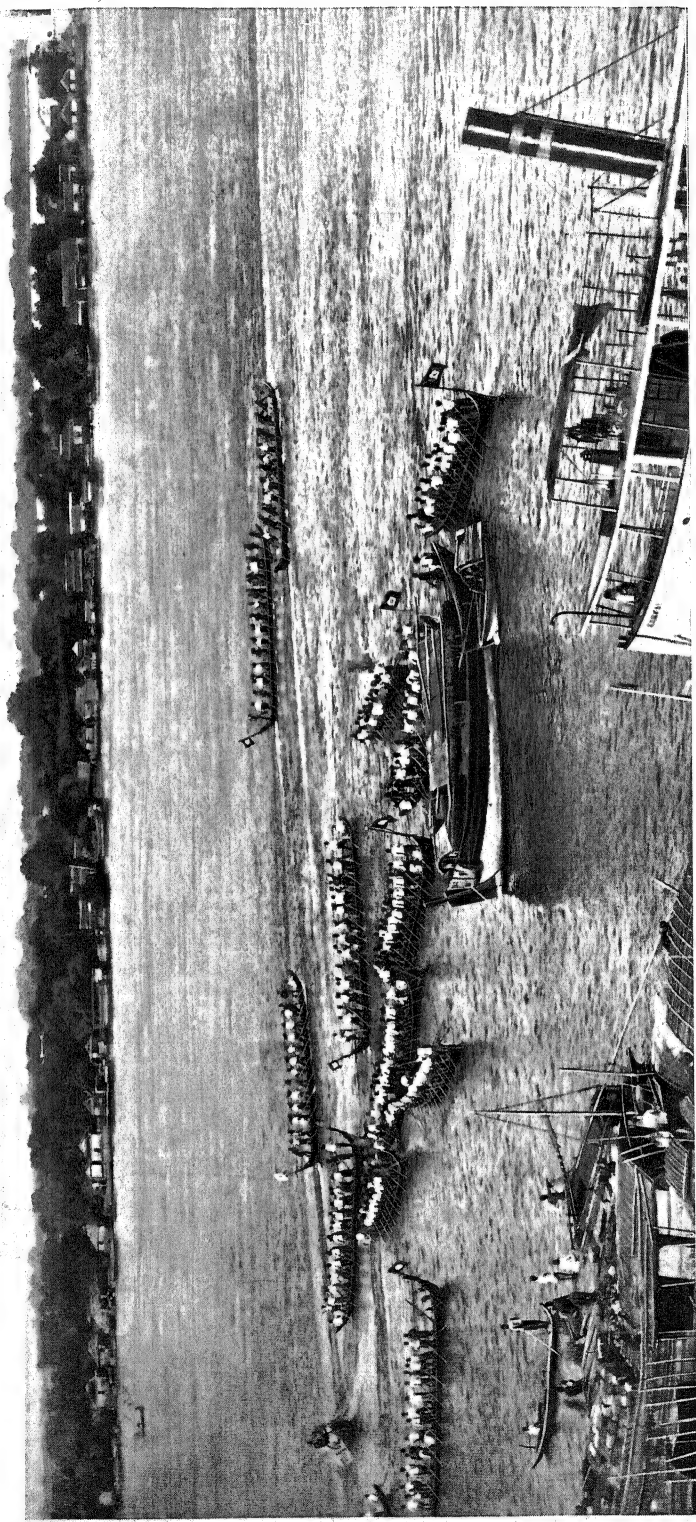
The châteaux, the castles of the nobles of past ages, with their memories of days of splendour, are a great attraction in one of the finest areas of mid-France.

The vine-growing lands centring around the famous city of Rheims represent one of France's greatest industries. The Frenchman, except in the north, drinks wine as the Englishman drinks beer. He can buy a bottle of the juice of the grape for a few pence. Life in the grape country when the crops are ripening has a charm all its own, and many people go there for the grape cure, when they eat almost incredible quantities of fruit, fresh plucked from the vines.

Nicholls

A SHADY CORNER IN A SUNNY MOUNTAIN TOWN OF THE SOUTH

Because this little cobbled street is narrow it is refreshingly cool and shady. So "southern" does it appear that, were it not for the old man leading his fine ass through the crumbling arch, we might mistake it for an alley in a Moroccan town. In Puget-Théniers the donkey often occupies the ground floor of a house, his owners dwelling above him.

McLeish

DELIGHTFUL CHAMONIX, one of the best known and most popular resorts in the French Alps, lies in a narrow valley beneath Europe's loftiest mountain. We do not see Mont Blanc in this picture, though on the left we see the foot of the Mer de Glace, its enormous glacier. The cloud-capped peak before us is the beautiful Aiguille Verte.

E. N. A.

THE CASTLE OF EZE, perched on a precipitous rock between Nice and Monaco, is now only a ruin. It was once, it is said, the stronghold of a Saracen robber-band. Up the slopes of the crag are piled the houses of Eze village. Its ruined church is believed to stand upon the site of an ancient Roman temple of Isis, hence the name of the village.

EXCITING CONTEST IN THE ANNUAL REGATTA ON THE BROAD MEKONG RIVER IN CAMBODIA

This annual regatta is a great event for the boatmen of Cambodia, and is held at Pnom Penh, the capital of the country. The racing boats have large crews, for some of them are driven through the water by more than twenty men. The oarsmen do not sit down as they do in Britain but stand up to row, facing the way the boat is travelling. Pnom Penh has been transformed into a pleasant town under the French, who have constructed good roads and erected many fine buildings. The city takes its name from a hill in the centre called Pnom.

Ancient Rivals of the Far East

JUNGLES AND RICE FIELDS OF ANNAM AND CAMBODIA

Of the five states that make up France's great colonial possession of Indo-China, only Annam and Cambodia still retain their native kings. Although to-day both these kingdoms are at peace under French protection, they have been bitter enemies for centuries, for the little and cunning Annamese have long coveted the rich rice-lands of their stronger but simpler Cambodian neighbours. Since the dawn of history, however, the Annamese have never built up a lasting independent kingdom, for Chinese mandarins have, except for short intervals, succeeded in keeping the power in their own hands. Cambodia, on the contrary, was a vast empire a thousand years ago, though nothing of this splendour is left to-day but jungle-buried ruins of magnificent temples and enormous cities.

ANNAM is a kingdom of south-east Asia that has been a protectorate of the French Republic since 1884, and is a division of French Indo-China. It is a narrow strip of land extending for 750 miles along the west shore of the China Sea, from Tongking on the north to Cochin China on the south; Cambodia and Laos bound it on the west. It has a narrow coastal plain from twelve to fifty miles wide, which is backed by the foot-hills of a range of lofty, forest-clad mountains whose peaks mark its western boundary. The whole country has an average breadth of only ninety-three miles.

Annam's rivers are many, but are short and swift, and so are of no use for navigation. They are, however, important for irrigation purposes.

The Annamese, who dwell in the valleys and on the coastal plain, came originally from south China. They are small, wiry people, cunning and hard-working, and have, since earliest times, been periodically at war with their overlords the Chinese, with the Chams who dwell in south Annam, and with the Khmers of Cambodia. Men and women dress alike, in indigo-blue tunics, cotton trousers and wide conical hats. Their feet are bare and their black hair is twisted up into a knot.

Most of them are fishers, or are occupied in the rice fields that provide them with their principal food. They are very fond of learning and all the children go happily to school. Little boys too young for school are sent out to tend the big herds of water buffaloes that are the chief beasts of burden.

There are also many Chinese people in Annam, most of whom are traders. The Annamese, though they do not like these traders, are very respectful to them and address them as "uncles."

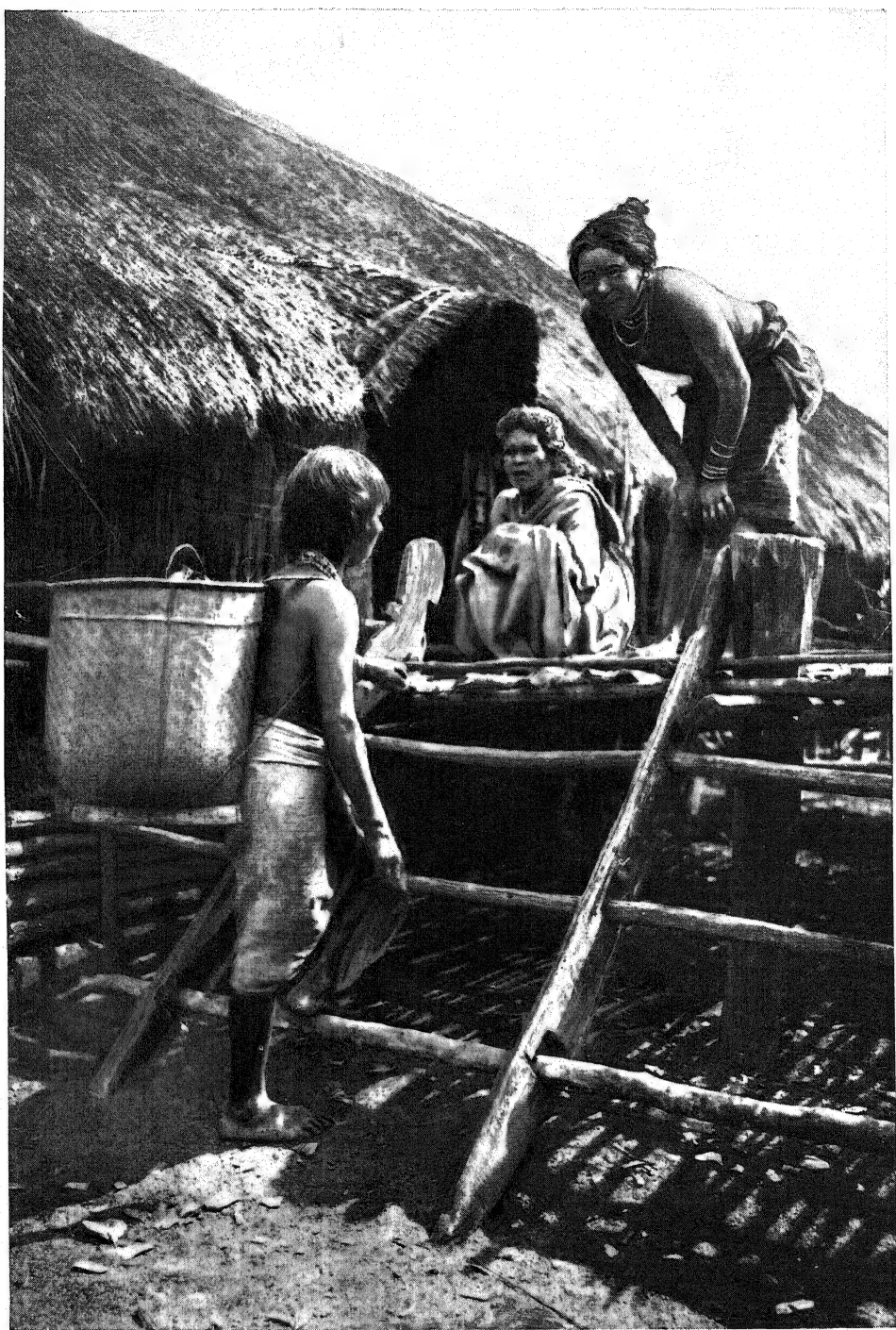
In the jungles that cover the slopes of the inland mountains we shall find another race of people, the original inhabitants of the country. These are the Mois—a name that suits them very well, for it means simply "savage." There are many

KING VINH THUY OF ANNAM

Vinh Thuy succeeded to the throne of Annam in November, 1925, while he was still a boy. He is advised by a French Resident-Superior, since the country is a French Protectorate.

Agence de L'Indo Chine

SON OF HEAVEN is the title given by the Annamese to their emperor, who, on state occasions, sits richly arrayed upon a golden throne. His gorgeous robe and the great painted dragon, as well as his title, show Chinese influence.

CAMBODIA'S KING is a gorgeous figure, with his jewelled orders, pagoda-like crown and state robes. His ancestors ruled a kingdom stretching from the Bay of Bengal to the China Sea, a kingdom of which but little remains to-day.

FRONT AND ONLY ENTRANCE TO A MOI HOME IN ANNAM

Moi villages are enclosed by palisades, but the appearance of a village is bewildering, as the houses are scattered about the enclosure and do not form streets. The dwellings are built of bamboo and thatch, and a platform, which is reached by a ladder, serves as a veranda. There are no windows or chimney, so the interior is dark and smoky

MOI BABY OVERHEARS ALL THE GOSSIP OF THE VILLAGE

" Moi " is an Annamese word meaning savage, and is applied to the wild tribes of Annam. They live in the most inaccessible parts of the country and have successfully resisted all attempts that have been made to civilize them. The women are very fond of metal bracelets and anklets, like those the two women in this photograph are wearing.

HEIR-APPARENT BENEATH THE STATE UMBRELLA OF CAMBODIA

Life cannot be very pleasant for the heir to the throne of Cambodia, for he is surrounded by the strict etiquette of the court and may do nothing that might lower his dignity. He cannot play lively games like other children, because he always wears such fine clothes and jewels. The state umbrella is almost more than the small attendant can manage.

China is bounded on the north and north-west by Laos and Siam, on the east by Annam, on the south-east by Cochin China; it is washed on the south-west by the Gulf of Siam.

It consists chiefly of the very fertile, alluvial plain of the Mekong, a mighty river that has its source in Tibet, and which forms, in its upper course, the boundary between Siam and French Indo-China. The Mekong flows through Cambodia from north to south, and periodically floods immense tracts of the country. At the junction of all the navigable waters of the protectorate stands Pnom Penh, the capital. The climate is tropical, and much of the land is covered with jungle, in which snakes, tigers and elephants are found. The land is very fertile and produces vast quantities of rice, but some parts are so malarial that no one can inhabit them.

The Siamese are said to have conquered the Cambodians in A.D. 1373, and for centuries there has been continuous fighting between Cambodia, Siam and Annam, Cambodia having continually to pay tribute to the one or the other. The Cambodians only saved themselves from final destruction by putting themselves under French protection.

Vassal

PART OF A MOI BOY'S EDUCATION

Boys of the savage Moi tribes do not go to school to learn reading, writing and arithmetic, but to learn how to use a bow and arrow and how to track game. Soon this boy will be using poisoned arrows.

To trace the rise and fall of a race so powerful and so advanced in civilization as were the ancient Khmers, or Cambodians, it is necessary to go back to very remote times, when these vanished people were lords of a mighty empire and were the builders of stone temples and palaces that in architectural merit have no equals in all Asia.

We know very little indeed about these dead-and-gone folk; we do not even know whence they came or whither they went. Nor can we tell whether the present-day Khmers, who are content to live in mean huts in the shadow of the great stone structures which, they say, were raised by "the gods," are their descendants or those of an aboriginal Cambodian tribe whom they subdued and civilized.

Most of the stupendous relics of these ancient people can only be examined by explorers who are adventurous enough to penetrate the heart of the thick, tropical forests of central Cambodia. The vast temple of Angkor Vat, however, is more accessible.

Angkor Vat lies fifteen miles north of a lake called Tonle Sap, or Great Lake, and

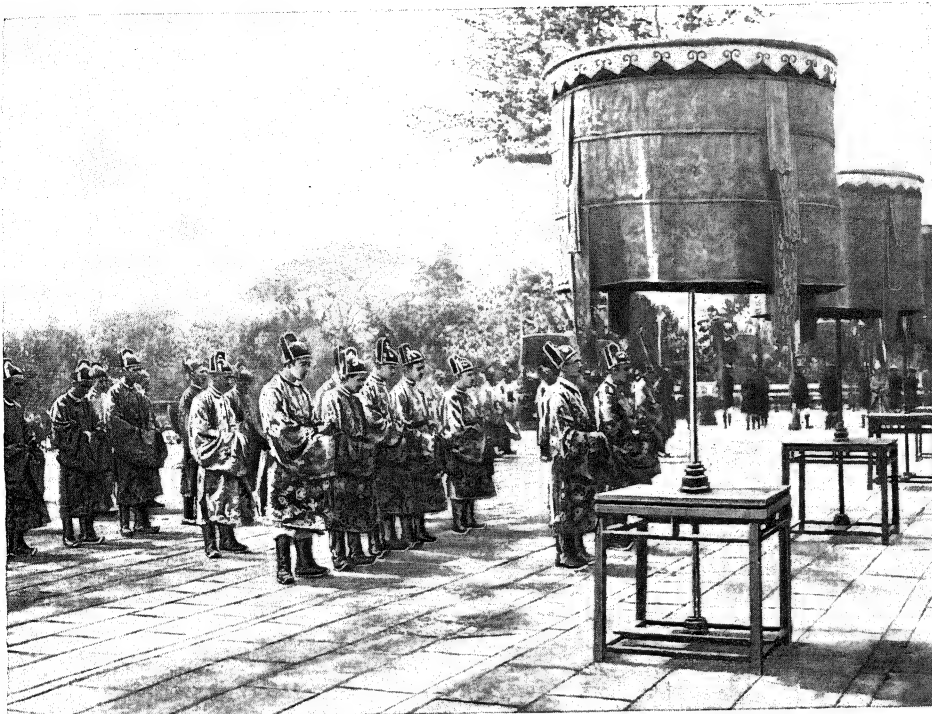
CAMBODIAN BOYS ENJOYING THEMSELVES AT SCHOOL

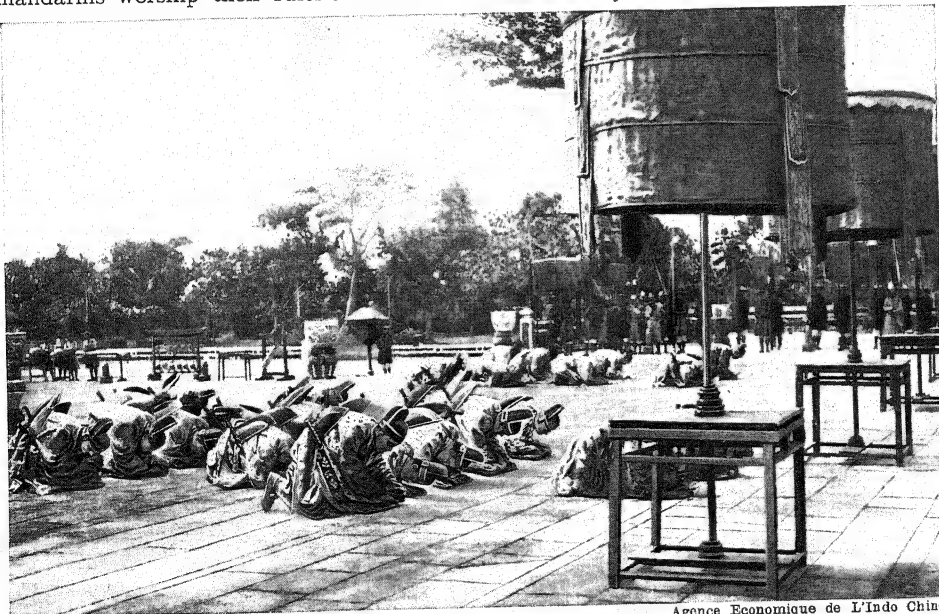
Buddhism is the religion of the Cambodians, and the bonzes, or priests, are teachers in the schools. The boys are taught to read and write, but they do not work all the time they are at school, because here we can see them amusing themselves with tambourine-like drums. Every boy must live in a monastery for a time and wait upon the priests.

is six miles from the gigantic ruined city that bears the same name as itself. The temple, which is surrounded by walls and galleries that enclose a space of 400 acres, rises in three quadrangular tiers, with a mighty central tower, 250 feet high, and four corner ones of 150 feet. The whole is engirdled by a moat 230 feet broad.

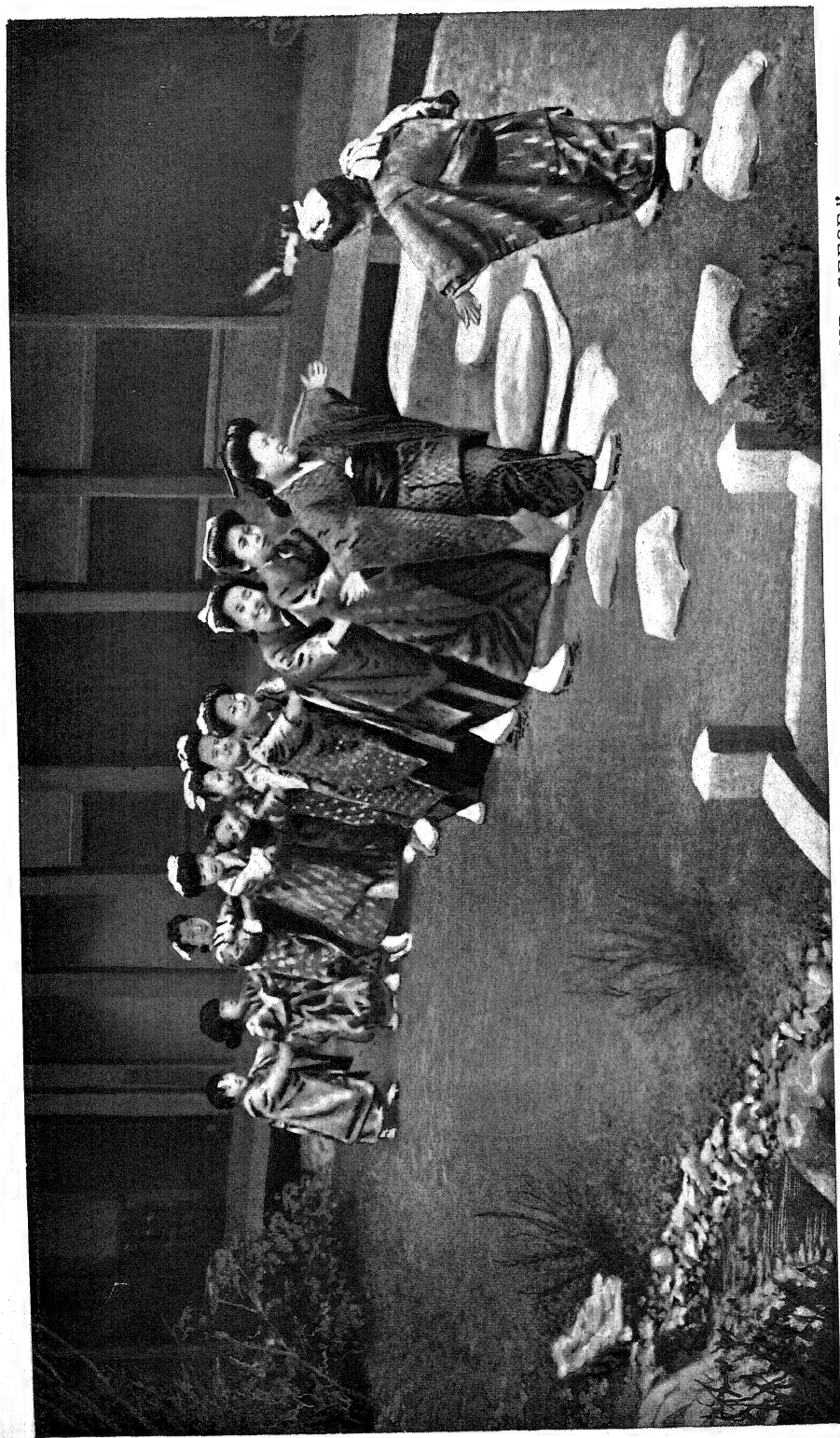
The style of architecture is like that of no other country, a fact which adds to the mystery of its origin. It was built in the seventh century and was first a Brahman temple, then altered to a Buddhist shrine. The stone walls are decorated with wonderful carvings. To transport the massive blocks of stone that form the temple from quarries thirty miles away, to erect them in their place, and to carve them as they are carved must have been the work of a cultured and civilized people possessed of great artistic, architectural and engineering knowledge.

The civilized Cambodians of the present day dwell on the banks of the Mekong River and round the Great Lake. They are strong but gentle and artistic people, mostly tillers of the soil, who are accomplished musicians and poets and lovers of literature, the dance and the drama. All children are sent to school, being taught by the Buddhist priests in the many temples found in the land. The national costume of both men and women is a coat and a sampot—a straight piece of material, often of beautiful, hand-woven silk, which is wound round the waist and loosely caught up between the legs. Though Pnom Penh, the capital and dwelling-place of the king, is a very beautiful city, the average Cambodian prefers to live a lonely life among his rice-fields. His house is built on tall piles as a protection against tigers and floods.

The wild tribes of Cambodia are also of the same race as the civilized Khmers. As is the case with the Mois, little is known of them, for they hide themselves in fever-ridden jungles and are very suspicious of strangers.

MANDARINS WORSHIPPING THE ANCESTORS OF THE RULER OF ANNAM

There are three religions—Buddhism, Taoism and Confucianism—in Annam, but the people will worship in the temple of one religion just as soon as in that of another. The faith that has a real hold over the people is ancestor worship. As a token of loyalty the chief mandarins worship their ruler's ancestors at a ceremony held in the palace grounds.

Agence Economique de L'Indo Chine

KOWTOWING, OR HEAD KNOCKING, TO THE ROYAL ANCESTORS

Standing on the tables are large, tub-like objects which are dedicated to the king's ancestors. As in the top photograph, the mandarins stand before them at first, then they all kneel and knock their foreheads upon the ground. The Annamese copied this custom from the Chinese, to whom the country once belonged. The royal palace is at Hué, the capital.

MERRY LITTLE JAPANESE GIRLS PLAYING THE GAME OF "FOX AND GEESE"

With outstretched arms, the foremost "goose" endeavours to prevent the "fox" from seizing the tiny "goose" at the end of the row. As by cunning or by fleetness of foot the "fox" eludes the guardian and makes a capture, so the line is shortened until the whole "flock" is taken. This game, that British children know so well, is also played in exactly the same way in Tibet, though in that country it is called "Wolf and sheep." Japanese boys play lawn tennis, baseball and cricket, but football is not played to any extent.

Playtime the World Over

GAMES THAT PEOPLE PLAY IN EVERY CLIME

In reading here about the games played in other lands, we shall find ourselves thinking, now and then: "What very strange people they must be to be amused at that!" And at other times we shall think: "But that is very like a game we play!" Sometimes, when we find people of another country playing the same game as ourselves, it means that we have learnt it from them. This is the case with kite-flying, for instance, which was played by the Chinese centuries ago, when the people of Britain were savages. Sometimes it means that the other people have adopted our game, but very often no one can tell whether we taught it to them, or they taught it to us, or whether we each invented it for ourselves. This chapter will show us, however, that the whole world cordially agrees with the proverb that runs, "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy."

GAMES are just as much a part of human life as are food and sleep and work, and there is no part of the world, from a Canadian lumber camp to a Chinese village, or from an Eskimo igloo to an African kraal, where games of some sort are not played. The kind of game that is played is determined, to a certain extent, by the country. For instance, in the case of a lumber camp the land around is covered with trees or stumps and so gives little opportunity for outdoor games; therefore games are played indoors. The favourite one is called "Jack, where be ye?" and is rather a rough pastime.

Two men are blindfolded and they kneel on the floor in the middle of the room. Each holds in his left hand a stout leather strap and in his right either a strap or a bundle of newspapers rolled up very tight. Lots are drawn and the one who wins the draw calls out, "Jack, where be ye?" The other must answer "Here I be," and then number one strikes where he imagines his opponent to be. If he hits his man he is entitled to another blow, if he misses he must take his turn at being struck. They go on until one gives up. The blows given are quite hard.

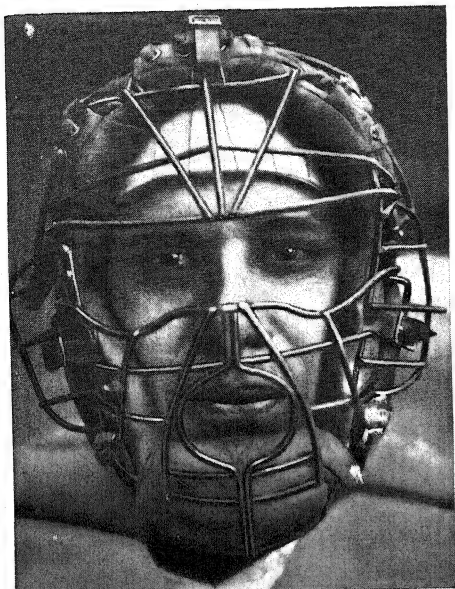
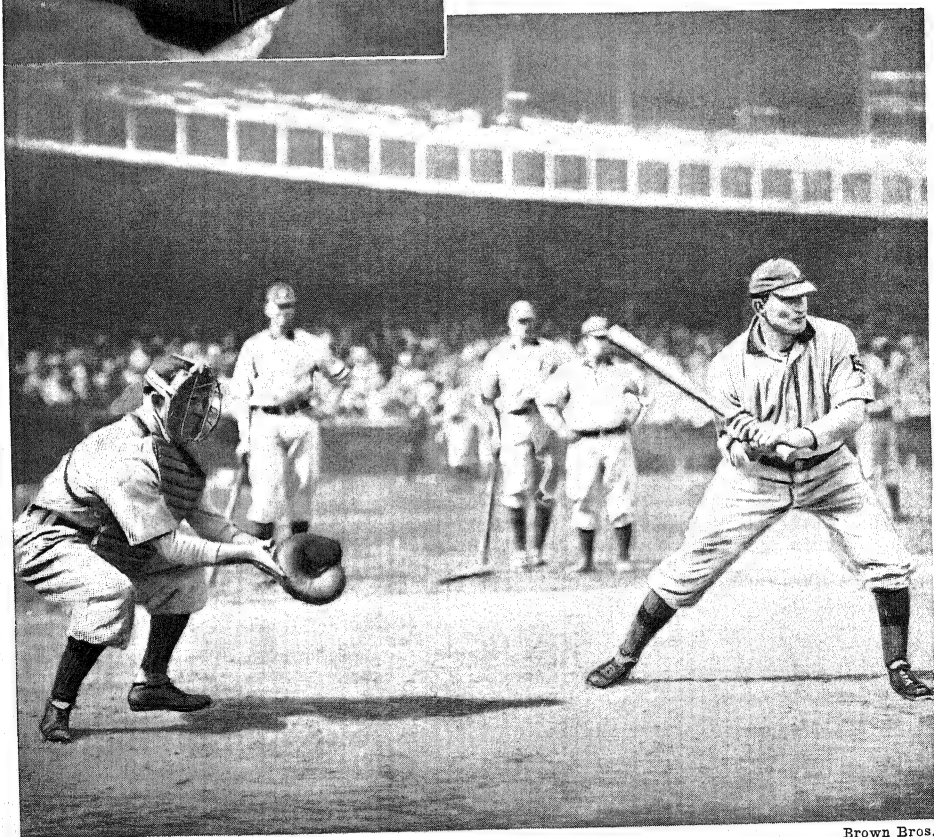
Korean Tug-of-War Championships

Let us go from the Far West to the Far East. In Korea, that once independent empire which is now controlled by the Japanese, tug-of-war is the favourite amusement. It is like British league football, since villages and towns compete one against another, the championship being considered a very great honour. The rope is plaited out of straw and is enormously thick. This is necessary because the Korean tug-of-war is not played with eight a side as in the West. The whole village takes part. The ends of the rope are divided into a number of branches, and men, women and even children help to pull. The women, it is said, do not always play fairly; they are accused of making themselves heavier by loading their skirts with stones.

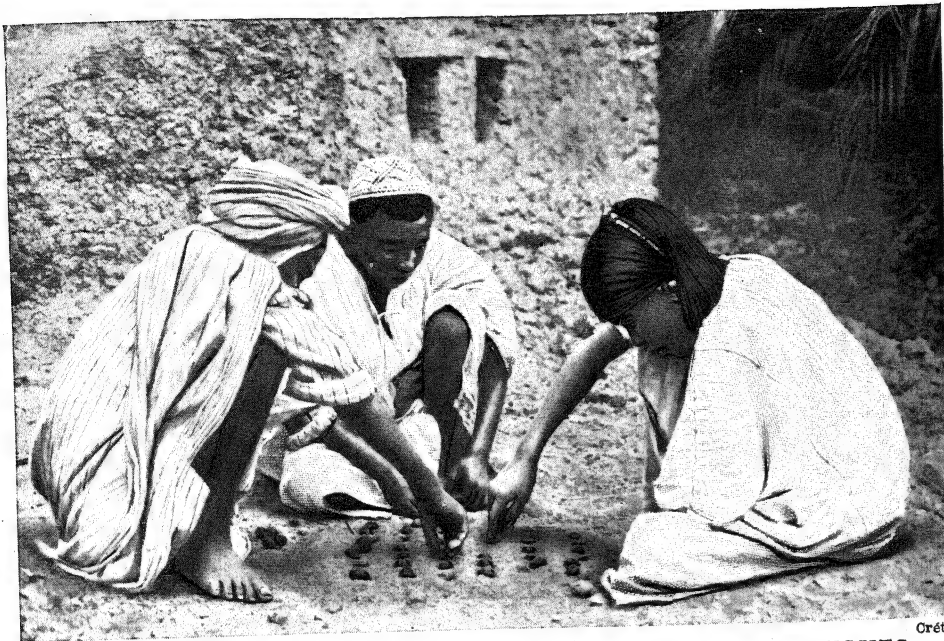
Shuttlecock Without a Battledore

Ball-batting is another Korean amusement. There are four players on each side and they use a small wooden ball, or kong, and heavy, clumsy-looking clubs. The players stand one behind another, and if the front player misses the ball the next takes his place. One point is scored for driving the ball over the adversary's base line, and when that happens the players change sides.

In Japan a favourite children's game is battledore and shuttlecock. The battledore is made of wood, often beautifully painted and ornamented, and the shuttlecock is a dried berry of the soap-tree in which feathers are stuck. This game is usually played only by girls, but in China a similar game is played by boys and young men. They do not, however, use a bat but only a shuttlecock, which is struck with feet, elbows, knees and shoulders—the hands must not be used at all. The skill with which the players keep the shuttle-

cock flying back and forth for many minutes at a time, is wonderful to see.

In China, Japan and Korea kite-flying is one of the oldest amusements. The kites are made of waterproof paper or silk, and the best ones are flown with a string made of real silk, very fine and very strong. Some kites are shaped and coloured like birds; others resemble dragons, fishes or great bats. Sometimes whistles rattles or little aeolian harps are attached to the kites, which then make the strangest noises as they fly. At night, kites are often lit up, a paper lantern being attached to the tail. Kite fighting is a popular amusement in China. The string is first dipped in glue and then covered with powdered

Brown Bros.

BATSMAN AND WELL-PROTECTED CATCHER IN BASEBALL.

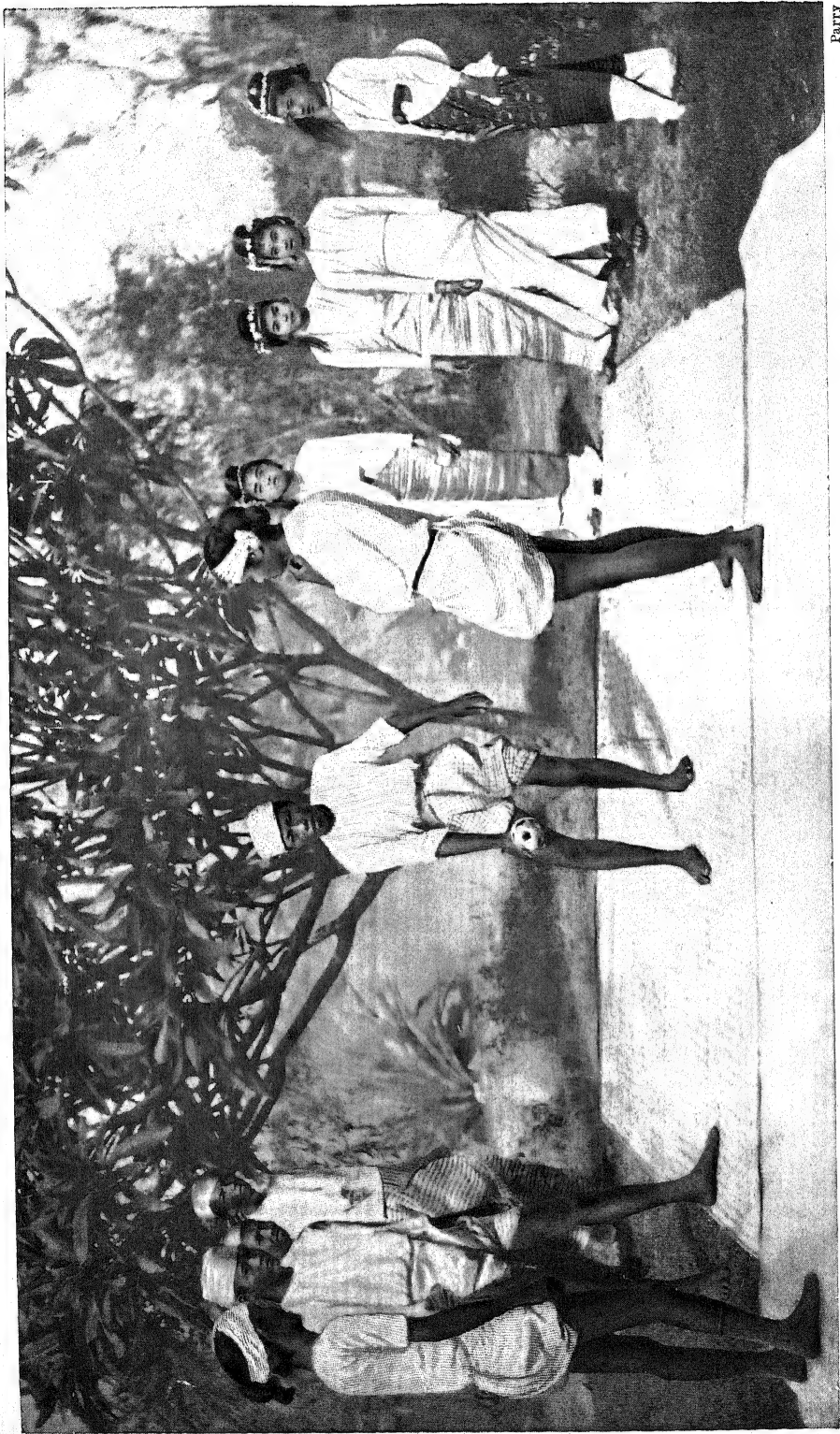
Baseball is the popular summer game in the United States of America, being as popular there as cricket is in England. The ball, which is like a hockey ball, is thrown by the "pitcher," who has to make it pass over a plate by which the batsman stands. The "catcher" wears a glove and breast-plate, and his face is protected by a mask.

Crété

ARAB BOYS DEEPLY ENGROSSED IN A GAME OF DRAUGHTS

Only the rich people can afford to buy a board and draughtsmen, so these boys have drawn a board upon the ground and use stones or bits of wood as pieces. Draughts and chess are very popular among the Arabs, who introduced the latter into Italy and Spain. Forms of draughts were played by the people of ancient Egypt, Greece and Rome.

E. N. A.

WARRI, A VERY POPULAR AMUSEMENT IN SIERRA LEONE

Most races have their favourite games, and that of the Mendi people, a tribe living in Sierra Leone in West Africa, is Warri. A crowd soon collects to watch the players. A boat-shaped board is needed, and in it are twelve holes that represent towns. Beans or pebbles are used as soldiers. Mendi men waste a great deal of time at Warri.

Parry

YOUNG MEN READY TO BEGIN A GAME OF CHINLON, A BURMESE FORM OF FOOTBALL

Mats spread out upon the ground serve as a playing-field for chinlon, which is a game that requires a tremendous amount of practice. The man in the centre of the photograph is holding a wickerwork ball in his right hand, which he is about to throw up into the air. The players must see how long they can keep the ball moving about without letting it touch the ground. They can knock the ball up with the knee, catch it on their heels or between the cheek and shoulder, and pass it at lightning speed *from one to another* in an extraordinarily clever way.

Thomas

SIMPLE AMUSEMENTS PLEASE THE LITTLE GIRLS OF NIGERIA

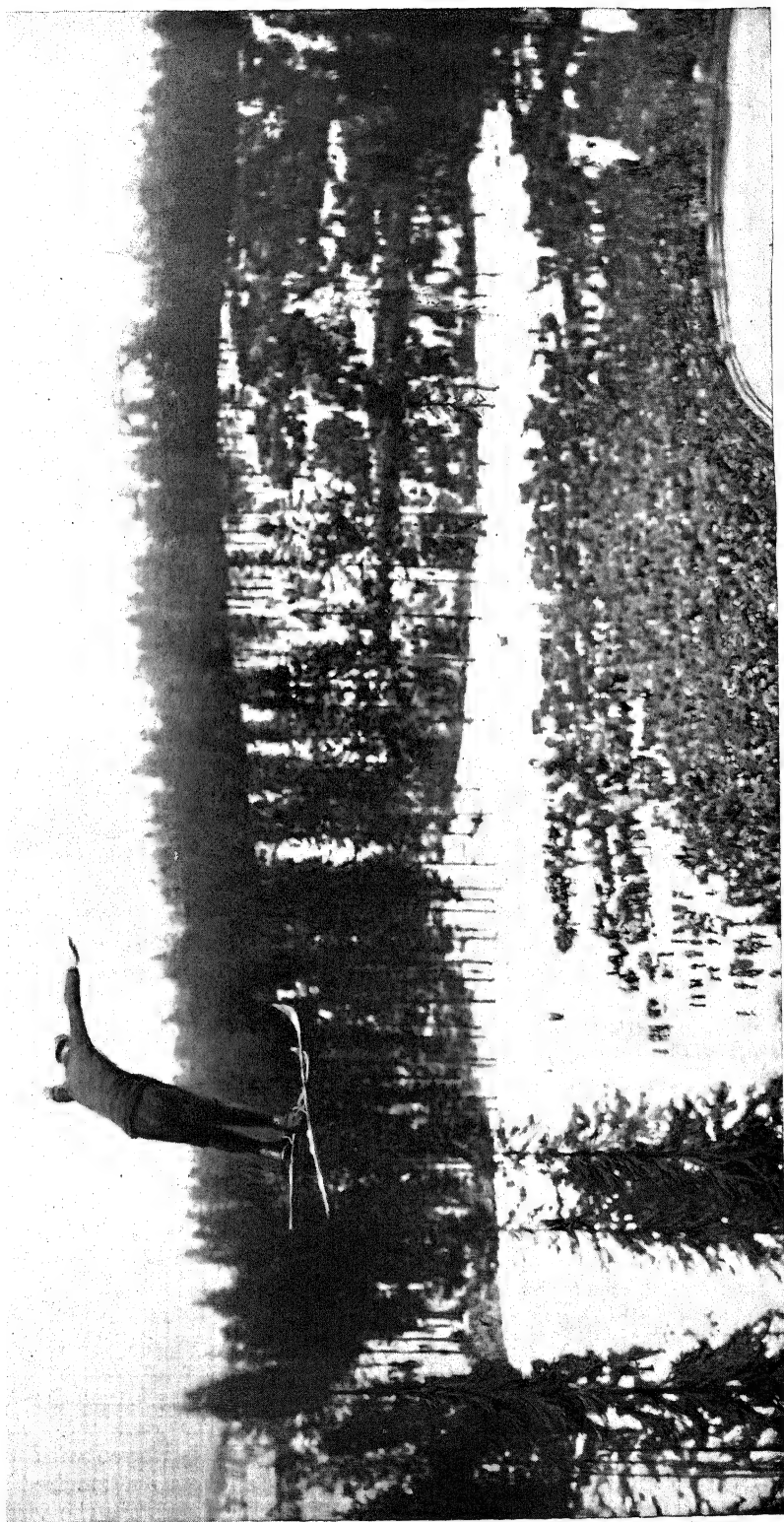
There are no wonderful toy-shops in Nigeria, where these girls could buy the playthings that delight the children in civilized countries, even if they had the money. They have to invent their own games, which are usually very simple, for they are easily amused. These girls are playing olawolo, in which each one crawls between the legs of the others.

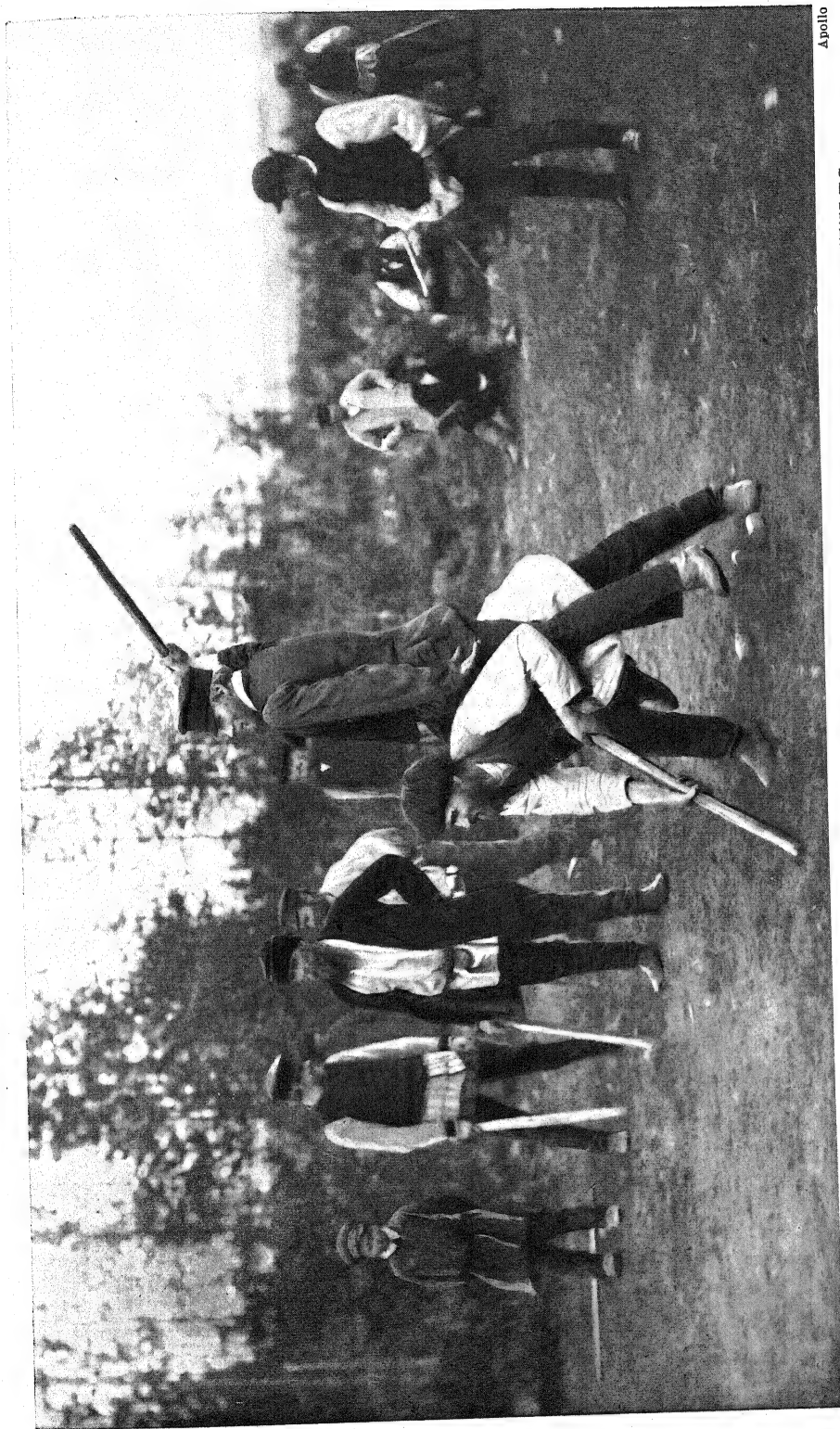
glass, which makes it hard and rough. Then each owner tries with his kite string to cut that of his opponent.

Tops are also very popular in the East, particularly whipping-tops. They are regarded as winter toys and are usually spun on frozen ground or on ice. Some boys are clever enough to spin them on a taut wire. Fighting with tops is a favourite game, two tops being spun so as to strike one another, the one that "dies" first being the loser. The Japanese have humming-tops, too, which they call "thunder tops." Swinging and skipping are other games played all over Japan and Korea, as well as in northern China. The Chinese do not as a rule care about vigorous games, especially the people of south China. They look with horror at Western football and hockey, and think that people who can spend all day in the sun playing cricket or tennis are little better than lunatics.

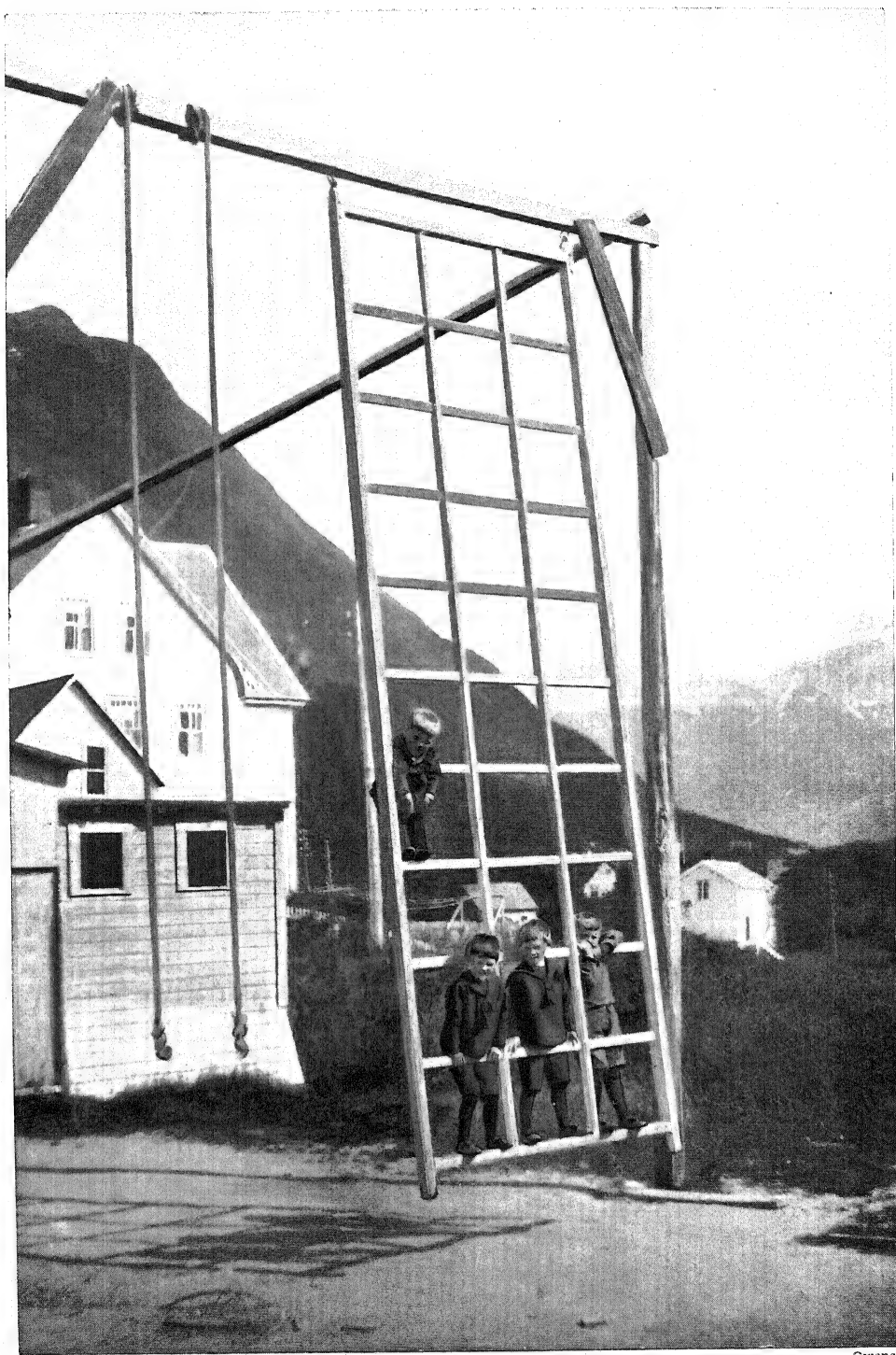
Of indoor games, backgammon is played in Korea and chess in China. Chinese chess is a little different from European, for there is an extra piece called the "p'au," or cannon. In the centre of the board is a camp with nine squares, and the king and queen (called "general" and "counsellor") are confined to the camp. Mah-jongg is another Chinese table game, and many card games came from the East. The game of draughts which is played all over Europe and North Africa seems to be unknown, however, in Eastern lands.

The people of Sin-kiang and Turkistan have a very curious game called baigu which is played on horseback. It is described fully in our chapter on "Unknown Sin-Kiang."

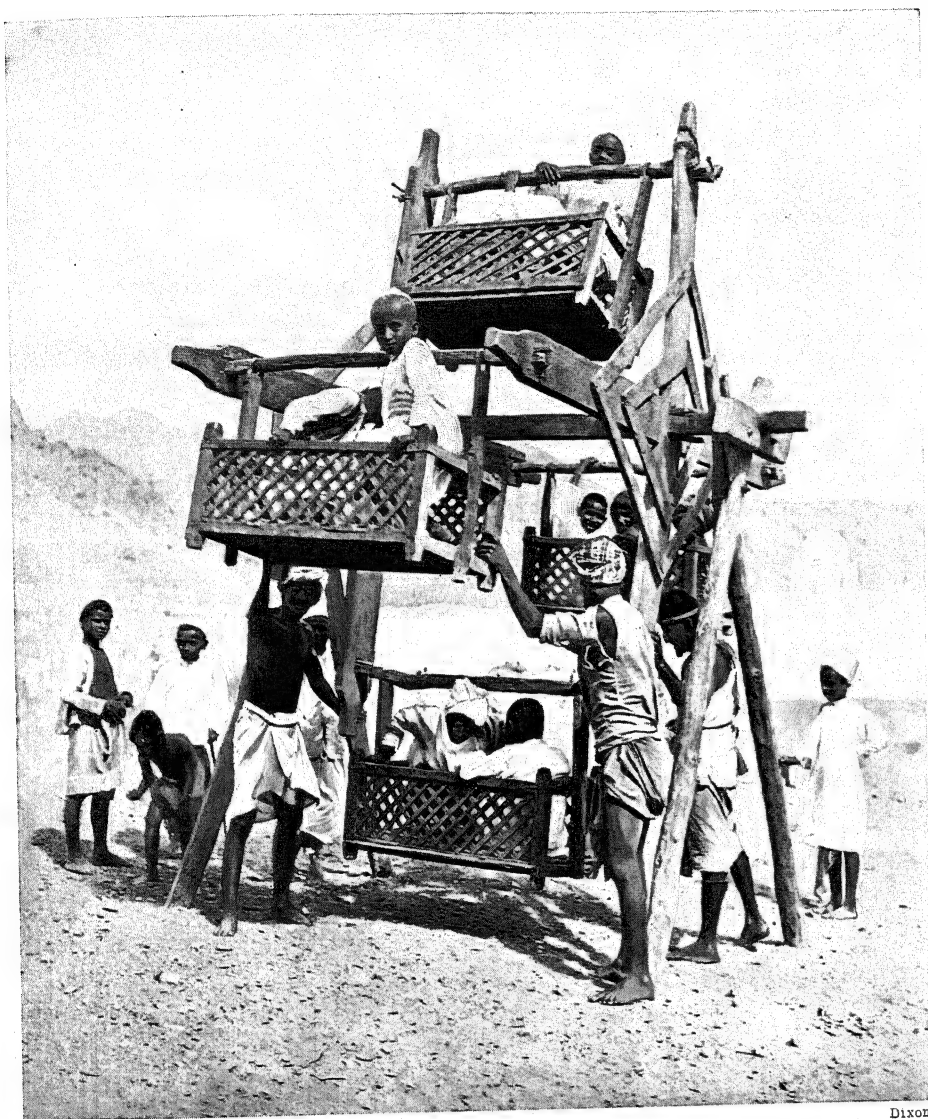
British games are now played in almost every part of the world. Cricket, in particular, is popular in India, the West Indies, South Africa, Australia and in some parts of the Pacific Islands. In Samoa the game is played with twenty, thirty, fifty and even a hundred men a side. The challengers are the visitors to the village. The game lasts not two or

ENJOYING THE THRILLS OF SKI-JUMPING AT A CONTEST AT HOLMENKOLLEN, NORWAY

Every year contests in ski-ing are held at Holmenkollen, which is about six miles from Oslo. The most exciting event is the jumping. An inclined plane is built on the side of a hill and covered with snow. The competitors dash down this and leap into the air at the end, as the man in the photograph has done. The jump is counted only if he keeps his feet when he descends to the ground. Leaps of over one hundred and forty feet have been made by experts. Ski-ing is a favourite winter pastime of Norwegian women and children also.

Apollo

"MOUNTED" FINNISH PEASANT TAKING PART IN A STRANGE FORM OF SKITTLES

The people of Finland have copied many of the games that are played by the Russians. These sturdy peasants are amusing themselves with one which is similar to that known in Russia as "Little Towns." One player mounts a human hobby-horse and hurls a stout stick at a group of small pieces of wood which are placed within a square marked out upon the ground. The object of the game is to knock the wooden targets out of the square with as few throws as possible. If the "horse" does not keep still, it must be very difficult to throw straight.

Owens

OUTDOOR GYMNASIUM FOR HAPPY NORWEGIAN CHILDREN

Norwegians fully realize the value of physical exercise and gymnastics, so many of the schools have ropes, swinging ladders and other apparatus in the playgrounds. The children are fond of playing in these gymnasia, and even when very small they are able to perform quite clever feats. This early training strengthens their muscles.

Dixon

ARABIAN CHILDREN HAVING A VERY MERRY TIME AT A FAIR

Seated in the little cars, they go round and round as the men push the wooden beams. The cars always hang straight down from the cross-bars, so that the occupants cannot fall out. This contrivance is a simple form of the "Great Wheels" which have been erected at so many exhibitions and patronised by both young and old.

three days, but as long as there is sufficient food. When the larder is quite empty then the match ceases. The bat is a wooden club; the batsman does not run himself, but gets the fastest sprinter to run for him. There is no limit to the number of fieldsmen, but if one of them should let a ball past he is not merely jeered at, but is very often well beaten.

The photograph in page 1418 shows the American game of baseball. The bat is thin and rounded, and the ball is not red like our cricket ball, but white. The ball is thrown not bowled, and the American pitcher is able to make it curve or swerve in the air in a most uncanny way. It is thrown at such a terrific speed that the catcher has to wear, not only a mask, but fairly heavy body armour. The catcher is the most important member

of the nine men who form a team, and acts as captain. A form of this game is also played in Samoa, as we see in page 172.

One of the finest games to watch is the pelota of the Basques, which may be described as a mixture of racquets, hand-ball and fives, and from which, it is said, are derived all our games played with bat and ball. The court is two hundred and fifty feet long and fifty wide, and there are three players a side. The ball, resembling a base-ball in size and weighing four ounces, has a rubber core and is flung by means of a narrow, scoop-like basket strapped to the right forearm of the player. It is driven with such terrific force that for a game of fifty points a dozen balls are often needed.

In the British Isles football, hockey and lacrosse are the regular outdoor winter games, but in countries farther north, especially in Norway and Sweden, games that are played on snow and ice are general. In Norway, in the winter, everyone goes on skis (pronounced *she*), the long, narrow, sledge-like shoes on which a Norwegian boy can run all day over dry powdery snow without getting tired.

There are many other fine games to be played on snow or ice—tobogganing, for instance. In Canada the flat-bottomed toboggan is the favourite for sliding down slopes of frozen snow, but in the Swiss Alps and in Norway the bob-sled, or luge, raised on steel runners, is more popular. In Scotland, curling is the great winter game, but in Canada it is ice-hockey. The best fun of all winter amusements is sailing on the ice, but this is only possible where there are large sheets of water covered with really thick ice. Ice-yachts travel at such a speed that they have raced and beaten express trains. The ice-boat can actually move faster than the wind.

Hose

KAYAN YOUTHS AT THEIR FAVOURITE SPORT OF WRESTLING

The Kayan people of Borneo are very fond of wrestling, which they consider to be excellent training for hunting and fighting. Kayan wrestling differs from that of most other countries in that the contestants obtain a hold before the start of a bout. Each endeavours to throw the other flat upon his back, which is the object in most forms of the sport.

Lands of the Silver River

THE BUSY LIFE OF ARGENTINA AND URUGUAY

Rio de la Plata and Argentina mean, in the charming Spanish tongue, River of Silver and Silvery Land, but if you sailed across the Atlantic to see for yourself the two great territories of South America that are separated by the River of Silver, your first impressions might be disappointing. The Rio de la Plata is a broad stream—so wide that it is more like a sea than a river—and its waters are muddy and yellowish-brown. Argentina, on its southern bank, stretches away in unbroken flatness to the far horizon, and Uruguay stretches to the north, but it is slightly more undulating. Yet these two lands are among the richest countries of the earth—rich in cattle and corn, horses and sheep, rich in almost anything but silver! It has been my lot to sojourn for many months in the chief city of both countries—Buenos Aires and Montevideo—but it is to the latter, the charming capital of Uruguay, that memory is most apt to turn.

WHEN, early in the sixteenth century, Spanish adventurers to South America sailed up the Rio de la Plata they were astonished at the number of silver ornaments worn by the Indians. Not knowing that these were stolen and came from quite another part of the country, they concluded that there were rich silver mines in the neighbourhood, and so they gave the river its silvery title, which is now applied only to the combined estuary of the two great rivers, the Paraná and the Uruguay, and Spain proceeded to annex the country. The city of Buenos Aires, now the capital of Argentina, was the first important settlement.

More and more colonists came over from Spain and gradually little bands of pioneers pushed out and took possession of the country we now call Argentina, a wedge-shaped land, four times as large as England and France put together. From north to south, forming its western boundary, run the mighty snow-capped Andes with their plateaux and valleys. In the north the colonists found the undulating, wooded plains of the Chaco merging into tropical forest.

Creatures of the Silvery Land

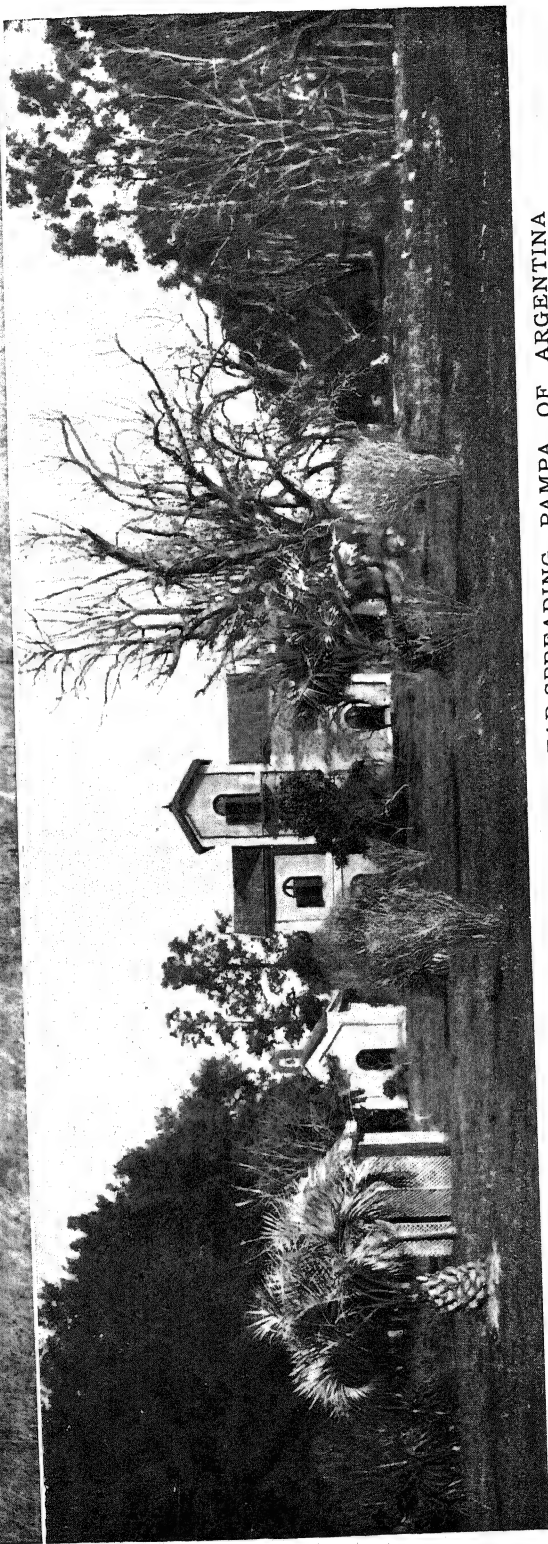
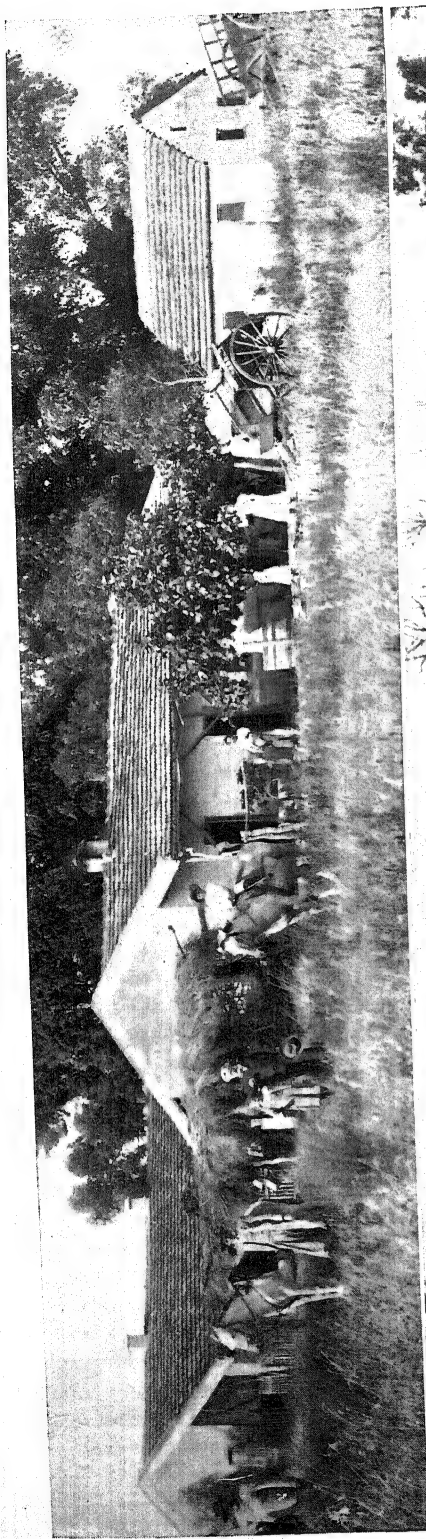
Farther south was the Pampa, a treeless, grassy plain with stretches of dry, dusty desert. Still farther south were the plains of Patagonia, growing, as the land narrowed, ever more barren and bleak.

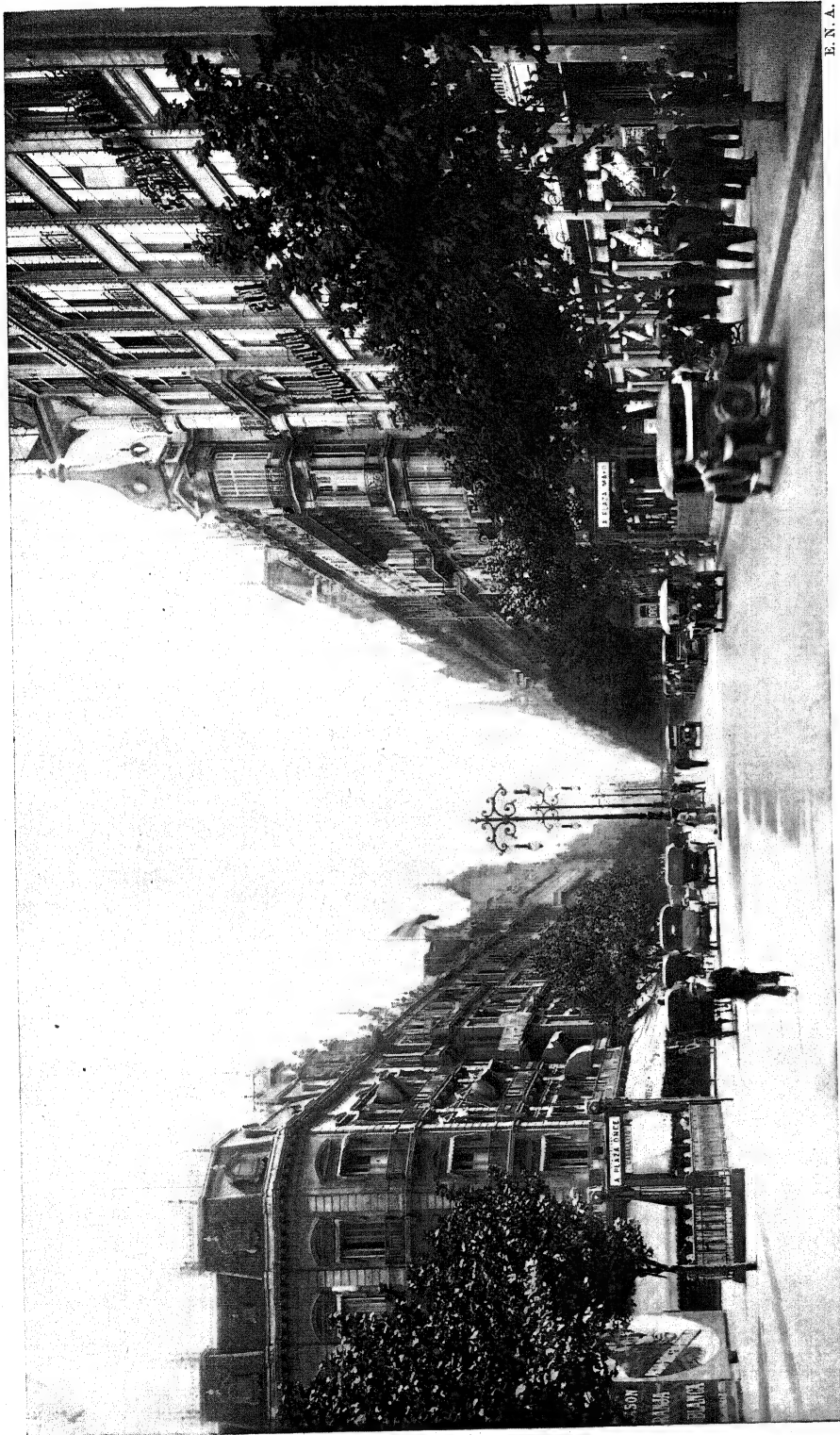
Small deer, llamas (especially the kind known as the guanaco), a small species of ostrich called the rhea, an abundance of wild fowl, and, indeed, birds of all kinds existed there, with pumas and jaguars in the sub-tropical districts. The colonists found no domestic animals, no fruit trees and no cereals except maize. Horses, cattle, sheep, fruit trees and wheat they had to bring from the Old World and establish them in the face of hostile natives. Buenos Aires was twice attacked and abandoned, and the animals were thus set free to roam wild in the Pampa. In this way started the immense herds of cattle and horses existing there to-day.

The City of "Good Airs"

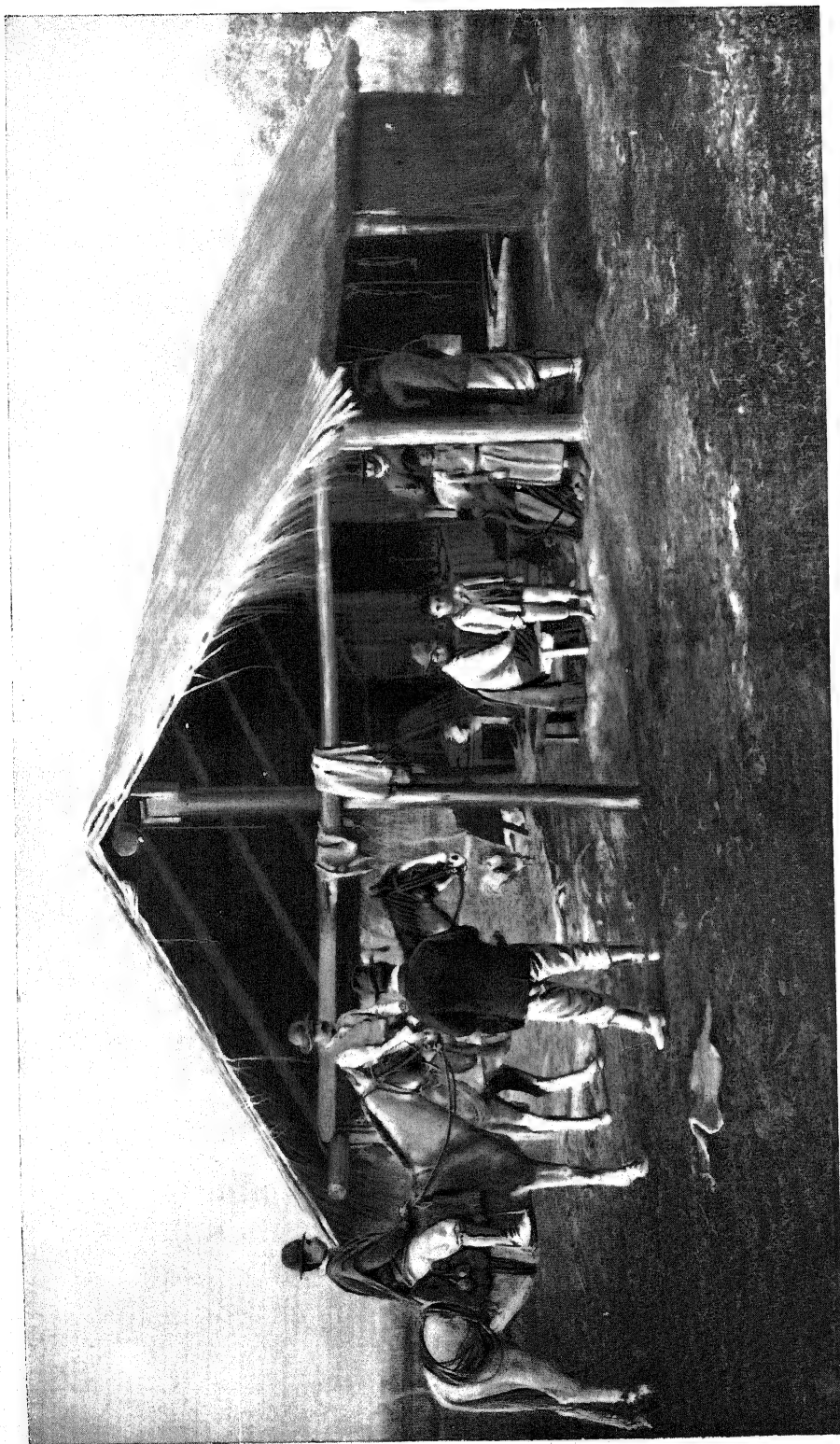
In 1857 the first railway was built. To-day the railways spread out from Buenos Aires in all directions and carry the produce of the most distant parts of the country to the sea coast and thus to the outer world. A hundred years ago the cattle were prized only for their hides. Then, towards the end of the last century, someone started to bring "frozen" beef over to Europe. This led to an enormous export trade.

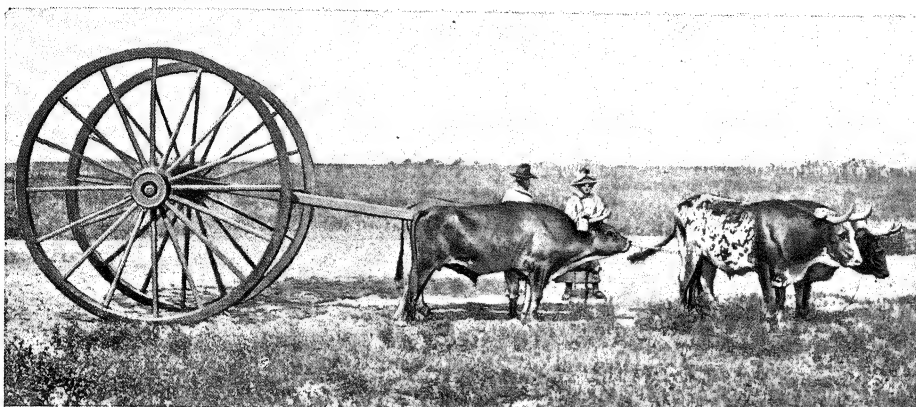
Buenos Aires is a large city with beautiful mansions, electric cars, big hotels and clubs. Let us go to the narrow street called Florida. In 1818 this was the only paved road, and was well kept because it led to the now abandoned bull-ring.

To-day Calle Florida is the most fashionable street in the city and has expensive shops and luxurious clubs. From 4-8 p.m. all wheeled traffic is banished from the street, and the world of fashion, arising from its afternoon siesta, will promenade

OLD AND NEW ESTANCIAS UPON THE FAR-SPREADING PAMPA OF ARGENTINA

Enormous herds of cattle graze upon the Pampa, or prairie, of the Argentine, and here and there may be seen the "estancias" of the owners, the houses in which they live with their family and cowboys, or gauchos. In the top photograph we see one of the early estancias, which consisted of a few, simple, single-storey buildings; below we see the modern home of a more wealthy rancher, who has built himself a much more pretentious house. Trees seldom grow on these plains, so the people obtain shade by planting trees around their homes.

E. N. A.

LOOKING ALONG THE AVENIDA DE MAYO, THE FINEST THOROUGHFARE IN BUENOS AIRES

Buenos Aires was planned in squares which measure about 150 yards each way, and the Avenida de Mayo was made by cutting through a line of cuadras, as the squares are called. The Avenida stretches from the Plaza de Mayo to the Plaza Congreso, a distance of one mile and a half. Many of the streets are very narrow, very badly paved and fearfully congested during the day. The capital of Argentina, Buenos Aires has grown rapidly and now has more than one million inhabitants. It is the fourth city for size in the whole American continent.

COWBOYS OF ARGENTINA PAYING A CALL UPON THEIR NEIGHBOURS ON THE PAMPA

As large tracts of the Pampa are brought under cultivation and the stock-breeders confine their herds to their farms instead of allowing them to graze far and wide, so the cowboy is gradually disappearing. Living a free life in the open air, he is rarely to be seen in the towns, and when met his appearance hardly inspires confidence; but he is very companionable and will ride many miles to the simple home of a neighbour to have a friendly chat. Cowboys are so used to being in the saddle that they will not dismount unless they are obliged to do so.

E. N. A.

ONLY VEHICLES WITH HUGE WHEELS CAN TRAVERSE THE PAMPA

After a few days' rain a main road over the Pampa will be more like a muddy river-bed than a road. Wheels of the carts leave ruts which may be two feet in depth, and in places the water may be so deep that a horse would be drowned if it fell. To keep the axles off the ground the wheels are made very big.

the Florida, the women dressed in elaborate and beautiful gowns. A queer thing that we shall notice is that there are in the streets five men to every woman.

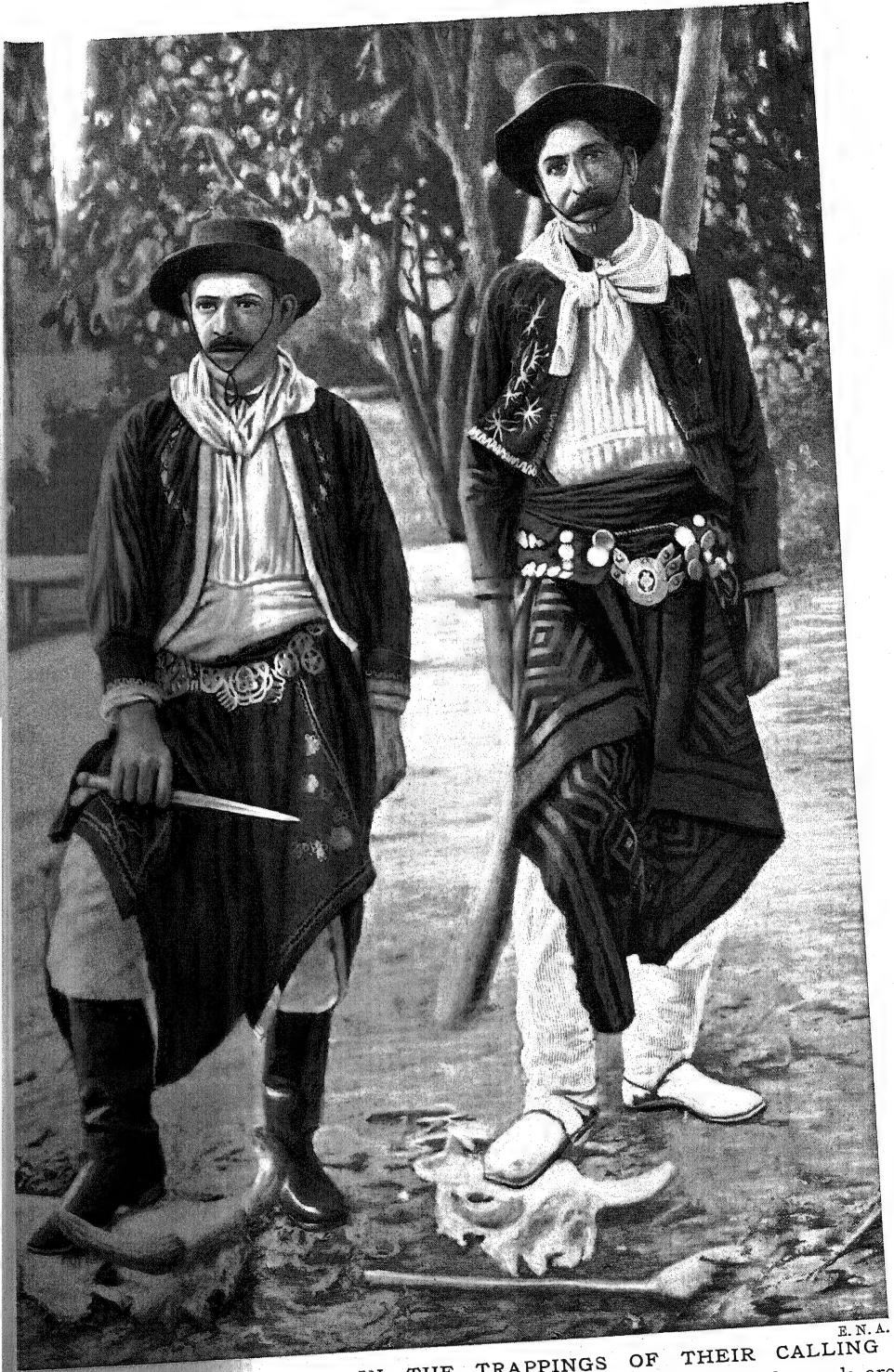
If we are invited to one of the aristocratic homes of the city we shall be well nigh overwhelmed with lavish hospitality. Family life is a big feature of the country, and we shall find married sons and daughters, with their families, all living under one roof, in a palatial house that may contain from fifty to a hundred rooms.

The younger generation of women, many of whom have been educated in Europe, are taking up tennis, golf and all forms of sport, but they do not have the same amount of freedom as Anglo-Saxon women. Their comparative seclusion, together with their courteous manners and general grace, is a legacy from their Spanish ancestors.

The people of Argentina have taken eagerly to sport—golf, tennis, polo—in fact, every British outdoor game except cricket seems to flourish, and football is fast becoming the national game. Horse-racing, too, has always been a popular form of amusement.

If they play hard, however, they also work hard, and the working day is a long one, both in town and country. If we go afield into the Pampa and visit one of the great estancias—mixture of farm and cattle ranch—we shall find, standing in a garden of trees and flowers, a spacious house with many modern comforts and luxuries. The household will include many peons, or labourers, and many gauchos, or cowboys.

Like the native Indians, the gauchos almost live in the saddle, their outdoor day's work, save for a brief siesta, lasting from sunrise to sunset. Meat and maté form their simple but generous diet. Maté, a kind of tea made from the dried and powdered leaves of a shrub, is drunk in every province of Argentina. It is made in a gourd instead of a tea-pot and is sucked up through a "bombilla," a long tube ending in a bulb, which is pierced with holes to strain off the liquid from the leaves.

The gaucho class was composed originally of the descendants of Spanish men who had married Indians, and from their Indian mothers the gauchos inherited a good deal of fierceness and a liking for the wild, free life of the Pampa. They became expert in the use of the lasso, just as their Indian relatives were expert with the bolas, those curious weapons of one, two or three stone balls attached to a lash, that we read about in page 1209. To-day the gaucho is mainly a law-abiding person. He works hard and gets such amusement out of life as he can; the "tango," which has been introduced into our ball-rooms, was a dance of the gaucho.

E. N. A.

TWO GAUCHOS ARRAYED IN THE TRAPPINGS OF THEIR CALLING

High boots, silver ornaments and silk handkerchiefs tied loosely around the neck are part of the finery worn by the gaucho. One man is holding a stiletto, which is his inseparable companion, for with it he kills and skins cattle, cuts up his food and attacks his enemies. The gauchos have both Spanish and Indian blood in their veins.

Carbone

CHARRUA INDIANS, MEMBERS OF A ONCE POWERFUL RACE

The Charrua Indians were a semi-nomadic people, who wandered over Uruguay and Southern Brazil before the coming of the Spaniards and the Portuguese, with whom they were later constantly fighting. Now they are more or less civilized, though, as we can see here, they still wear their raw hide shoes and broad headbands.

If we go up the Paraná to Rosario, the second city of Argentina, we shall pass through miles of peach orchards. Six railways converge at Rosario, bringing in from the plains the maize and wheat and linseed to be shipped down the river and so out to the world.

A City in a Wonderful Garden

Following the waterway up north we pass out of the grain country into the Chaco, where numbers of workers are searching the woods for the valuable quebracho tree, which is so useful in tanning. Here, in the undeveloped parts, the native Indian lives his simple life under primitive conditions, with a low, wattled hut for his home.

From Buenos Aires we can go by express train right across the Pampa to Mendoza under the shadow of the Andes. Beside the beautiful modern Mendoza lie the ruins of the old city, which was destroyed by earthquake in 1861, just three hundred years after its foundation. The rivers rushing down from the mountains have been used to irrigate the country, and Mendoza to-day stands amid fruitful vineyards and gardens, where luscious fruits and vegetables are cultivated.

The Christ of the Andes

If we take the railway farther up the Andes and, leaving the train where it enters the tunnel which leads into Chile, follow the old road of the Uspallata Pass, we shall see the famous "Christ of the Andes." In 1900, Chile and Argentina were on the verge of war. Instead of fighting, they submitted their quarrel to the arbitration of our King Edward VII. As an outcome of this the two nations made a general arbitration treaty, the first ever concluded between nations. As a perpetual reminder of the peace to be maintained, they raised, high up on this pass where runs the borderland of their two countries, a huge bronze figure of the Christ, which we illustrate in page 1583.

Argentina is a wonderful country where opportunities for improvement are always arising. Through the centre of it the Rio Negro flows to the Atlantic through what was a desert until it occurred to someone with brains to see what could be done by damming this river and watering the land with it. To-day all the irrigated belt of the Rio Negro is a vast fruit garden.

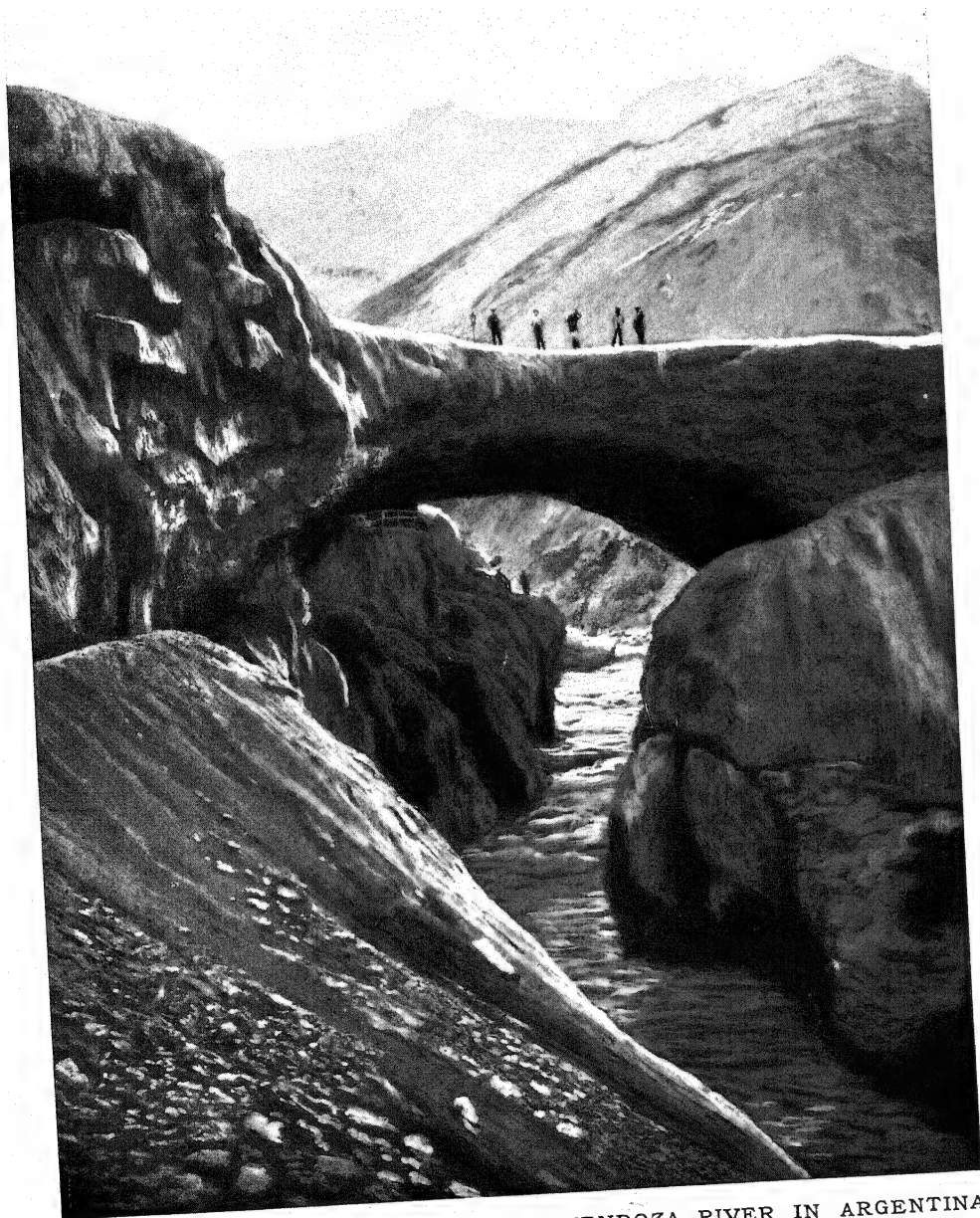
Farther south, Patagonia was left to the Tehuelche Indians till about forty years ago, when some Scotsmen courageously started sheep-farming. To-day the greater part of Patagonia is fenced off into huge sheep farms.

There are influential British colonies in the principal cities of Argentina, British companies own most of the railways, and British people are found taking part in most of the industries. People of other nationalities—Italians, Scandinavians, Russians, Poles, etc.—pour into this wonderful country and go to the making of the Argentine nation, which is as yet in its infancy.

Uruguay, the Lovable Land

Uruguay, the smallest republic in South America—it is only about the size of England and Scotland—has been described as a "lovable" land, a land of no deserts, but of pleasant hills and valleys, woods and undulating grassy country, with a delightful climate never too hot nor too cold. Spaniards and Portuguese fought each other for it, and the Charrua Indians, fierce and implacable, fought both and destroyed their settlements.

In 1825, Brazil and Argentina fought over it till the United Kingdom mediated between them, with the result that in 1828 it became an independent state and, in 1830, a republic. From the fact that it lies east of the Rio de la Plata it was formerly called the "Banda Oriental," or East Bank, and even now the people call themselves "Orientales."

As we approach Uruguay across the 120 miles of muddy water which separate the Uruguayan capital from Buenos Aires, the most noticeable object is a hill which stands out from the prevailing flatness. This is the "Cerro," the only hill on the banks of La Plata, the hill which caught the eye of a sailor in the look-out of the ship of the Portuguese explorer, Magellan,

NATURAL ROCK BRIDGE OVER THE MENDOZA RIVER IN ARGENTINA

Near the town of Puente del Inca is this natural bridge from which the town takes its name. Puente del Inca is situated in the Andes on the borders of Argentina and Chile. The Andes extend along the whole of the western frontier, and in some parts are well-wooded and contain beautiful lakes, but in others the range forms a bleak, desert plateau.

TWO GAUCHOS AND THEIR WIVES DANCING TO THE MUSIC OF GUITARS

One of the principal characteristics of the gauchos is their love of music. The guitar is the favourite instrument, and every true gaucho can play a tune thereon and improvise an accompaniment for his songs, which he composes as he sings after the Spanish fashion. Their dances are slow and solemn, for the gaucho is not, as a rule, a very merry fellow, but is rather melancholy. He is apt to be very cruel, and his treatment of his horses, for which he seems to have no affection, is almost inhuman. Cruel spurs and brutal bits are used mercilessly.

E. N. A.

MONTEVIDEO, URUGUAY'S SPLENDID CAPITAL BY THE RIVER PLATE

In the old quarter of Montevideo, which occupies a small peninsula, the streets are very narrow and quite different from the broad, well-paved highways in the modern section. Avenida 18 de Julio is one of the finest streets in the city and contains many theatres and shops. One noticeable feature is the druggists' shops that the idlers use as clubs.

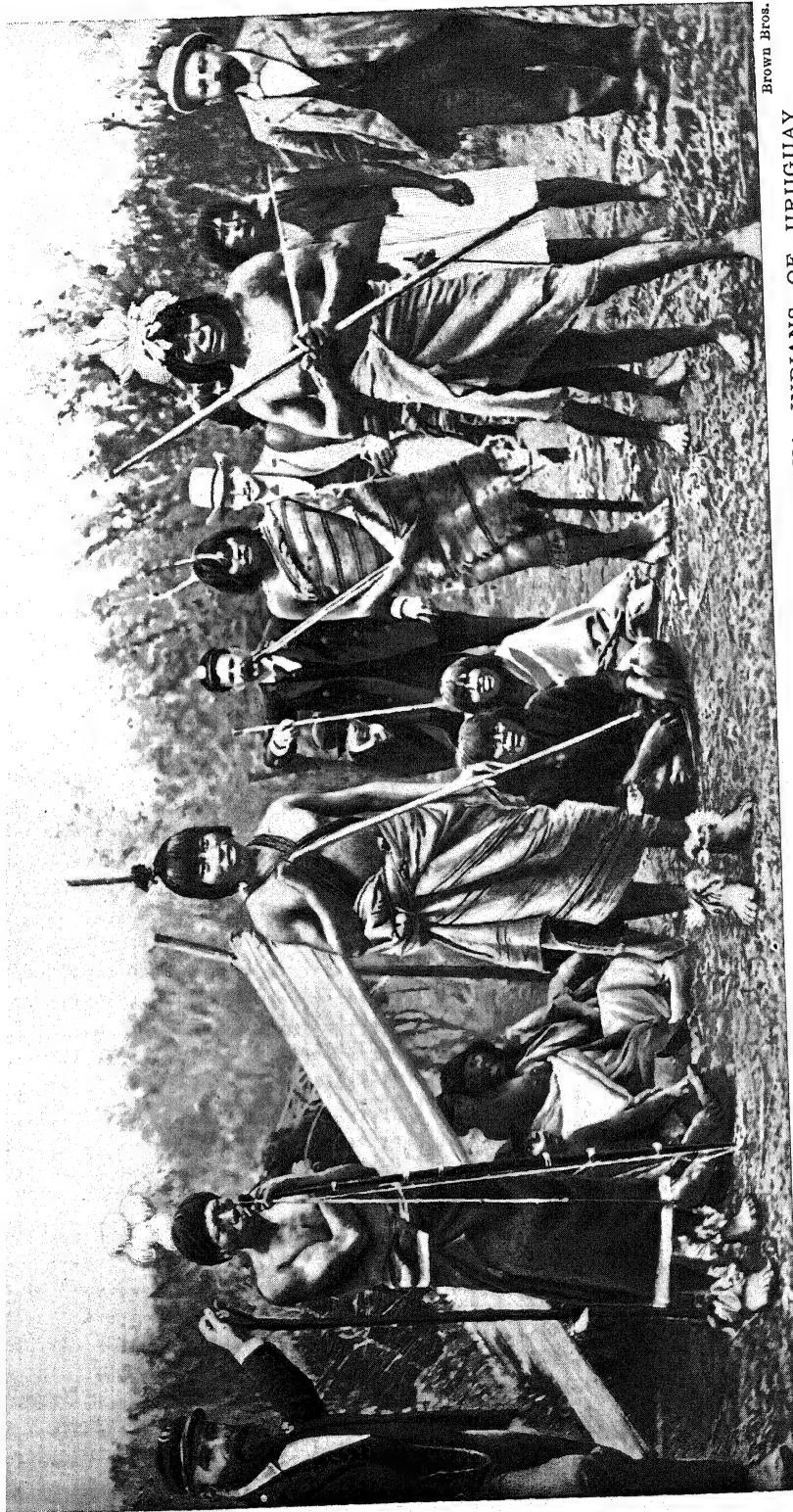
and caused him to exclaim, "Monte video," which means "I see a mountain." This became the name of the city which has grown up almost at its foot.

Montevideo is situated on a peninsula, one side facing the muddy La Plata, the other the blue Atlantic. On the ocean side golden sands stretch for miles along the coast. This is the Riviera of South America, which during the summer is thronged with wealthy visitors escaping from the heat of Buenos Aires.

Uruguayans pride themselves on being more purely Spanish than other South Americans. In the grille over the windows and in the general appearance of the beautiful houses that line the plane-bordered, older streets of the capital, to say nothing of the chaperon who keeps a vigilant eye on courting couples, we are constantly reminded of old Spain.

Leaving behind the capital and its outskirts of vineyards and orchards, we enter the Campo, the grassy undulating country upon which graze the cattle and sheep that form the country's greatest asset.

A little over two centuries ago a far-seeing Spanish ruler, the governor of La Plata, being obliged to abandon Uruguay to the Indians, shipped over from Buenos Aires one hundred head of cattle and a similar number of horses and set them free to roam the country for the benefit of possible future colonists. In so doing he gave to his enemies the Indians the advantage of horses to ride, but he also laid the foundations of the country's prosperity. To-day the ranches are mostly fenced, and the horses and cattle are gradually getting tamed. The farmhouses range from spacious and comfortable modern mansions to simple, wooden shacks and humble, thatched erections of turf.

That interesting person the Uruguayan gaucho is a somewhat fierce-looking individual, with his sombrero and riding boots, his gay poncho, or blanket wrap, and his heavy cattle whip, but in reality he is inoffensive and generous.

Brown Bros.

SURVIVORS OF THE INDEPENDENT AND FREEDOM-LOVING CHARRUA INDIANS OF URUGUAY

The Charruas are disappearing from Uruguay and probably in a few years they will have vanished altogether. Uruguay is the smallest of the South American republics and about a third of the total population lives in Montevideo. The people are a fine race both physically and mentally, and only the best type of immigrant is allowed to enter the country, negroes and certain Asiatic races being excluded. In Uruguay, the railways and tramway services are operated by British companies and the public services are modelled on European lines.

HUGE HERD OF CATTLE AND ITS ATTENDANT COWBOYS ON THE PAMPA OF URUGUAY

Uruguay's prosperity lies in the cattle and sheep that are raised on the grass-covered plains. As in Argentina, the herds are watched by picturesque gauchos, who closely resemble those of the neighbouring republic. Dried beef, corned beef, ox tongues, canned and frozen meat are all products of these stock-farms. Leather is made from the hides; horns and hoofs produce glue; and fertilisers are obtained from the bones and waste meat. About eight million cattle and over three times that number of sheep are estimated to be in the country.

Away from the railways and the towns, where there is more than one square mile to each person, everybody seems to ride, whether it be the priest going to service or the newsboy or postman doing his daily round, or a laughing group of boys and girls coming into town to school.

The banks of the main river, the Uruguay, are studded with the white roofs of meat factories. At Fray Bentos an English company keeps 1,500 people at work to make beef extract. Paysandu, higher up the river and, next to Montevideo, the most important town in the country, is also famous for its tinned meats.

If we had time we should visit the interesting town of Rivera, which is separated only by a plaza, or square, from the Brazilian town of Santa Anna; or we might go south to where, in the province of Colonia, we should find that the houses look very like Swiss châlets. This is a Swiss colony, now 4,000 strong.

We might go to the ostrich farms a few miles from Montevideo, where the native rhea is shorn of his fine feathers, which, however, are not as valuable as those of the true ostrich; or along the golden sands to Maldonado, where the boats bring in the skins of the seals found on the islands. But let us go back to the capital and climb the "Cerro" for one last look at Uruguay and reflect that if it be neither so vast nor so enormously rich as its sister republic, Argentina, it is restful as well as progressive and is large enough and rich enough for comfort.

E. N. A.

BOYS BELONGING TO MONTEVIDEO'S BOOT-BLACK BRIGADE

In Montevideo, as in Buenos Aires, we are invited to have our shoes cleaned every few yards. Besides the itinerant boot-blacks, some of whom we see in the photograph, there are shops devoted to this business. The people are very particular about the appearance of their footwear, and will have their boots polished several times a day.

India's Sacred Places

ITS MARVELLOUS TEMPLES AND STATELY MOSQUES

The peoples of India are very religious, and as their religious practices enter largely into their daily lives, it is fitting that our last chapter devoted to this wonderful land of the East should deal with its marvellous temples, its mosques and holy cities. The many races of India have many religions, of which Hinduism, Mahomedanism, Buddhism, Sikhism and Jainism are the most important. Here we shall read about the sacred places of the followers of each of these creeds and about the vast temples that were hewn out of the living rock many centuries ago by people whose religious fervour overcame all natural obstacles.

ABOVE all other lands, India is famous for her great temples. More wonderful than her stately palaces are the sacred buildings in which her people worship.

Most visitors to India land in Bombay. I went another way. I visited Ceylon first, and then crossed over Palk Strait to India. Until a few years ago the passage from Ceylon to India had to be made by boat, but to-day it is possible to do most of the journey by train, for causeways and bridges have been built across the sandbanks and coral reefs, linking up the chain of islets that is marked on maps as Adam's Bridge.

I remember the thrill with which I beheld, on one of those small islands, my first large Indian temple, with its wide courts, its long colonnades of thousands of carved stone pillars, and with its huge towers rising high above everything else. The Hindu sacred books tell how, long, long ago, a vast army of monkeys threw many stones into the sea and built a causeway right across from India to Ceylon, and fought on it a mighty battle to help the good Prince Rama against his foes. The islets and reefs across the strait are said, by true Hindus, to be the ruins of that causeway, and this big temple was built to commemorate the event.

Huge Hindu Temple at Madura

Before I had been in India more than a few hours I caught a glimpse of another temple in the far distance. As the train drew nearer, its ten huge towers, rising high above the city, looked immense and wonderful. It was the famous Hindu temple of Madura.

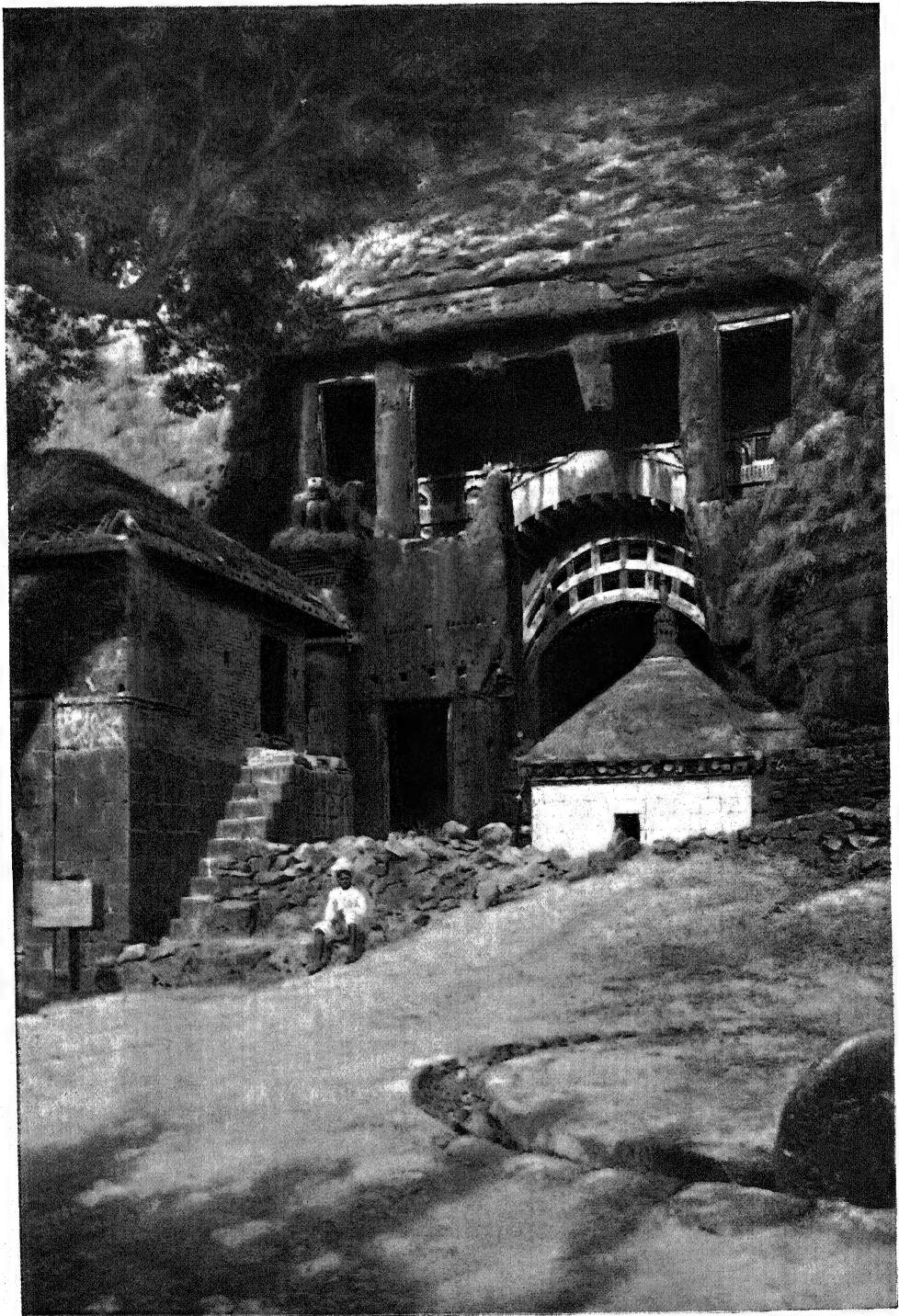
The temple is square, and its massive outer wall is more than a mile round. Within are many courts, immense halls and sacred chambers, two bazaars, long colonnades that seem almost endless and a large square tank in which the worshippers bathe. This tank is called "the Lake of the Golden Lotus."

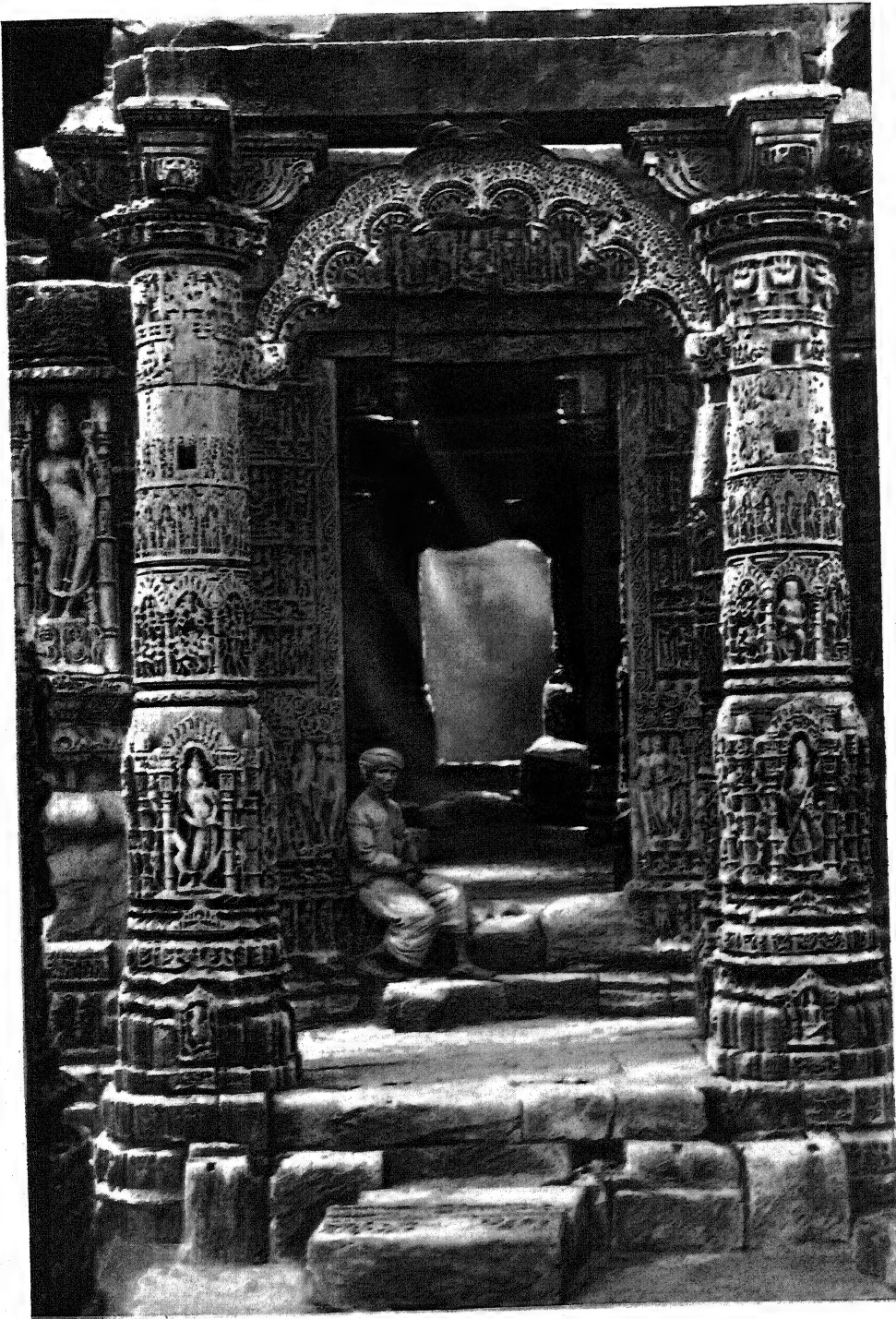
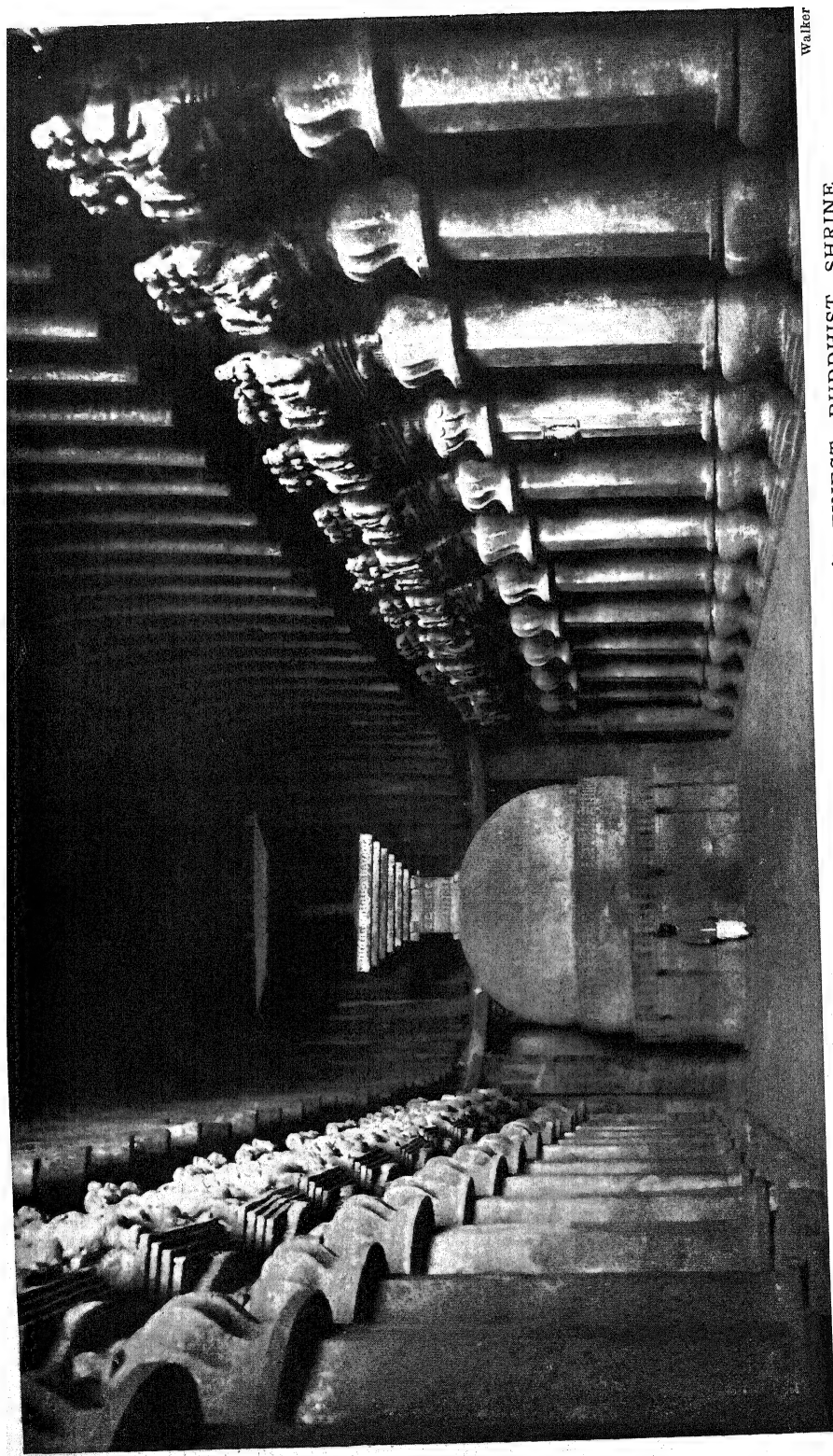
A Glimpse of the Holy of Holies

The pilgrims congregate in the surrounding cloisters and on the long flights of granite steps that lead down to the water. Here they perform their devotions, some reading the sacred books or sitting in silent meditation, but all bathe, wearing their clothes. Not far away is the holy of holies, a dark, mysterious chamber in which is the image of the great god Siva. Europeans are not allowed to enter this chamber, but standing near the entrance one may catch a glimpse of the lamps burning round the image and of the priests offering "puja"—that is, worship.

One day I bribed a priest to allow me to climb to the top of one of the high towers. It was a rather unpleasant experience, for I had to take off my shoes and leave them at the bottom. The stone steps and passages were narrow and dark, and were infested with bats.

At last, with my guide, I reached the top, and, sitting on the highest ridge, looked down on the vast temple below. The view of its many open courts shaded by palm-trees, its covered halls and its labyrinths of colonnades was wonderful. I could see the big square tank and the golden domes over the shrines of Siva and his wife.

Rising above all, and dwarfing everything else, were the gigantic gate-towers,

Realistic Travels

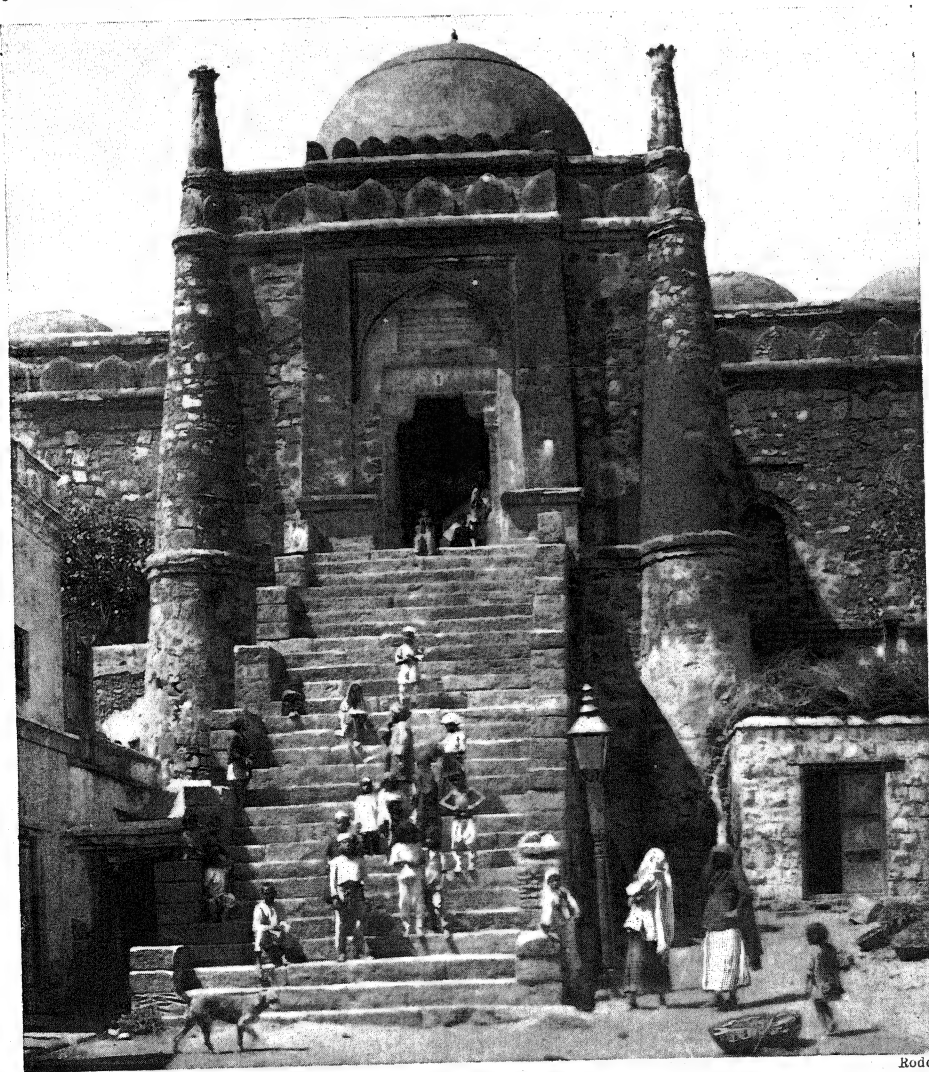
AT KARLI, in the Bombay Presidency, is a great cave which was used as a temple by Buddhists nearly 2,000 years ago. It is the largest and most complete chapel-cave in India, and the woodwork, such as the screen in the frontal arch, is all in its original position. This is extraordinary because wood is generally quickly destroyed in India.

AT MODHERA, in Gujarat, is this beautiful Hindu temple, which was built in the eleventh century. It is dedicated to Surya, the Ṣun God, and the pillars and walls are most beautifully carved. This temple is an excellent example of the craftsmanship of the Hindus, and shows how lavishly they were accustomed to decorate their places of worship.

Walker

WITHIN THE HUGE CAVE-TEMPLE AT KARLI: INDIA'S FINEST BUDDHIST SHRINE

Fifteen great pillars, hewn from the solid rock, line either side of the nave. The capitals of the pillars show two kneeling elephants, with two figures upon the back of each. In the photograph we can see the wooden rafters which are as old as the temple itself. There is no image of Buddha; he is represented by the rock-hewn stupa at the end of the nave. At one time the temple glowed with bright colours. Banners hung from the roof, lamps surrounded the shrine and yellow robed monks moved about among the pillars. Now it is deserted.

similar to the one upon which I was sitting. They vary from one hundred and fifty to two hundred feet in height, and there are five others about one hundred feet high. All of them are covered from top to bottom with elaborate carvings of gods and goddesses and of all kinds of strange animals, snakes and birds.

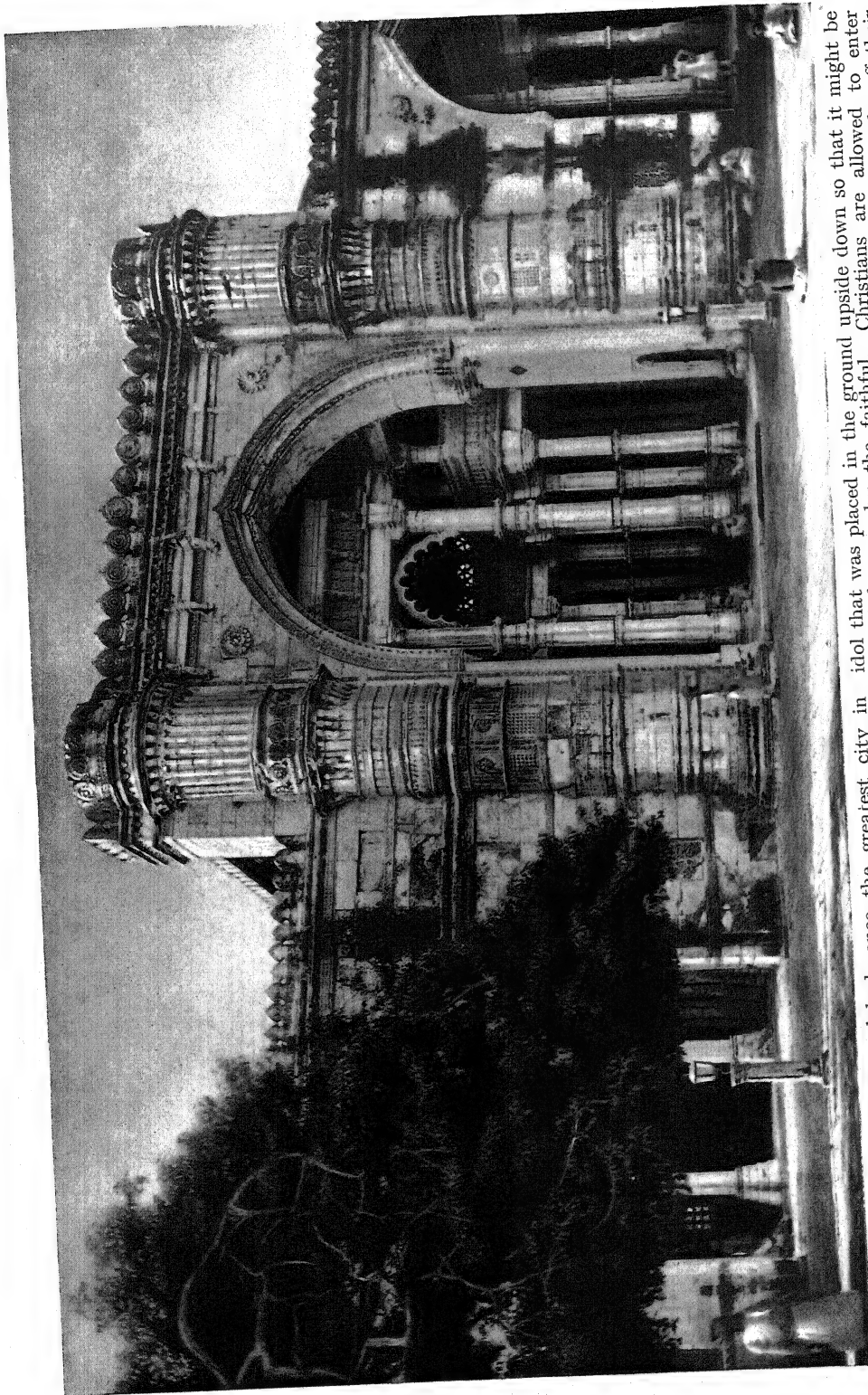
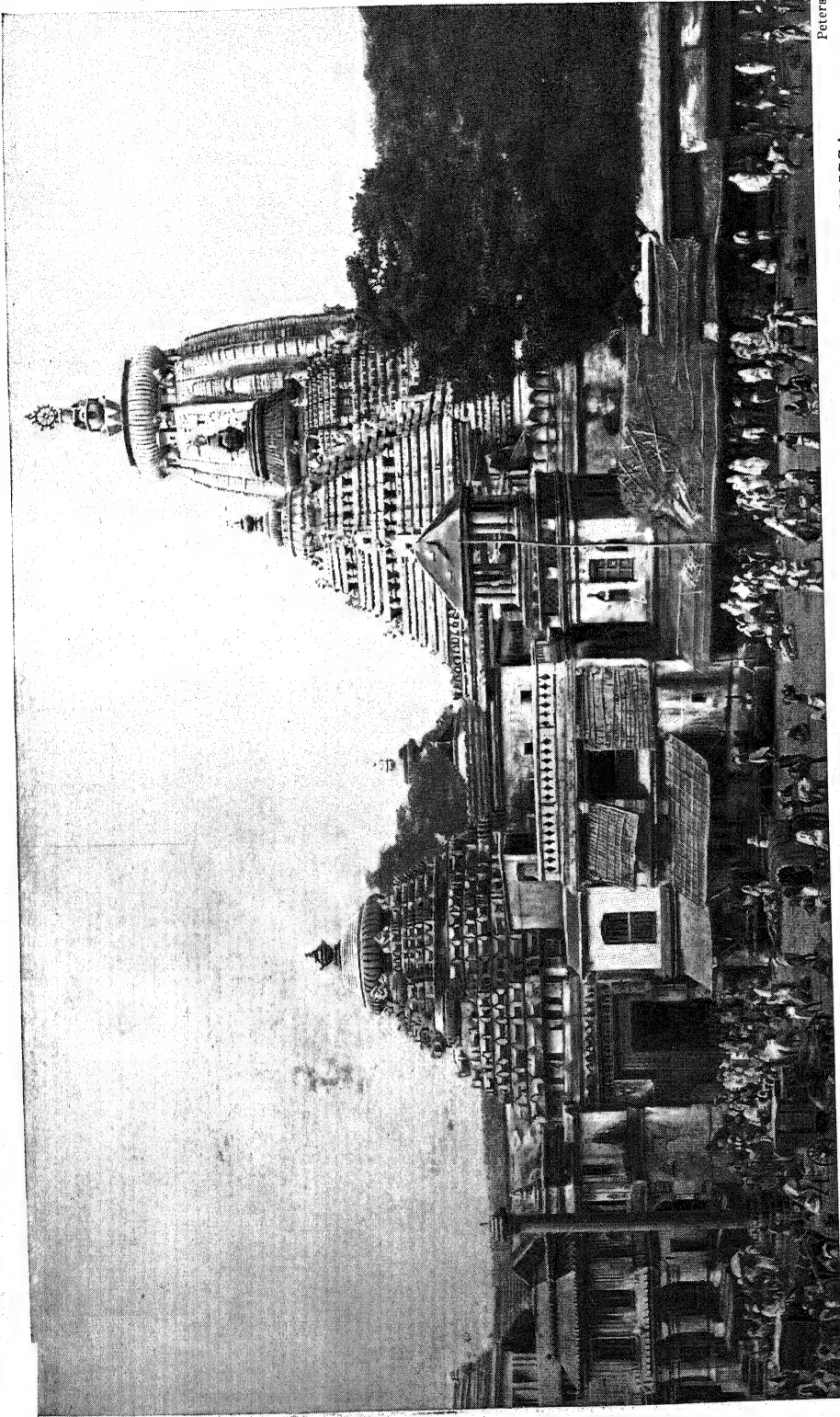
Two miles from the temple there is a very beautiful square tank, or lake. It has a square island in the centre, from which a graceful white pagoda rises among the trees, and a smaller pagoda adorns each corner of the island.

Every January, at the time of the full moon, a festival takes place at this lake. The images of the god and goddess are brought on sacred cars from the great temple, thousands of worshippers pulling on the ropes. When the lake is reached,

Rodd

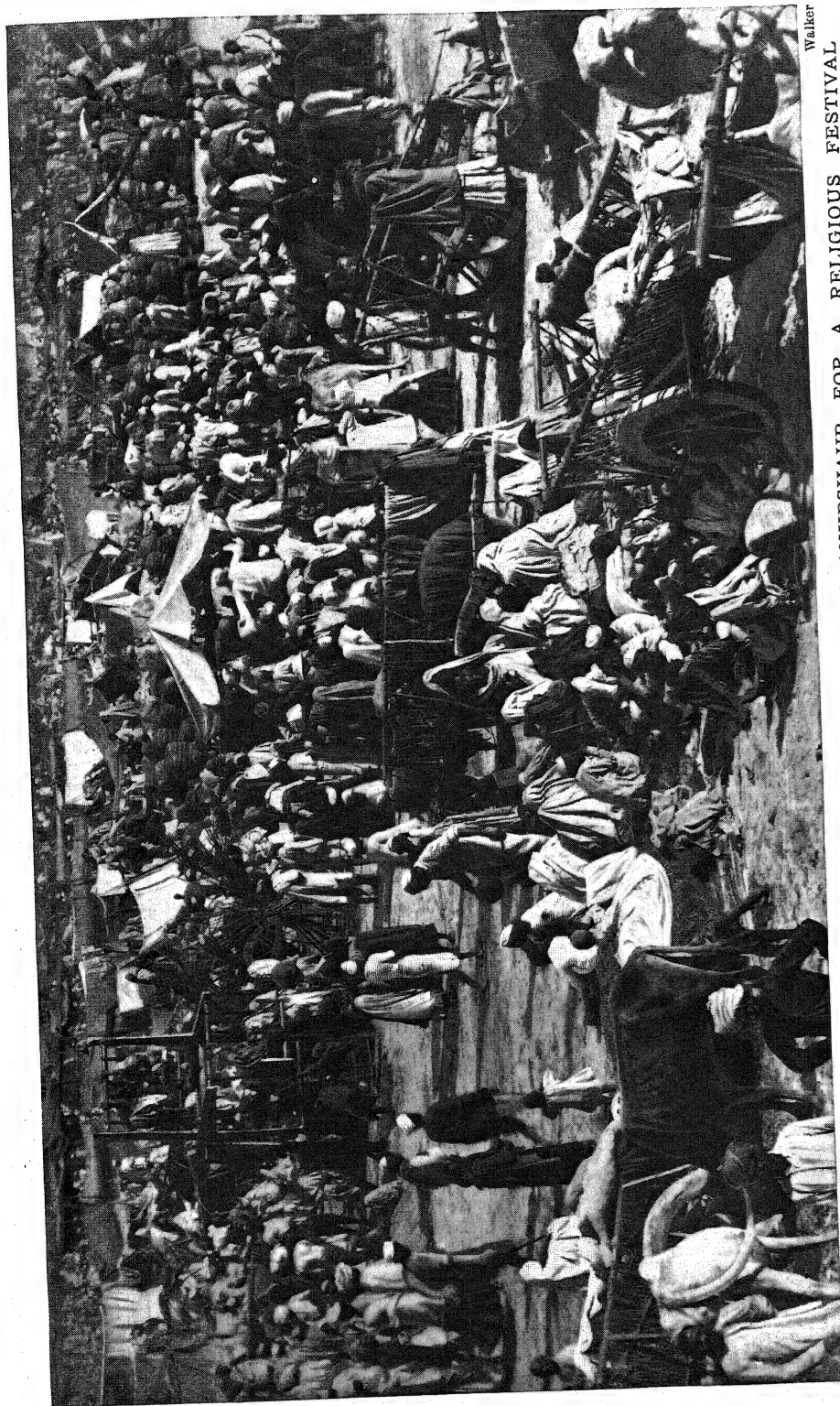
IDLERS UPON THE STEPS OF A MOSQUE IN CENTRAL INDIA

Even the humblest of Mahomedan villages has its mosque, about which the children play by day and where their elders come to gossip in the cool of the evening. In a town where there are both Hindu and Mahomedan communities, fierce riots often occur during religious festivals, as the members of both religions can be very fanatical.

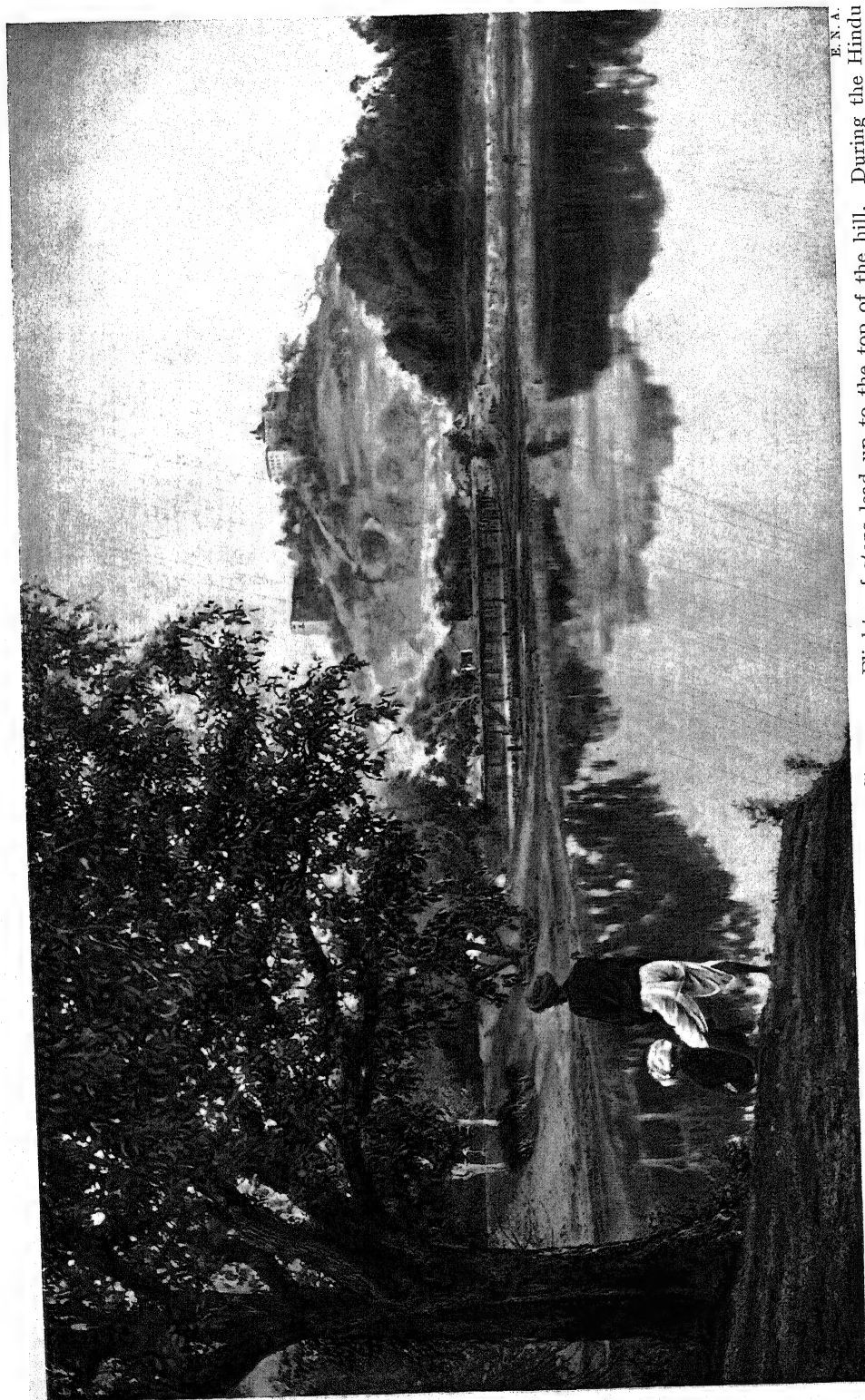
E. N. A.

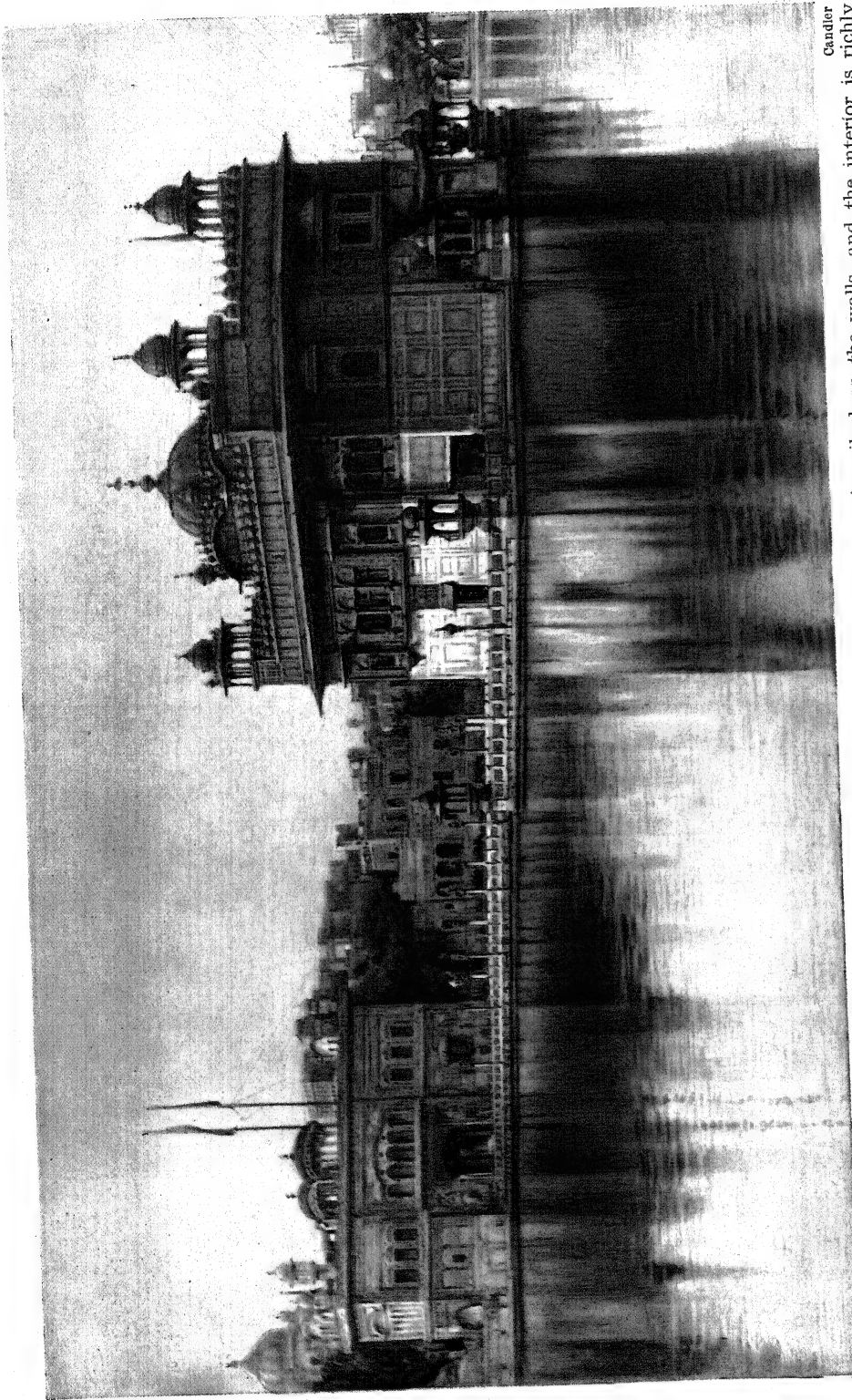
UPON SATRUNJAYA, the Holy Mountain at Palitana in Kathiawar, are eleven groups of Jain temples, and each group is enclosed by a high battlemented wall. There are over 500 temples and shrines in this city of the gods, and the oldest buildings date from about the eleventh century. There are only about a million Jains in India, but many of them are exceedingly wealthy and their temples are famous for their magnificence. The members of this religion will not take life in any form if they can possibly avoid doing so.

THE JAMA MASJID at Ahmadabad, once the greatest city in Western India, is one of the loveliest mosques in the East. It was built in the fifteenth century, and immediately before the entrance that we can see here is a black slab. This is believed to be a Jain idol that was placed in the ground upside down so that it might be trampled upon by the faithful. Christians are allowed to enter mosques, but before entering the building they must take off their shoes and leave them outside, in the same way as the Mahomedans.

Peters

GREAT TEMPLE OF JUGGERNAUT, OR KRISHNA, ON THE BLUE HILL IN PURI, ORISSA

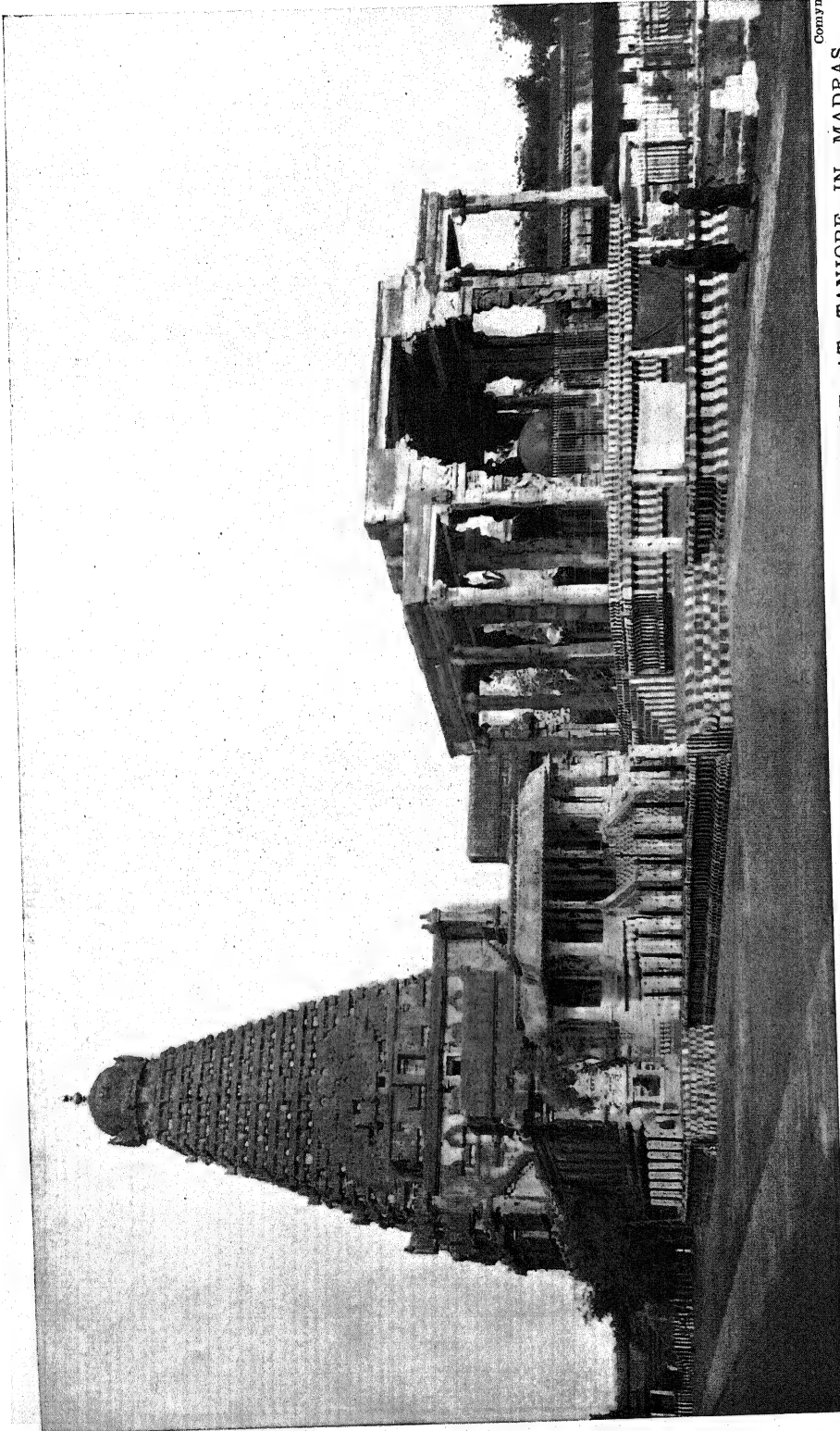
Juggernaut is another form of the Hindu god Krishna, and thousands of pilgrims come to Puri every year for his great festival. The idol is a roughly carved log of wood and is dragged to the Garden House upon its huge car every year. The car is about 45 feet high and 35 feet in length, with 16 wheels seven feet high. More than 4,000 people often help to pull this vehicle and formerly many people used to be crushed beneath the wheels; now great care is taken to prevent this. The car is broken up sometimes and made into sacred relics.

Walker

THOUSANDS OF PILGRIMS ENCAMPED BY THE GANGES AT ANUPSHAHR FOR A RELIGIOUS FESTIVAL

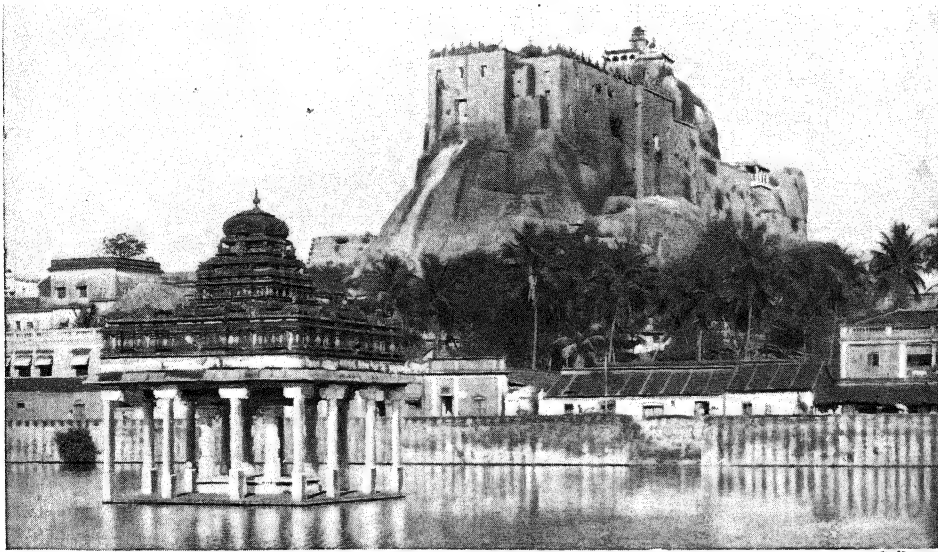
Whole families come from all parts of India to bathe in the waters of the Ganges during the great festival that is held every November at the full moon. They believe that as they cleanse their bodies in the holy waters so their souls are freed from sin. As so often happens in the East, the occasion is also one of merrymaking, and all the attractions of a country fair are present. Tents, carts, animals and people are all mixed up in a hopeless jumble and the noise is deafening, since Orientals shout as loudly as they can when they get excited.

E. N. A.

A TEMPLE TO PARVATI, the wife of the Hindu god, Siva, was built on the top of this hill, in the course of the eighteenth century. Within the temple is a silver image of Siva, and golden images of Parvati and Ganesh, the god of wisdom, are seated on his knees. Flights of steps lead up to the top of the hill. During the Hindu religious festival that is known as the Diwali, the temple is brilliantly illuminated with thousands of lamps. The temple is not far from the city of Poona, which was the former capital of the Mahrathas.

Candler

AMRITSAR'S GOLDEN TEMPLE is the sacred place of the Sikhs and stands in the centre of the Pool of Immortality. The four doors are of silver, and white marble forms the lower portions of the walls, the rest being of gilded copper. Verses from the Granth, the scriptures of the Sikhs, are inscribed on the walls, and the interior is richly gilded and painted. A white marble causeway, which is 204 feet long and has gilded lamps on either side, leads to the temple. White visitors can enter the building only through the north door.

Comyn

SPLENDID TOWER OF THIRTEEN STOREYS OF THE GREAT HINDU TEMPLE AT TANJORE IN MADRAS

This tower, which is not unlike a pyramid in shape, is 190 feet in height and the upper portion is elaborately decorated with carvings. The tower contains 13 storeys. The temple is but little altered from its original form and is one of the oldest in southern India. In the foreground of the photograph, upon a raised platform surrounded by carven pillars, is a huge nandi (bull) over 12 feet high and 16 feet long. It was sculptured out of a solid block of black granite and is anointed with oil every day, so that it shines like the finest bronze.

Galloway

TEMPLE-CROWNED ROCK OF TRICHINOPOLY SEEN ACROSS THE TANK

Trichinopoly lies to the south of the River Cauvery, in Madras Presidency, and on the north of the town is the Rock, upon which is the temple of Mathubuthesvara. The temple is reached by a covered passage, and in front of it is a stone bull covered with silver plates. The Rock is about 273 feet in height.

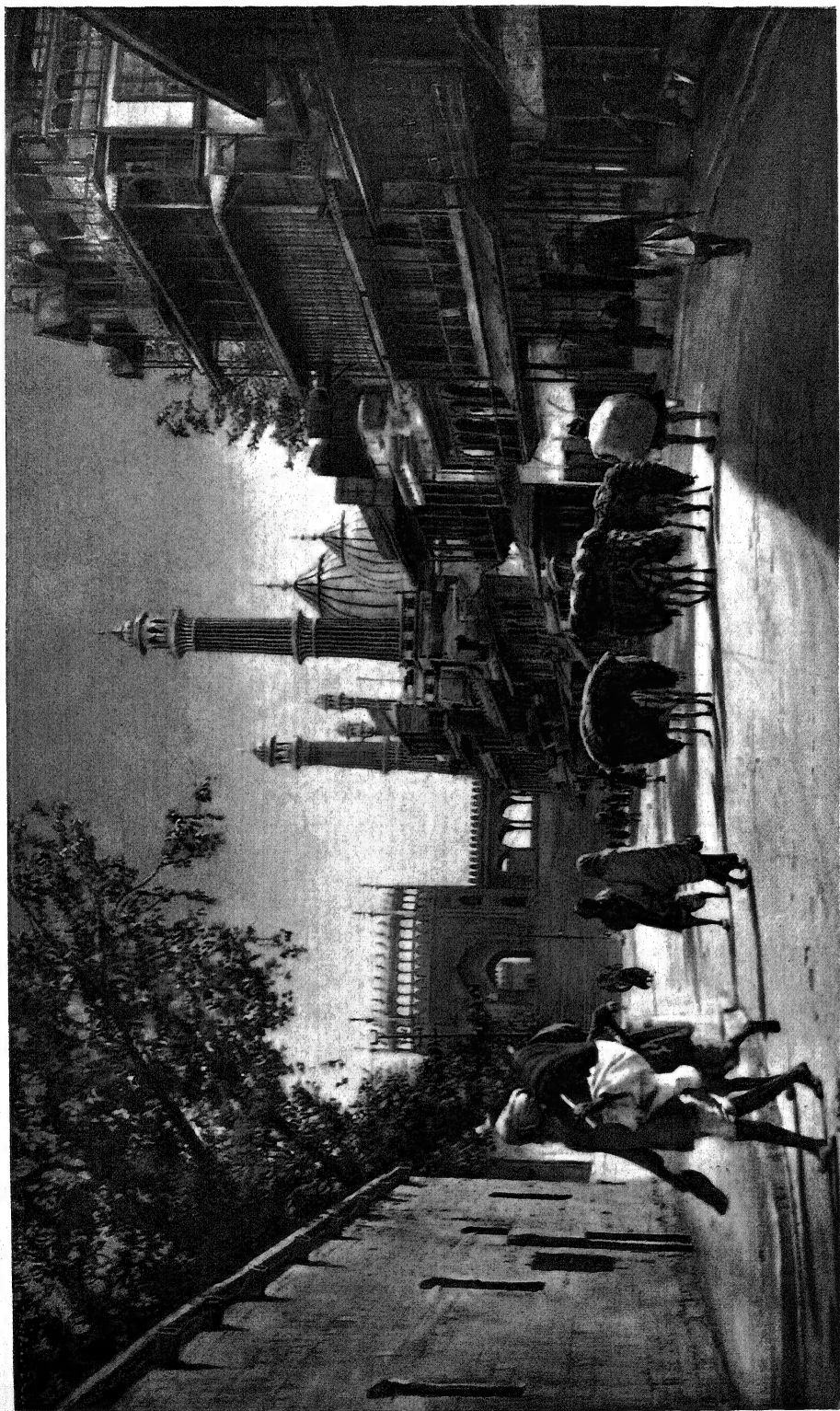
the images are placed on a decorated barge and rowed three times round the lake. The evening is the time of the greatest excitement. The tank is then illuminated with myriads of lamps and there are fireworks, and, by torch-light, the god and goddess are again pulled round the lake in their barge.

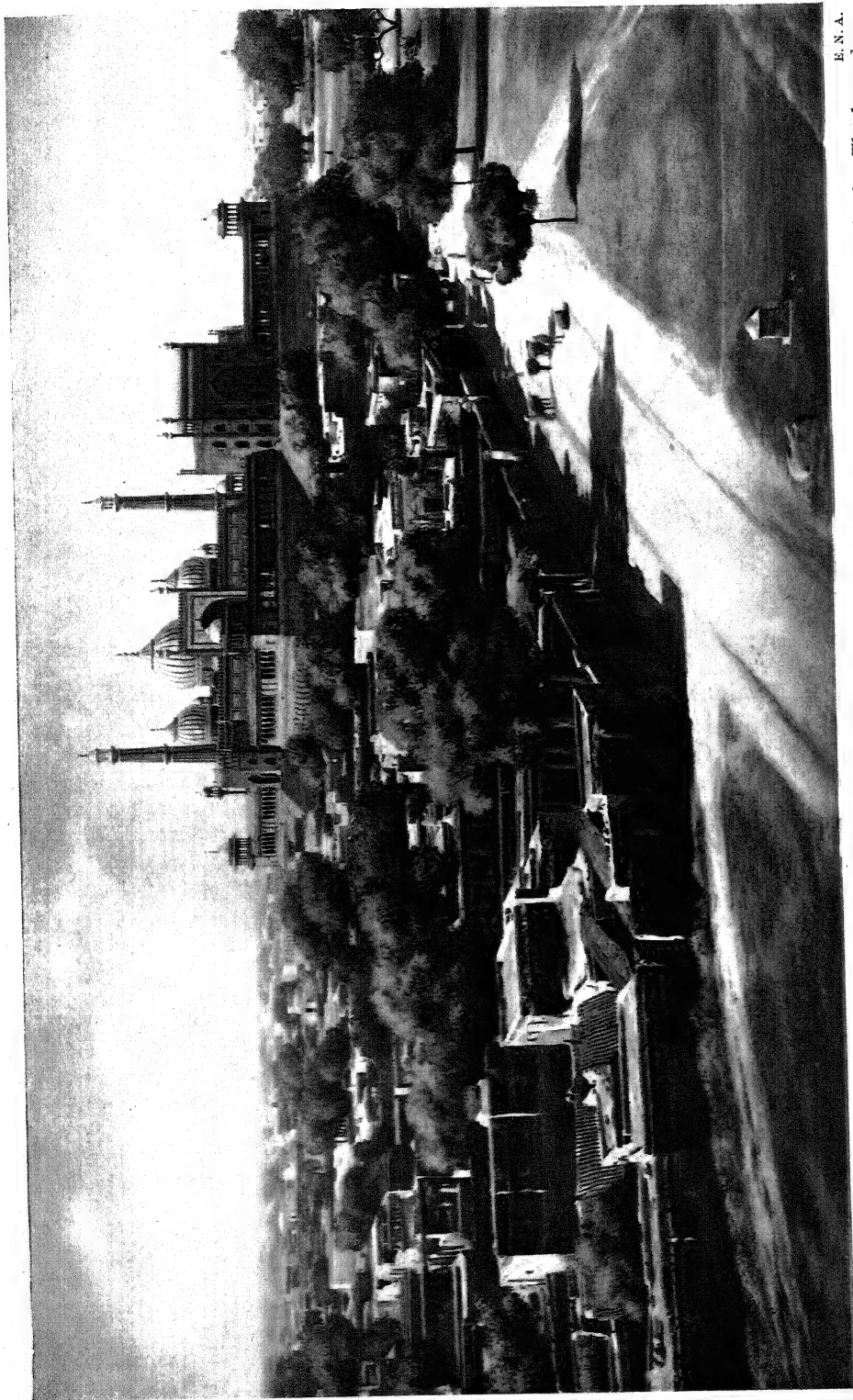
South India has many such temples and many such festivals. On the island of Srirangam, in the Cauvery river, is the largest temple in the world. In general appearance it is similar to the one at Madura, but its outer wall is more than two miles round; it has seven spacious courts one within the other, a Hall of a Thousand Columns and fifteen towers. It is more like a sacred city than a temple.

In north India the temples are quite different from those of the south; they do not cover so large an area, but many of them—especially the really ancient ones—are very wonderful, and many books have been written about them. India has been called "a land of temples." Its people are deeply religious and, in the present as well as in the past, kings and rich men delight to give all they can to make the temples both large and splendid.

In some parts of the country very wonderful temples have been hewn out of the rock. Sometimes, many hundreds of years ago, a big cave would be enlarged and made into a temple. One of the oldest of these is called the Karli cave, and is in the Western Ghats. The rock-hewn front has suffered severely in the passing of centuries; but the inner portico is covered with very fine stone carving. Over the main entrance is a huge horseshoe-shaped window by which the great cave is lighted, and in that window there is a wooden screen more than two thousand years old.

Let us enter the cave itself. The rock is wonderfully carved, the cave containing forty-one huge pillars, all cut from the solid rock. It resembles the choir of some Norman cathedral, and it has a finely ribbed, wooden roof that for two millenniums has defied the ravages of time. When this splendid temple was used for Buddhist worship, long ages ago, it must have been a fine sight. The interior glowed with colour and gold, and banners hung from the high, vaulted roof.

Of the rock temples, one at Ellora, stands out before all the rest. It is called

E. N. A.

THREE GATEWAYS give access to the courtyard of the Jama Masjid, and a long flight of steps leads up to each. The principal bazaars of Delhi are much wider than those of many other Indian cities. One of the main thoroughfares is the Chandni Chauk, or "Silver Street," which stretches from the Fort to the Fatehpuri Mosque, a distance of nearly three-quarters of a mile. This road was once considered the richest in India. Shah Jehan founded the Delhi of to-day, but there were many Delhis on this site before his city arose.

E. N. A.

AROUND THE JAMA MASJID lies the Indian quarter of Delhi, above which towers the splendid mosque on its raised basement. It was built by Shah Jehan, and three domes of white marble rise from the roof. The two minarets are 130 feet in height, and from them a wonderful view of the whole city can be obtained. The huge doors of the main gateway were opened only to admit the Mogul emperors, and they are used now only by the Viceroy and the head of the local administration; other visitors can only enter by the wicket.

the Kailasa, after the mythical heaven of the god Siva which the Hindus believe to be among the eternal snows of the Himalayas. In the eighth century of our era, a Hindu king ordered the temple to be hewn from the rock to commemorate his victories. It is not an enlarged cave, but a mighty temple hewn from the mountain side. The rock has been cut away from around it so that it stands in a deep pit surrounded by perpendicular walls of rock, as we see in page 1471.

The Birthplace of a God

Both without and within, every square foot of its walls is carved in most elaborate designs. Around its base runs a wonderful border of elephants that seem to be carrying the temple upon their shoulders. It is probably the most remarkable example of rock-carving in existence.

Beside her thousands of temples, India has many "holy cities," such as Benares, Allahabad, Muttra, Nasik, Brindaban, Ajodhya and Conjeeveram. Each one of these is very sacred because it is closely connected with some event in the life of one or other of the Hindu gods. Ajodhya, for example, was the birthplace of Rama, and Brindaban was the scene of some celebrated deeds of Krishna. Every year they are visited by scores of thousands of pilgrims and some even by hundreds of thousands. Every twelve years a great religious festival is held at Allahabad where the Ganges and the Jumna meet, at which the pilgrims are estimated to number as many as three millions, all of whom bathe in the river in the hope of being cleansed of their sins.

Holy Benares by Mother Ganges

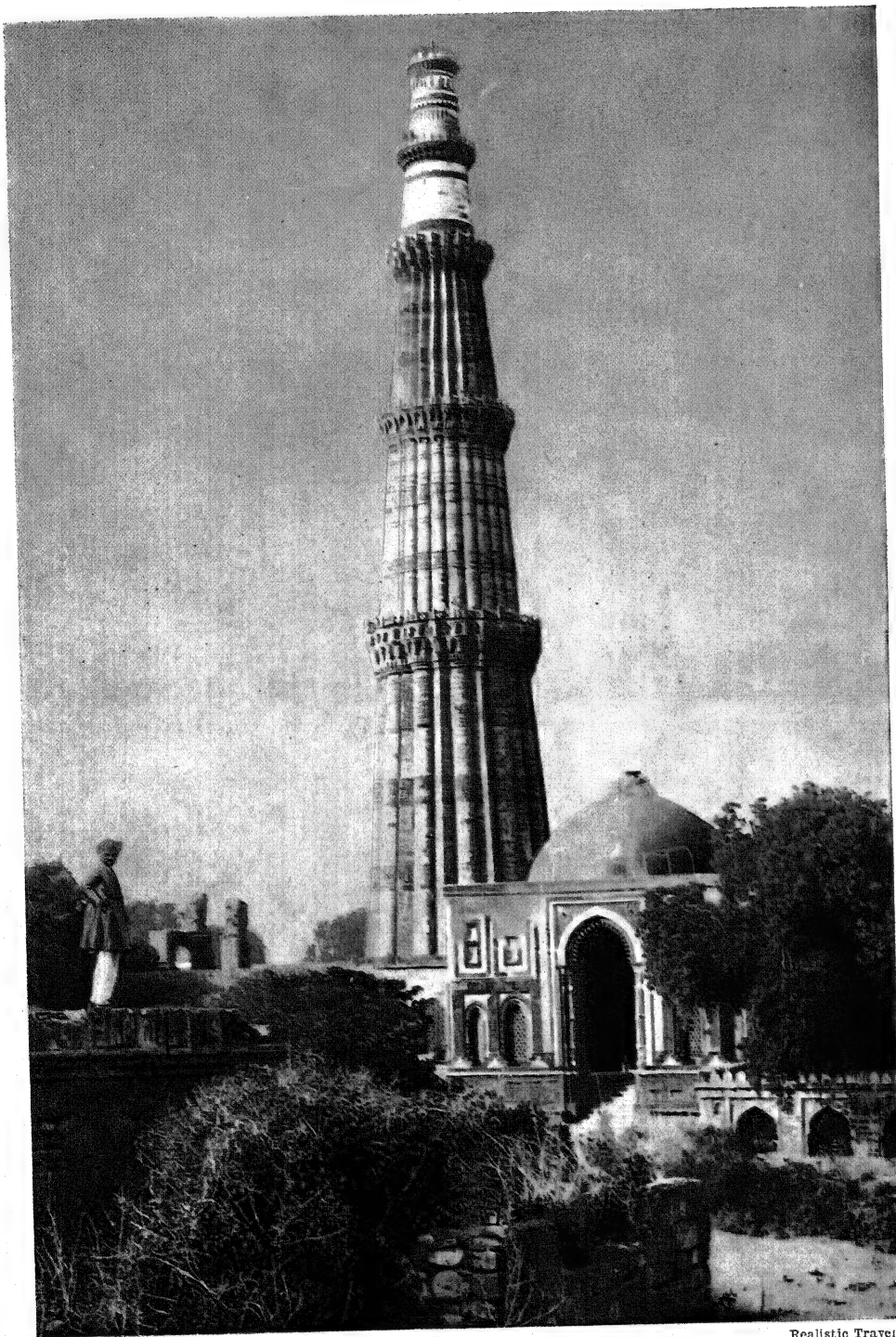
All the rivers of India are sacred to the Hindus, but one of them is more sacred than all the others—the holy Ganges. Worshippers bathe in all of them, but to wash in "Mother Ganges" is the best of all. It is the same with the sacred cities; one of them is more sacred than all the rest—"Holy Benares," which is situated on the north bank of the Ganges. Every Hindu hopes to go there at least once in his lifetime, and the sacred books declare that every step a pilgrim takes towards Benares causes his sins to fall from him like dust. To visit Benares brings salvation, and to die there and to be burned on the banks of the Ganges make salvation doubly sure.

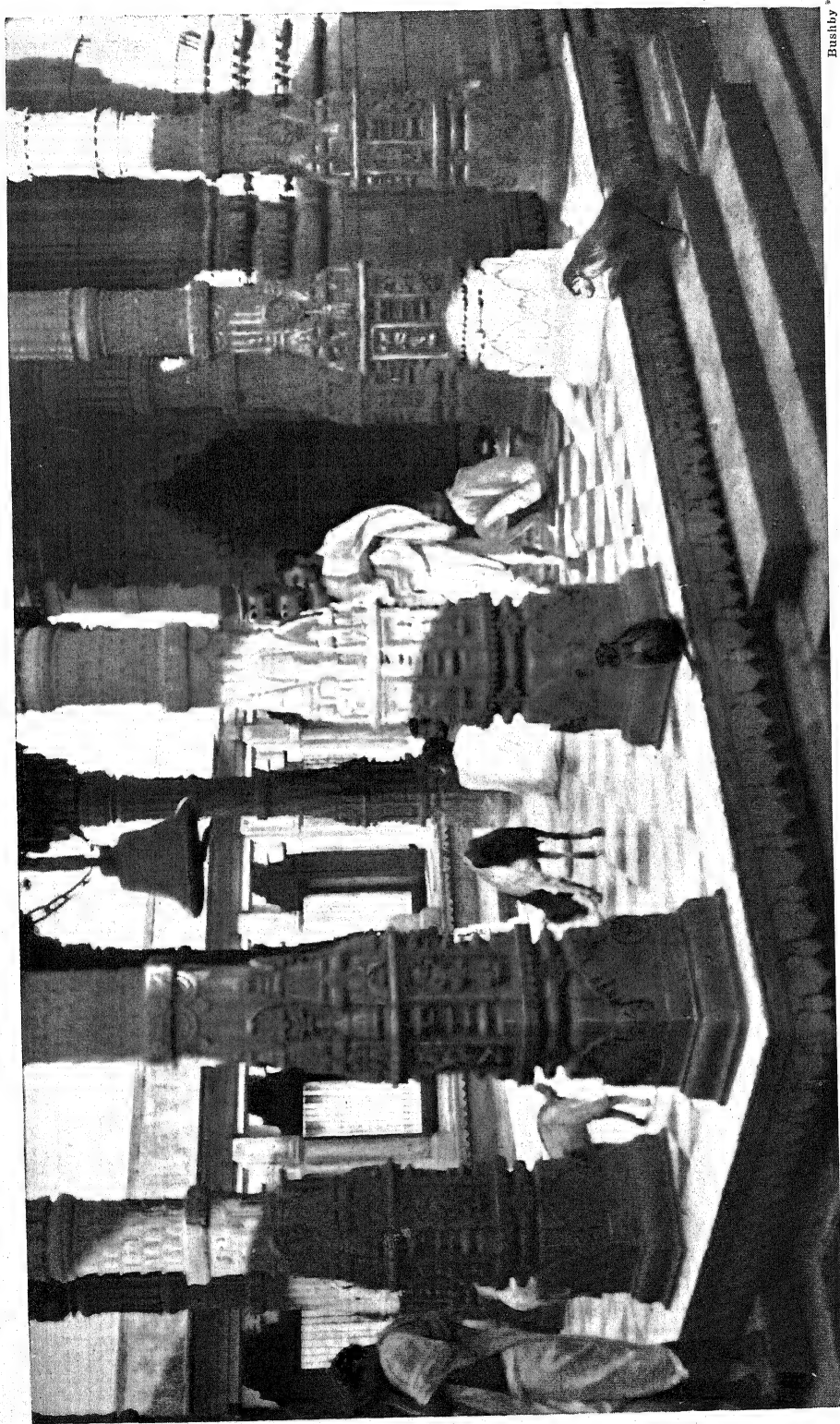
Benares is the most fascinating city in India; no other can be compared with it. The photograph in pages 1464-5 gives an excellent idea of what it looks like when seen from the river. Houses, palaces and temples are built up the steep bank; along the water's edge run long flights of stone steps from which the pilgrims bathe.

For three and a half miles the city stretches along the bank of the river. There is no other sight quite like it, especially on the occasion of some great festival when the river is black with hundreds of thousands of bathing pilgrims.

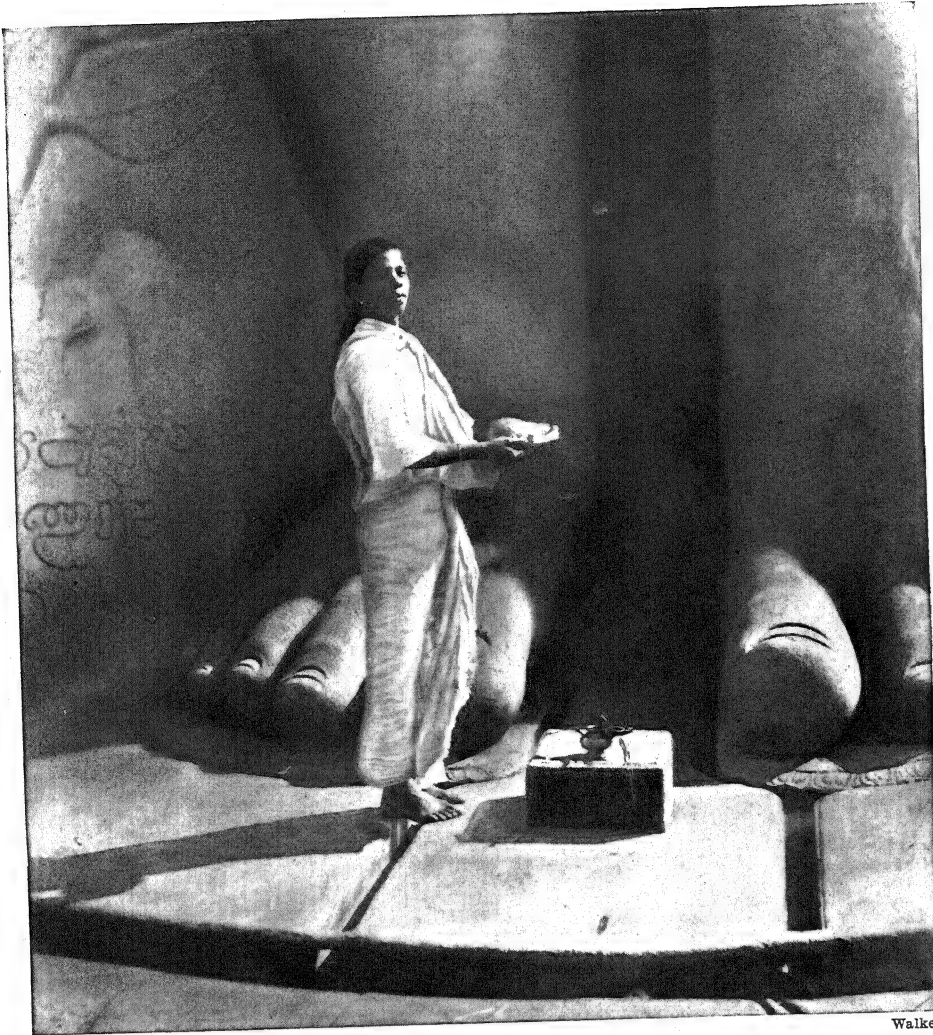
Millions of Gods and Goddesses

A walk through the city is even more interesting than the one described in our last chapter on India: "India's Millions." There are said to be over 3,000 temples, and though they are not huge, like those of south India, they are considered to be very sacred. There are many idols in the open streets, and it is not unusual to see a man prostrated before one of them—lying flat on his face across the narrow street. More than once I have been obliged to stride across the body of some devotee. There are pilgrims wherever you turn—sprinkling holy water as they walk, hanging garlands of flowers round some idol, sitting on a bed of spikes or torturing themselves in a way that fills Europeans with amazement.

The religion of these multitudes of pilgrims in Benares is called Hinduism. Sometimes it is called Brahmanism, because it is the religion of a class of men called Brahmans. It is a very ancient faith, for it arose more than 3,500 years ago, though it has undergone many changes. The average orthodox Hindu will tell us that there are 333 millions of gods and goddesses. We must not take this too literally; the Oriental is accustomed to speak in

Realistic Travels

KUTB MINAR, which is about eleven miles south of Delhi, is a tower of victory and a fine example of Mahomedan work. It has five storeys and rises to a height of 238 feet. The summit is reached by a flight of 379 steps. A cupola was added to the original structure, but it was destroyed by an earthquake in 1803.

Bushby

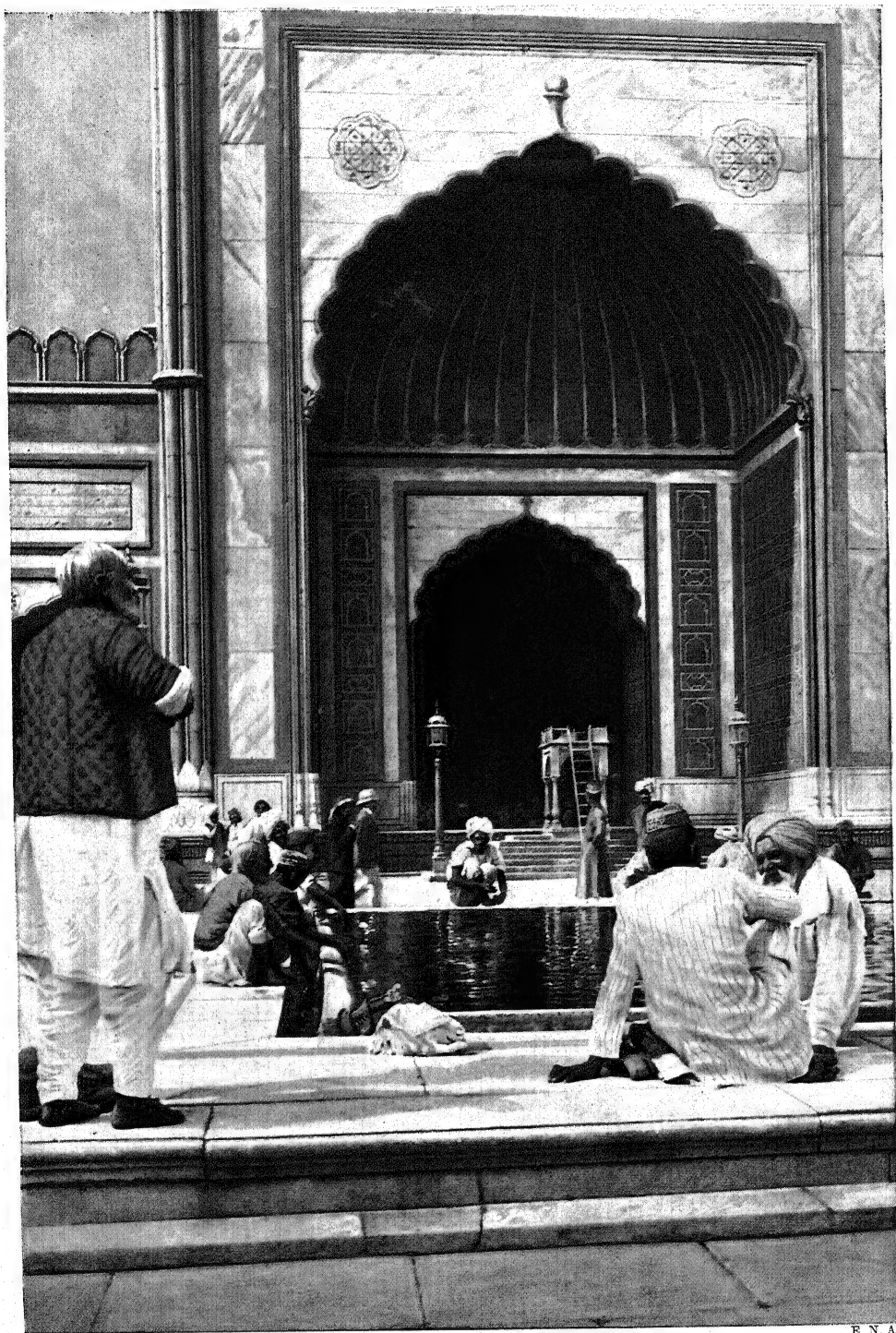
TEMPLE TO THE GODDESS DURGA IN THE INDIAN QUARTER OF THE CITY OF BENARES

Europeans sometimes call this temple the Monkey Temple because of the swarms of monkeys that live in the trees near by and play about the building. Goats, three of which can be seen in the photograph, are sacrificed to the goddess. The priests beat a large drum three times a day in a room in front of the main entrance. Two bells, one of which we can see, are hung in the porch and one of them was given to the temple by an Englishman, who escaped from a ship wrecked in the Ganges. The building is red and is surrounded by walls.

Walker

PRIEST MAKING AN OFFERING TO A JAIN COLOSSUS IN MYSORE

This huge image of a Jain saint stands on the top of a solitary hill and is reached by a flight of nearly 700 steps. It is over 60 feet in height, and the toes are 2 feet 9 inches long. The figure was hewn out of the rock more than one thousand years ago. Between its feet a little votive lamp is burning.

good round figures. They believe in one Supreme Spirit or "Essence," called Brahm, who they say is in everything. They do not think of Brahm as a personal god; they refer to him as "that," and never apply personal pronouns to him.

Hindus believe that Brahm has left the control of this world to three great gods named Brahma (the Creator), Vishnu (The Preserver and Friend of Man), and Siva (the Destroyer). They believe, too, that Vishnu and Siva have had many incarnations. They say, for instance, that Vishnu lived in this world as Krishna, as Rama, as Buddha and so forth. They believe also that these gods had wives and children. Some of the goddesses are worshipped as much as their husbands—for example, the beloved Sita, wife of Rama, and Kali, the wife of Siva, the terrible goddess of Bengal. Sita is thought of as a pure, faithful and loving woman, and an example to all women; but Kali delights in blood, and it is terrible to see the goats being slaughtered in her chief temple in Calcutta. Of India's millions,

E. N. A.

IN THE COURTYARD of Delhi's Jama Masjid is a marble tank in which worshippers wash before entering the mosque. The courtyard is 325 feet square, and round three sides there is an open, sandstone cloister. Thousands of people can worship in this huge space, and on special occasions as many as 10,000 Moslems may be gathered together.

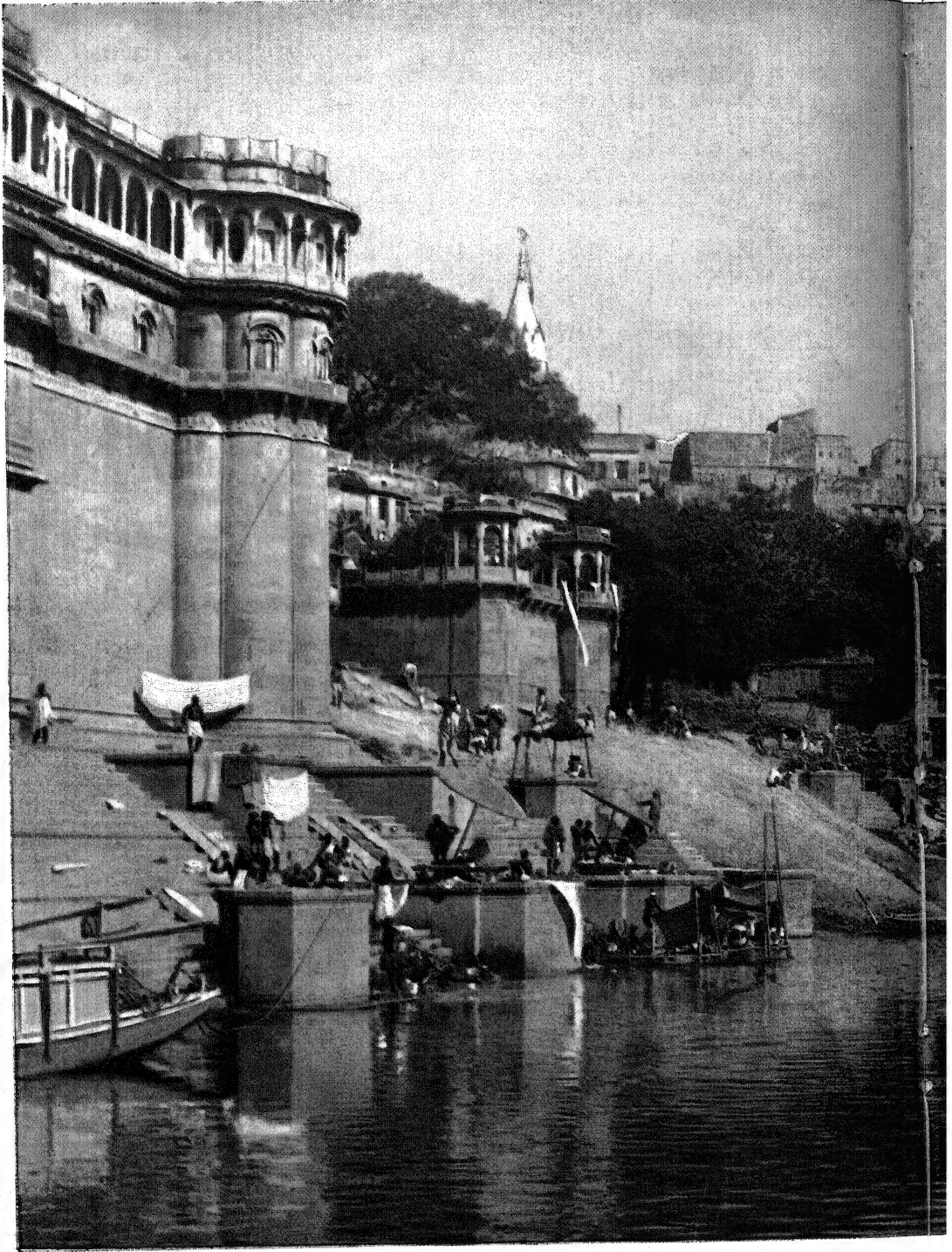
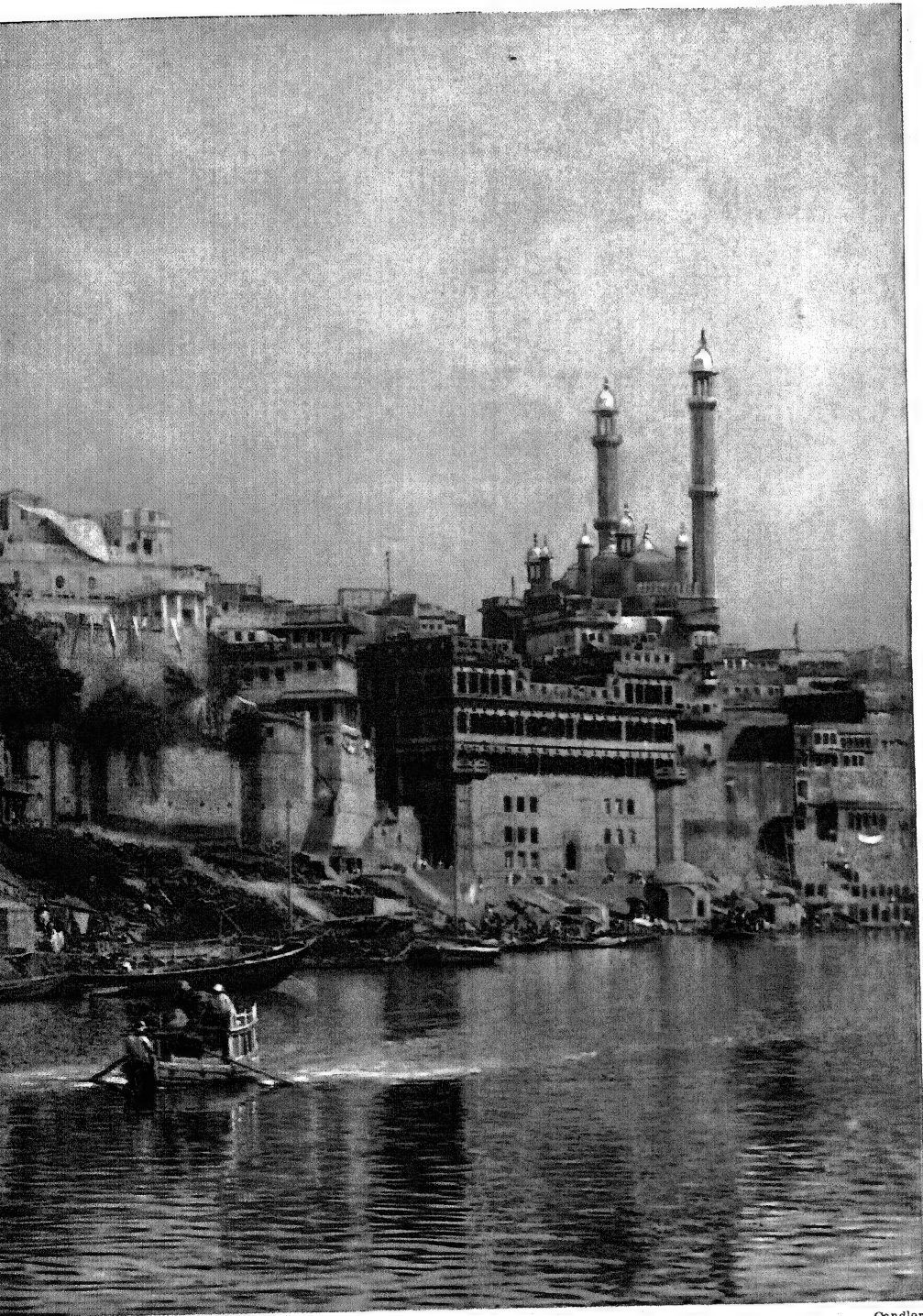
Their places of worship are called mosques, and in India many of them are of very great beauty, some being built of pure white marble. All the large mosques, and many of the smaller ones, have two minarets—tall, slender towers, from the balconies of which the "Call to Prayer" rings forth five times each day. The Faithful are summoned to worship not by a bell or drum, but by the human voice.

Another Eastern religion, Buddhism, was founded in India, but has almost ceased to exist in the land where it arose, though there are many millions of Buddhists in Ceylon, Burma, Siam, Tibet, China and Japan. Its founder, Buddha, is now claimed by Hindus to be an incarnation of their god Vishnu.

There is, however, a religion in India very much like Buddhism, and it arose about the same time—some five hundred years before Christ. This is Jainism. It has scarcely more than a million followers, but it is represented by very many splendid temples. In Mysore, on a hill-top, there stands a huge idol of a Jain saint. It is hewn from the solid rock and is nearly seventy feet high. For a thousand years that great image

Chirol

BEGGAR AND FOLLOWER OF VISHNU PLAYING UPON THE VINA

As a votary of Vishnu it is considered to be almost his duty to beg for alms. He sits by the wayside, with the sign of Vishnu upon him for all to see, and sings and plays. The stringed instrument called the "vina" is believed by the Hindus to have been played by their gods, who delighted in its sweet notes.

HOLY BENARES stretches along the bank of the Ganges for three and a half miles. Ghats, splendid temples and palaces are reflected in the sacred waters, and thousands of pilgrims come here each year, since every Hindu wishes to visit the holiest city in India at least once in his lifetime. Benares is one of the most ancient cities in India.

Candler

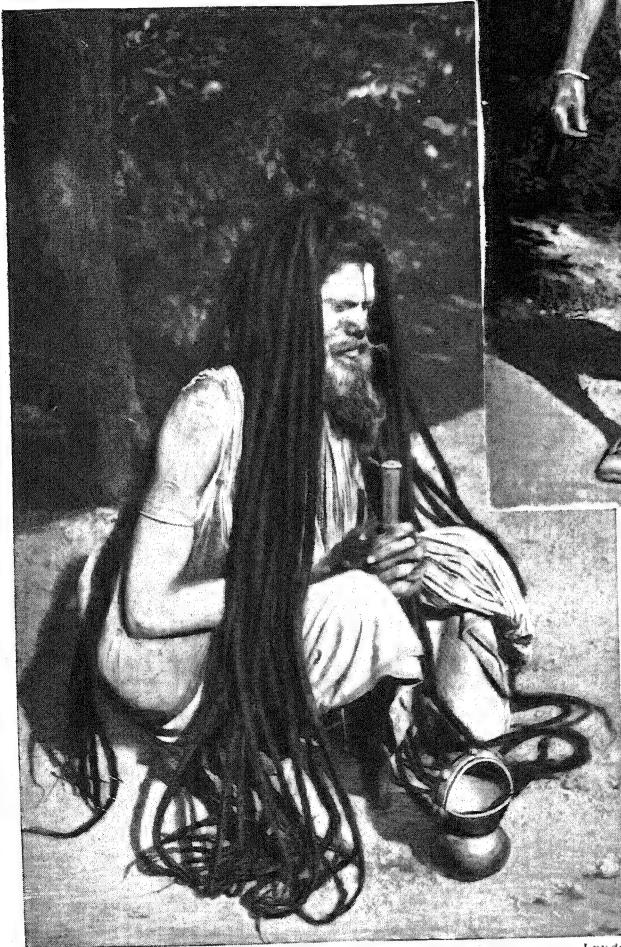
The Hindus believe that to die in the city and to have one's ashes scattered upon the Ganges is to be certain of gaining salvation. At intervals flights of steps, known as ghats, lead down to the river and every morning thousands of people bathe in the Ganges. The city is a maze of dark alleys, all of which seem to be lined by temples and shrines.

Smith

HARDY INDIAN WOMAN OF BENARES WHO SITS AND LIES ON A COUCH OF NAILS

All over India we may come upon people who are regarded as holy because they endeavour to subject the flesh to the spirit by voluntarily enduring intense bodily suffering day and night for many years. They pretend to be indifferent to all physical pleasures and say that they enjoy eating the poorest and most frugal meal just as much as if it had been a banquet. Some of the fakirs, as they are called, are sincere in their beliefs, but others are absolute frauds who live comfortably upon the presents they receive from the credulous people.

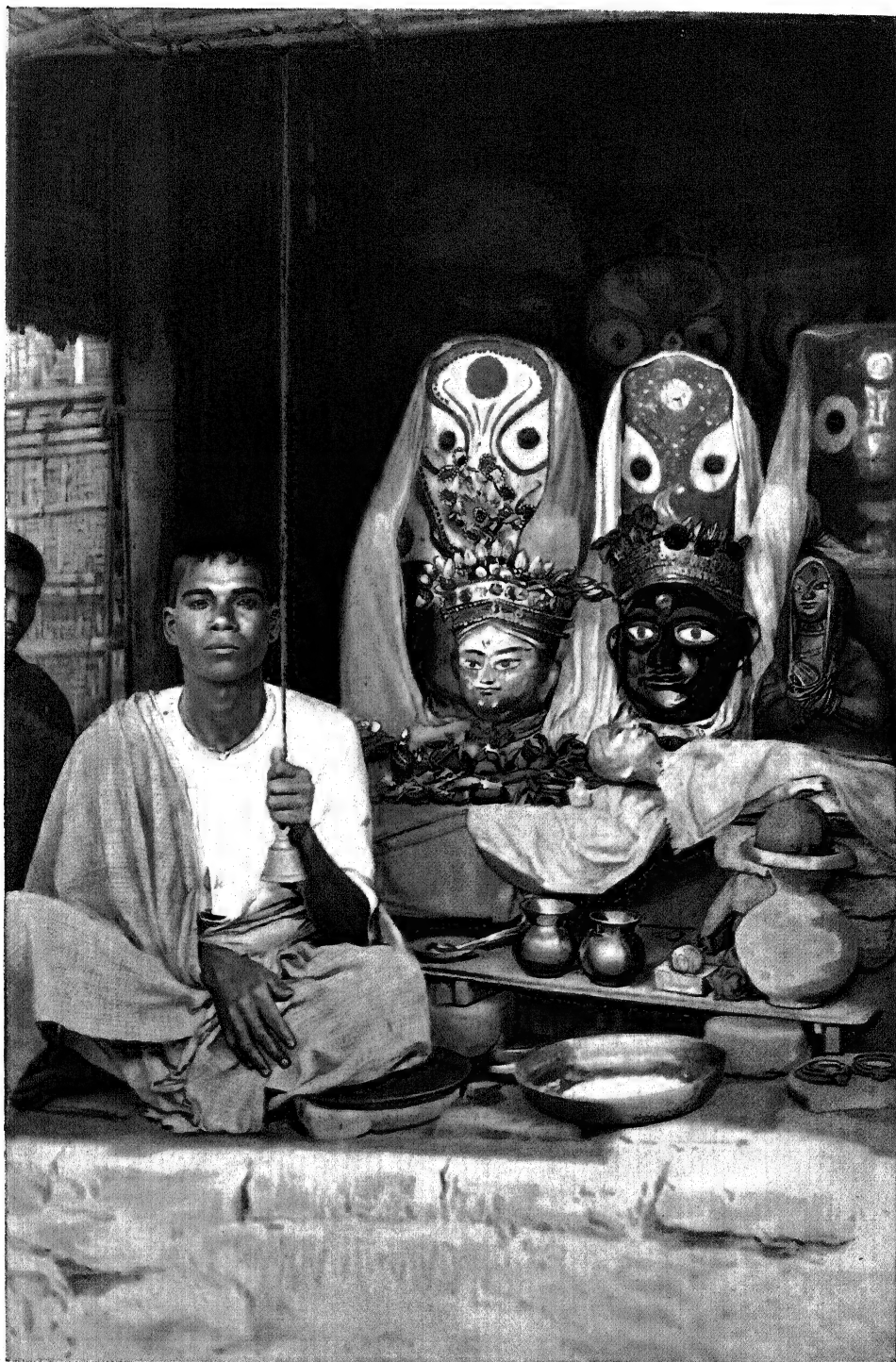
has looked silently down upon countless worshippers. Hindus and Buddhists believe that all life is sacred, but the Jains carry the idea further than any other people. They will not kill any living creature, not even a flea or a snake or a mosquito!

About the time of the Wars of the Roses, a great Indian teacher named Guru Nanak attempted to unite the Hindus and Mahomedans. Taking some of the best teachings of Hinduism and of Mahomedanism, he tried to found a religion that the followers of both could accept. It is called Sikhism, and its

Lynde

SNAKE-LIKE LOCKS OF A FAKIR

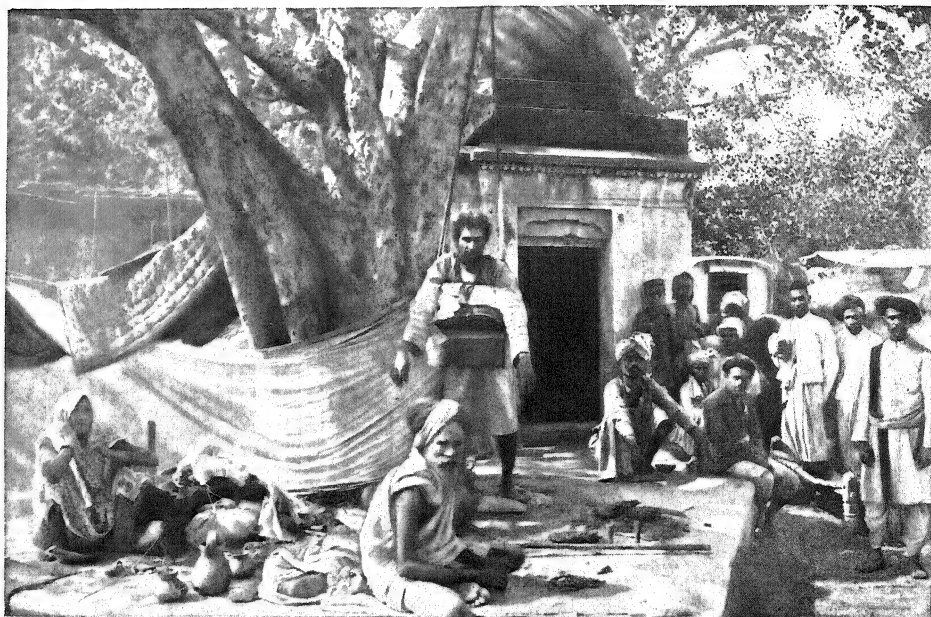
To make his marvellous head-dress this fakir adds ropes of goats' hair to his own. It is so long that he has to coil it round his head like a turban when he walks.

holy book is the Grantl The Mogul Emperor Akbi gave the Sikhs a plot (land in Amritsar on whic they dug a large tank calle the "Pool of Immortality in the middle of whic stands their "Gold Temple."

As the years passed, pe secution drove the Sikhs arms, and soon they becar a very powerful fighti sect. Living together in t Punjab, they developed ir a semi-religious, ser military state, and th great leader, Ranjit Sin

Walker

BEFORE KALI'S TEMPLE, in Calcutta, sits this keeper of a shrine, who tolls a bell throughout the day, bidding the passers-by to come to prayer. The goddess Kali was the wife of Siva and, so a legend runs, when her body was cut up by the gods, one of the fingers fell on the spot where the temple now stands.

Bourne & Shepherd

THESE SIKH OFFICERS are easily recognizable as members of the Sikh religion by their uncut beards, the ends of which are hidden by their turbans. The Sikhs come from the Punjab, and are not a separate race but only a religious community. Their religion, which was founded in the 15th century by Nanak, forbids them to cut their hair

Lynde

HINDU'S STRANGE AND SELF-IMPOSED FORM OF PENANCE

In the hope of obtaining special favours in the hereafter, this man has vowed to remain standing for seven years. He was afraid he might break his vow by falling down when asleep, so he supports himself by a board attached to the tree. In the foreground is a Yogi, or holy man, who spends his days in meditation and prayer.

(" The Lion of the Punjab ") became the undisputed master of that part of India. In 1849, after two hard-fought wars, they yielded to the British, and later formed some of the finest regiments in the Indian Army. To-day the Sikhs number about three and a quarter millions.

On the Malabar Hill, outside Bombay, in a beautiful garden, there stand five strange, round buildings called the "Towers of Silence." They are grim structures, about thirty feet in height by ninety in diameter. On their walls sit rings of hideous vultures. Close at hand is another building called a fire temple. Here we meet a religion followed by an extremely interesting people called Parsees, whose prophet was a Persian named Zoroaster. Though living in India, the Parsees are not Indians but Persians who were driven from their own land hundreds of years ago by Mahomedan conquerors. They found a refuge in and around Bombay, where they now are very influential, though they number only 102,000. They believe in one great god whom they call Ahura Mazda (" Lord the All-Knowing "), and also in an evil spirit, a sort of devil, who is always warring against what is good.

One strange custom distinguishes them from all other peoples. Believing that earth, air, fire and water are sacred, they are in a difficulty as to the disposal of their dead, for the sacred elements must not be defiled. The dead are therefore carried into the Towers of Silence and placed on gratings through which the bones, picked clean by the vultures, drop into a pit whence they are removed to a place underground.

Let us go down the hill to the sea shore. The sun is setting. There on the beach stand companies of Parsees praying, with their faces towards the setting sun. Because of this they have been called "Sun-worshippers," and because, in their temples, they have sacred fire continually burning on the altars, they have been called "fire-worshippers." These statements are not true. The Parsees do not worship the sun or the fire; they merely regard them as symbols of the great God who is the source of all light.

MARVELLOUS CLOISTERS AROUND THE TEMPLE OF THE KAILASA

At Ellora, in the state of Hyderabad, is a vast temple hewn out of the rock in a mountain side. The temple was begun about A.D. 760 and is a mass of beautifully carved pavilions, with pagodas, terraces and porticos. It is intended to represent the heavenly paradise of Siva. Behind the pillars is a series of bas-reliefs illustrating stories of the deities.

A New State with a Glorious Past

INDEPENDENT POLAND AND ITS PATRIOTIC PEOPLE

Until the middle of the eighteenth century Poland was a Great Power, then came her downfall, after which the Poles experienced 130 years of bondage under the tyranny of Russia, Prussia and Austria. Nothing could kill the independent spirit of the Poles, and they never faltered in their belief that Poland would be free once again. At the end of the Great War Poland regained her independence, and exiles returned from many lands to help in the stupendous task of making their new Republic worthy of the glorious traditions of the ancient kingdom of Poland. In this chapter we shall read of the heroic endeavours of this cultured nation to fulfil their difficult task.

INDEPENDENT Poland is a young state. One hundred and thirty years ago, three of her neighbours—Austria-Hungary, Prussia and Russia—determined to destroy her. They conquered her armies and divided her territory among themselves. Whenever the Polish people tried to recover their liberty they were imprisoned, beaten, sometimes killed and sometimes sent into exile. They were forbidden, for a time, even to use their own language. Poland, her enemies declared, should never be free again.

Yet Poland is again an independent nation. To-day the people are striving to make their country a world power once more. It is a large country, with more than half as much land again as the United Kingdom. It is the sixth largest state in Europe in area and population, but it is only half the size of the old kingdom of Poland that stretched from the Baltic to the Black Sea. The Poles work hard, and their soil is rich and well watered by fine rivers. The name Poland means "Land of the Plains," and the whole country is very flat except the Carpathians in the south.

An Unconquerable People

Why was it impossible to suppress the Poles? Because they are a strong race, loving their country and willing to do anything to keep it. When their enemies triumphed, every Polish mother told her baby, "You must grow up a big man, so that you can fight to make Poland free."

The Poles combine the qualities of many races. They are largely Slav, like the Russians, and have the same love of music and beauty. They have produced some of the greatest artists and scientists in the world. Copernicus, who was punished and imprisoned because he discovered that the earth moves round the sun and not the sun round the earth, was a Pole; so was Chopin, the great musician. Madame Curie, the discoverer of radium, is a Pole. Paderewski, the famous pianist, was chosen Prime Minister of the Polish Republic. Poland still gives us great painters, artists and singers, and many beautiful things.

How the Poles Resemble the French

In some ways the educated Pole is very like the Frenchman. He is emotional, enthusiastic and sensitive. He will do what others consider to be foolish things, because he believes them to be right; and he is somewhat inclined to be carried away by his dreams of what he would like to happen. He is very proud and easily hurt by unkindness or neglect. This sensitiveness causes their neighbours to think that the Poles are quarrelsome.

Two out of every three people in Poland live in the country. The countryfolk are divided into two classes—the landowners, with their big estates, and the peasants. Some of the estates were as large, in old days, as little countries, and their owners ruled over them like princes. The size of some of the old estates can be imagined by the fact that two of them, the largest two, were together as big as England. All the peasants were the serfs of the nobles, and were obliged to work so many days a week for them, without pay. The

McLeish

BUSTLE OF MARKET-DAY IN WARSAW'S JEWISH QUARTER

More than a third of the people of Warsaw are Jews. Some have intermarried with the Poles, but most have kept quite distinct and are a class apart. The Ghetto, or Jewish quarter, is in the north-west of the city, and is, for the greater part, indescribably dirty and squalid. A Jewish vegetable market is in progress in this old square.

peasants are now free, and are becoming a more important section of the nation.

One of the customs retained among well-bred people in Poland is that of kissing the hand of married ladies. This is done with formality, as though it were a great honour. The man takes the lady's right hand and lightly kisses the back of it.

He must not raise it to his lips; that would be considered very rude, but the lady raises her hand herself, so as to save him from bowing too low. A married lady takes it as a natural courtesy to have her hand kissed by people of her own class on meeting and parting. A young lady who is not married would, however,

McLeish

PALACE OF THE OLD POLISH KINGS IN THE HEART OF WARSAW

There is a curious story attached to this statue of Sigismund that stands before the castle in Castle Square. " When the sword of Sigismund points downwards," ran the legend, " Poland will be free." During the Great War the sword was displaced through the shock of explosions, and when it ended Poland had her liberty.

Farmborough

PEASANTS OF SOUTHERN POLAND IN THEIR GAY SHEEPSKIN COATS

The clothes of these two men, who have come to market in the little East Galician town of Solotwina, are very like those of the Czechoslovakian peasants we have seen in pages 316 and 337. This is really quite natural, because all are Ruthenes, or Little Russians, a Slav race that dwells upon either side of the Carpathians.

think it very extraordinary for a man to try to kiss her hand. She might draw herself up haughtily and ask, "Do you think me so old as that?"

Spending their time in hunting, fishing, travelling and managing their great estates, the Polish gentry still lead a very delightful life. The Polish peasant, too, knows how to enjoy himself. He is a farmer, usually a small farmer, who himself works on the land. Since the peasant does his own work, every one of the family has to work, and work hard.

His little boy or girl must, almost as soon as he or she can toddle, go out into the fields to look after the geese or to see that the cattle do not stray. The women, like the men, get up early and work till darkness comes. In many parts they still make their own shoes from birch bark, and weave the cloth from which they make their own garments.

The Polish peasant likes gay clothes of varied, bright hues. It is still possible to tell the people of various districts by their costumes. In winter evenings the peasant women weave long strips of many-coloured cloth. Some of their neighbours, such as the Russians and the Lithuanians, prefer white garments, with a little embroidery on them; but the Polish peasant loves the gayest colours, orange and blue,

McLeish

GAY SUNDAY CLOTHES THAT BRIGHTEN THE STREETS OF ZYRARDOW

The Polish national costume is very gay in colour. Full skirt, apron and sometimes bodice, too, are of homespun, woven in stripes of all the hues of the rainbow and more. A coloured kerchief covers the head, and the sleeves are white. These two bright-faced Poles dwell in Zyrardow, an important cloth-making centre to the west of Warsaw.

McLeish

BAREFOOT TOWNSFOLK OF ZYRARDOW GATHER TOGETHER IN A COBBLED STREET OF THEIR TOWN

On weekdays the Polish peasants, especially the townspeople, wear rather drab and nondescript clothes, the most interesting things about them being their kerchiefs and bare feet. On Sundays, when they are clad in their gay, striped clothes, they will put on boots fastened with coloured laces to wear in church. But they will walk there and back in bare feet, their boots in their hands, like the two women on the left. The man bearing his buckets hung from a yoke is original in his dress, for he wears breeches made from an old bedspread.

Polish Legation

A VILLAGE BAND AND CHOIR THROUGH WHICH THE POLISH LOVE OF MUSIC FINDS EXPRESSION

The Polish people are very musical, and almost every village has its band, frequently aided by a choir, which plays the national music of the country. The church music and carols of the Poles are extraordinarily beautiful, and so are their folk songs and dance music. Every province has its own particular dance and folk song. The Polonaise is the dance of Great Poland, the Cracovienne that of Lesser Poland, the Mazurka of Mazovia, and the Kujawiak of Kujawia. Of these, the polonaise and the gay mazurka are best known to us.

find it easier to buy ordinary clothes made in factories; but there are still large districts, far from railways, where the old customs prevail.

The priest is the principal figure in nearly every village. The Polish people are Catholics, and are very religious. The houses are of wood, and the peasants sometimes are very poor; but they think that they are bad indeed if they have not built a fine church, and the churches, in both cities and villages, are crowded with worshippers on Sundays and holy days.

Another character, who is hated as much as the priest is loved, is the moneylender, who is nearly always a Jew. He has caused the ruin of many

green and purple. The women join the different coloured strips that they have made into coats which are, like Joseph's famous coat, of many colours.

They wear bright kerchiefs on their heads. In some parts, they, like the fisher-women in parts of Holland, put on many petticoats, sometimes as many as a dozen at once, and these are so thick and strong that the women can sink down on them without falling. The young men, on high days and holidays, wear equally bright clothing.

Nowadays, with the extension of the railways, the wearing of the old picturesque dress is becoming

Fanshawe

MOUNTAINEER MUSICIANS OF SOUTH POLAND

Among the Gorals, who dwell among the lofty Tatra Mountains, gay, decorative clothes are worn by men as well as by women. Many are born musicians, who, on feast days and holidays, perform in concert.

Polish Legation

PEASANTS WHO DWELL AMONG THE BEAUTIFUL TATRA MOUNTAINS

Most of Poland is a flat plain, but in the south the Carpathian Mountains rear their heads, reaching their highest point in the Tatras, that form the Czechoslovakian frontier. The people who dwell here, the Gorals, are skilled in many crafts—in embroidery, leather-work and wood-carving. They have a style of architecture all their own.

of the peasants by lending them a little money when the harvest was bad, by charging them very high rate of interest and by seizing their property when they could not pay. The people are now trying to fight the moneylender. Often the gentry or the priests start societies and banks to help the peasant to save, and so to be able to obtain some money when he badly needs it.

All classes of Pole, gentry and peasants, love music and dancing. In the great castles there are big drawing-rooms with little furniture except a piano, or perhaps, nowadays, a gramophone. At the slightest excuse someone will sit at the piano and dancing will commence, to go on hour after hour. The two chief dances are the mazurka and the Cracovienne. The mazurka was brought over to England and was very popular there in the days of our grandfathers.

There are many feast days and fast days. The fast days are strictly observed, and on the feast days all is gay. Christmas is a great holiday, but it is not observed in the British fashion. The real feast is on Christmas Eve, starting sometimes at four in the afternoon, sometimes a little later.

Beforehand, the mother will make a little manger in an outhouse, with perhaps

McLeish

LUSTY SON AND HEIR OF A POLISH PEASANT FAMILY

Poland, once a vast empire stretching from the Baltic to the Black Sea, has for many years been in bondage, divided between Russia, Austria and Germany. Now she is independent once more, and so, when this lusty little peasant goes to school, he will be taught in Polish. His parents were taught in Russian or German.

Farmborough

GAILY CLAD, SMILING PEASANT IN A LITTLE GALICIAN TOWN

The costume of this Ruthenian girl of Galicia is far from graceful, yet it is attractive. The most important part of it is the sleeveless sheepskin coat, worn woolly side in and with pieces of coloured leather applied to the outer side in elaborate designs. Her skirt is of many colours, her kerchief is bright, and strings of coral hang round her neck.

a beautifully dressed doll in it, to show where Christ was born. The children are supposed not to see this until the evening, but of course they know what is happening and creep along when their mother is not looking, and have peeps through the cracks in the door. At the Christmas Eve feast a little wisp of hay or straw is put under each person's dish as a symbol.

S. John's Eve is another festival. This is celebrated over a large part of Europe, and probably has been kept year after year for centuries. It was celebrated in old days by the country folk to drive away the evil spirits. Now its old purpose is forgotten, and it is just a holiday. Great bonfires are lit, and the villagers, especially the young people, gather round them, all dressed in their brightest garments. They dance and sing, and after a time the dancing becomes more and more rapid. The young men jump over the big bonfire, to show how brave they are. They pick up buckets of water and try to throw them over the girls, who run away, pretending to be very much alarmed.

All the Poles love sport. The Polish countryman is a born horseman. The Uhlans, the famous German cavalry, were originally Poles, and Napoleon's Polish lancers were well known.

There are very large forests in parts of Poland. Once the lynx and beaver were to be found in them, but they are now rarely seen. A few bison are still to be seen there, but the elk and wild goat have gone farther north. Sometimes, although not very often, brown bears are to be met. Game birds there are in plenty. The chief animals now found are the wild boar and the wolf. Wolves lurk in lonely woods, keeping out of sight unless they are driven by cold and hunger into the villages, to steal what animals they can.

Most of the country folk hate the wolves. The peasant women will whisper

Polish Legation

MEN OF POLAND'S MOUNTAINS ARRAYED FOR A WEDDING

Weddings are joyous events in Poland as elsewhere. The bride wears a crown, and all who come to the ceremony put on their most elaborate costumes. These peasant youths have flowers in their hats; their coats and trousers are covered with braid and embroidery and their very broad belts are decorated with metal studs.

Polish Legation

TURNING PUSSY WILLOWS INTO BASKETS ON THE POLISH PLAIN

Willows grow profusely by the rivers of the Polish plain and are put to good use by the industrious peasants. Nothing is more suitable for basket-making than the supple, pliant young shoots, or osiers. Here we see mother and father busy making baskets outside their low cottage of thatch and wood, while the family looks on from the door.

tales of how they came down to a village one bad winter and attacked and ate little children. Men will warn a stranger not to wander out alone at night without his shot gun, lest the wolves attack him. They will tell how packs have overwhelmed sleighs going through forests, and have eaten first the horses and then the people.

A favourite sport in some of the northern regions is to entice the wolves out of their hiding-places to kill them. A party of men starts out in a cart, the men concealing themselves as well as they can under hay. They hang a young pig in a sack from the rear of the cart, and its loud squeals attract the attention of the wolves, who creep up to seize it and are then shot by the men.

The rivers play a big part in Polish life. Poland's greatest river is the Vistula, which flows through the heart of the country, from the Carpathian Mountains

LITTLE HEBREWS OF WARSAW AT THEIR SCRIPTURE CLASS

Jews have always been harshly treated in Russia and for centuries have sought refuge in tolerant Poland. So now half the Jews of the world live in that country. They can always be recognized by their round, black caps and long, black cloaks. Here we see a Rabbi teaching a class of little Jewish boys in a cheder, or religious school.

McLeish

A POLISH PEASANT FAMILY ON THE WAY TO MARKET

We should find a ride in the cart of a Polish peasant a very great hardship, for the cart has no springs and the roads are very bad. It is little more than a wide plank on four wooden wheels, with sides made of a couple of planks supported by upright stakes. These folk, however, do not seem to find their ride unpleasant.

Bulhak

A GLIMPSE OF CRACOW, CENTRE OF POLISH SCIENCE AND ART

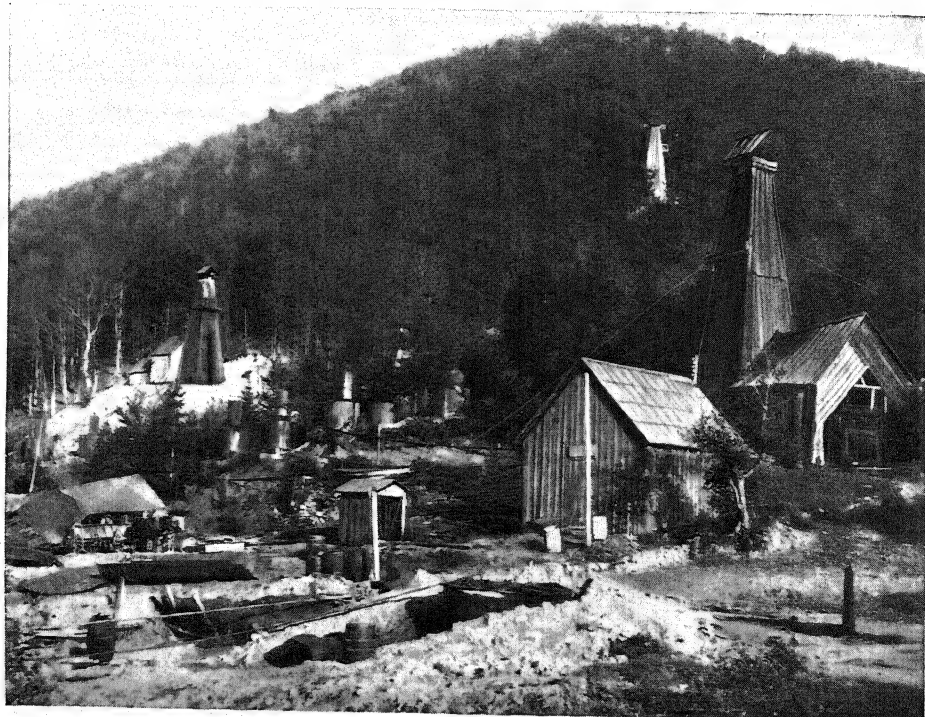
For three hundred years the capital of Poland, Cracow, in Galicia, is an old town and has long been important, both by reason of its position—on a trade route to the East and at the head of navigation on the Vistula—and its possession of an ancient University. It possesses also a wonderful old building, the Wawel, which is a cathedral and castle.

Polish Legation

SINGERS OF THE KOLENDY, THE POLISH CHRISTMAS CAROLS

As in England, little boys sing carols at Christmastide in many districts of Poland. They dress up as the three wise men, in long robes and tall hats, and trudge through the snow from door to door. Often they carry what is called the "szopka," a little paper model of a shed containing tiny figures of the Holy Family.

BEAUTY OF NATURE AT JAREMCZE IN THE GREEN CARPATHIANS

Among the forest-clad Carpathian Mountains, the only highlands and the only natural boundary that Poland possesses, many little streams come tumbling and twisting over their rocky beds among the trees, their banks gay with wild flowers and sweet with luscious little strawberries. Many health and holiday resorts are found in this district.

Farmborough

OIL DERRICKS AT BITKOW AMONG THE WOODED HILLS OF GALICIA

Galicia, in south-east Poland, is rich in petroleum, salt and coal, but these sources of wealth are not so fully exploited as they might be, because until Poland gained her freedom Galicia was owned by Austria, who hindered rather than helped her development. Here at Bitkow, however, we see the derricks that have been erected to raise the precious oil.

Farmborough

IN A PEASANT-OWNED HARVEST FIELD OF SOUTH-EAST POLAND

Agriculture is the chief industry in Galicia, but it is sadly backward. Land is owned by the peasants, who plough and sow and reap in the good, old-fashioned way, knowing little or nothing of modern methods. This Ruthenian woman has brought her child into the field that she may keep a motherly eye upon him, while reaping her harvest.

to the Baltic Sea. Its many tributaries help to keep the country fertile, and enable the people to travel easily from one part to another. They abound in fish; and in winter time, when they may be frozen over for five or six months, they make fine roads for sledges. In spring, however, they are sometimes dangerous, for the blocks of melting ice that float down the river get jammed and the river overflows, flooding the surrounding country.

Here, as almost everywhere else, old customs are gradually disappearing. Now that people can travel to and fro more easily, they become more alike. Huge manufacturing towns have grown up, like Lodz with its mills, and people have flocked into them from the country for regular work and steady wages.

The big cities such as Warsaw, Vilna, Posen and Cracow are still, however, among the most picturesque in Europe. The stranger visiting Warsaw, the capital of Poland, for the first time is struck by the curious mixture of old and new.

From the main railway station, called the Vienna Station, we enter the Marszalkowska, a fine modern street full of splendid shops. Everything in these shops seems to have an individual charm, the designs being unusually beautiful. We notice many sweet-shops, for Warsaw is

Farmborough

STRONG, YOUNG LABOURERS ON THE IMPORTANT GALICIAN OILFIELDS

The holiday clothes of Ruthenian peasants, as we can see by referring to page 1476, are gayer than their workaday ones. These young men work on the Bitkow oilfields, helping to erect the wooden derricks over the wells. Petroleum comes second in importance among Polish minerals, coal, mostly mined in Silesia in the west, being first.

supposed to make some of the best sweets and cakes in the world. We notice, too, the fine boots and shoes, for Polish leather has long been famous.

There are many shops selling expensive luxuries, and most of the people in the streets are apparently very well-to-do. We see officers in brilliant uniforms, for the Poles have a big army, believing that some day, maybe soon, they will have to fight again for their independence.

If we turn off the wide modern streets, with their fine apartments and big stores, we shall find ourselves in very different parts. Here, for instance, is the Ghetto, the headquarters of the Polish Jews. When other countries sought to drive out the Jews or imprisoned them, Poland welcomed them. There are, to-day, over two million Jews in Poland and many of these look as though they had stepped out of the Middle Ages, with their extraordinary dress and customs.

One of the most interesting of the older buildings is the Royal Palace, the home of the old Polish Kings, later the headquarters of the Russian governor-general, and to-day the state house of the Polish President. It has a fine view of the great river Vistula, which flows through Warsaw, and of the suburb of Praga on the opposite bank of the river, where the working people have their homes. We shall find many memorials of old Poland on its walls.

One very fine building, in the very centre of Warsaw, is now demolished. When the Russians were masters of Poland they erected a splendid Greek Catholic Cathedral, occupying a whole square. Its mighty golden dome and its four smaller ones seemed to dominate the city. Its detached belfry was 240 feet high. The Poles hated it, for they hated everything that reminded them of Russia.

When the Germans held the city in the Great War they took the gold coating off the domes, leaving a slate roof. On Poland gaining her freedom, the people resolved to destroy the cathedral. The

walls were so thick and strong that at first there were not in Poland tools powerful enough to smash them. But now they have been destroyed.

In Warsaw and other cities strangers are much interested in the hot baths, which are largely used. The people strip and go into a big room, full of vapour, where there may be fifty or sixty men and boys all being steamed at once. You take a switch in with you, made from twigs with the leaves still on them. Very soon the heat makes you perspire. At one end of the room is a gallery, going up step by step; you mount this, and the higher you go the hotter it is. Then you beat yourself lightly with the switch, to promote the circulation; sometimes friends lightly switch one another.

If you feel faint because of the heat, you go to a corner and turn on an icy-cold shower. Then you go to an outer room, where an attendant soaps and rubs you, pours cold water on you, and leaves you to cool. In the old days, the peasants would go out from their steam baths in the depth of winter and roll in the snow to harden themselves.

The Polish people are great eaters. Their country is rich and fertile, and food and fish are cheap and abundant. One great feature of a Polish meal is the *zakonski*, or the hors d'œuvres. In a Polish restaurant we may see a great table full of these, and we can pick and choose what we please.

Polish Legation

TAKING A WELL-EARNED REST
Sitting in the sun outside his stoutly-built wooden home, this hardy old Tatras highlander smokes his queer pipe and pays no heed to the snow under foot.

There will be eggs covered with sour cream or mayonnaise, slices of wild boar and ham, many kinds of dried fishes, like the sterlet, little portions of game, salmon, cucumber and many more things. Then come the soups. Two favourite soups are made from beetroot and cabbage, with little lumps of boiled beef in them. When these soups come to the table, a great dish of sour cream is brought at the same time, and two or three spoonfuls of sour cream are mixed with the soup.

Cream, and plenty of it, is used in Polish cooking. The people eat much pastry and cakes, especially little cakes which are taken with tea, which is usually served in a glass with a slice of lemon.

Much has been written about two other former Polish cities, Vilna and Danzig. Both of these belonged to Poland hundreds of years ago, and both Poland and Lithuania claimed, after the Great War, that Vilna ought to be given to them. Poland took it, and the Lithuanians have not forgiven them. Danzig, the big port on the Baltic, had become mostly German, so when the treaties were made after the Great War, it was decided that Danzig should be ruled separately, under a High Commissioner chosen by the League of Nations. The Poles are very offended at this, and claim that Danzig really belongs to them. They are, however, building a port at Gdynia, which is situated a little to the west of Danzig.

Reid

A SHEPHERD AND HIS FLOCK IN BEAUTIFUL NEW ZEALAND

Round the sharp corners of a country road in the Wairarapa district of North Island, a mounted shepherd conducts his newly-shorn flock. New Zealand sends quantities of mutton to England. The "Canterbury lamb" and "Southdown mutton" we see in the shops do not come from our Canterbury and our South Downs, but from New Zealand.

Shepherds and Their Flocks

HOW SHEEP ARE TENDED IN MANY LANDS

From biblical times onward the care of the shepherd for his flock has always appealed to popular imagination, and the occupation has produced men of thought and character as well as men of action. One of man's earliest occupations, it remains one of his most important to-day, though methods change with time and climate. We shall study in this chapter the variety of these methods. But the shepherd of the Old Testament, who leads his flock instead of driving it, is still to be found in some countries. Another side of agricultural life is shown in the chapter, "Man's Oldest Industry," pages 991-1008.

SHEEP were among the first animals to be domesticated by man. This was because they supplied two of man's most constant needs—food and clothing. Our early ancestors were not long in discovering that the carcase of a sheep gave them excellent meat and that the fleece could be spun and woven into material which was suitable for making soft, warm garments.

In biblical times nearly everybody kept sheep, and the richer a man was the more sheep he kept and the more shepherds he had to tend them. We have all seen pictures of those biblical shepherds, with flowing robe and head-dress, and it is strange to think that to this day shepherds, similarly attired, roam the hillsides and the plains of Eastern lands just as they did hundreds of years ago. Science has done nothing to change their quaint, leisurely habits, though in other parts of the world it has altered greatly the business of sheep-rearing. When we compare the life of a Palestine shepherd with that of a shepherd on a sheep station in Australia, we can hardly believe that men engaged in the same calling can employ such different methods.

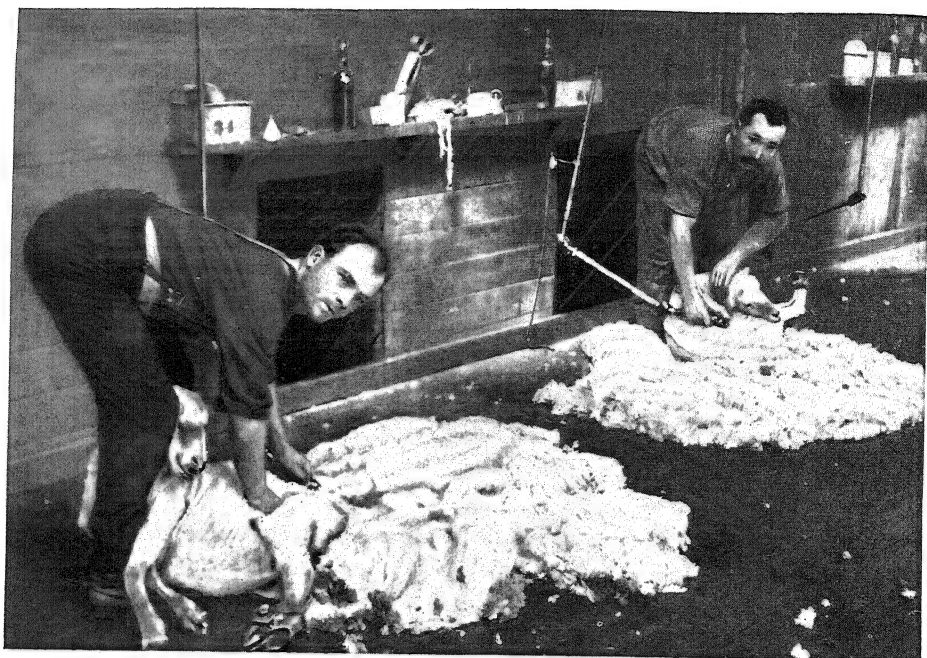
A Plague of Rabbits

The shepherds of Australia and New Zealand are stalwart, energetic young men, eager to take advantage of the knowledge and experience of the twentieth century. They have the most up-to-date hygienic appliances for dipping and shearing the sheep and for everything connected with their work.

The flocks, which are so large that it requires several men on horseback to attend to them, are kept in big enclosures fenced round with special rabbit-proof fencing, for there are such swarms of rabbits that unless the runs are protected from these vermin they would soon be eaten bare. The work, though hard and rough, is healthy, and the settlers have built comfortable homes for themselves, which contain every modern convenience and are surrounded by well-tended orchards and flower gardens.

Fresh Meat from Across the Sea

Spain, with its celebrated merino sheep, once produced the finest wool on the market; but to-day Australia, though it has no native sheep of its own, is the greatest wool-exporting country. A number of merino sheep were taken there at the end of the eighteenth century and throve so well in the generous climate that pasturing sheep for their wool has become one of the staple industries. Australia and New Zealand export quantities of mutton, too, which, kept in cold storage, is still fresh at the end of long sea voyages.

Sheep-farming in Canada, America and Argentina is carried on by men who also use modern methods and who seem to have little in common with the shepherds of the Old World. Yet there is a glamour of romance about the Old World shepherd that we should be loath to lose entirely. In Spain we may find him, untroubled by ambition, making his two long pilgrimages every year. He drives his flocks north in the spring to avoid the merciless heat of the summer months, which withers the pasture, so that the sheep would starve if they were not taken into the hills; then in the autumn he returns south.

N. S. W. Govt.

SHEEP-SHEARING BY MACHINERY IN NEW SOUTH WALES

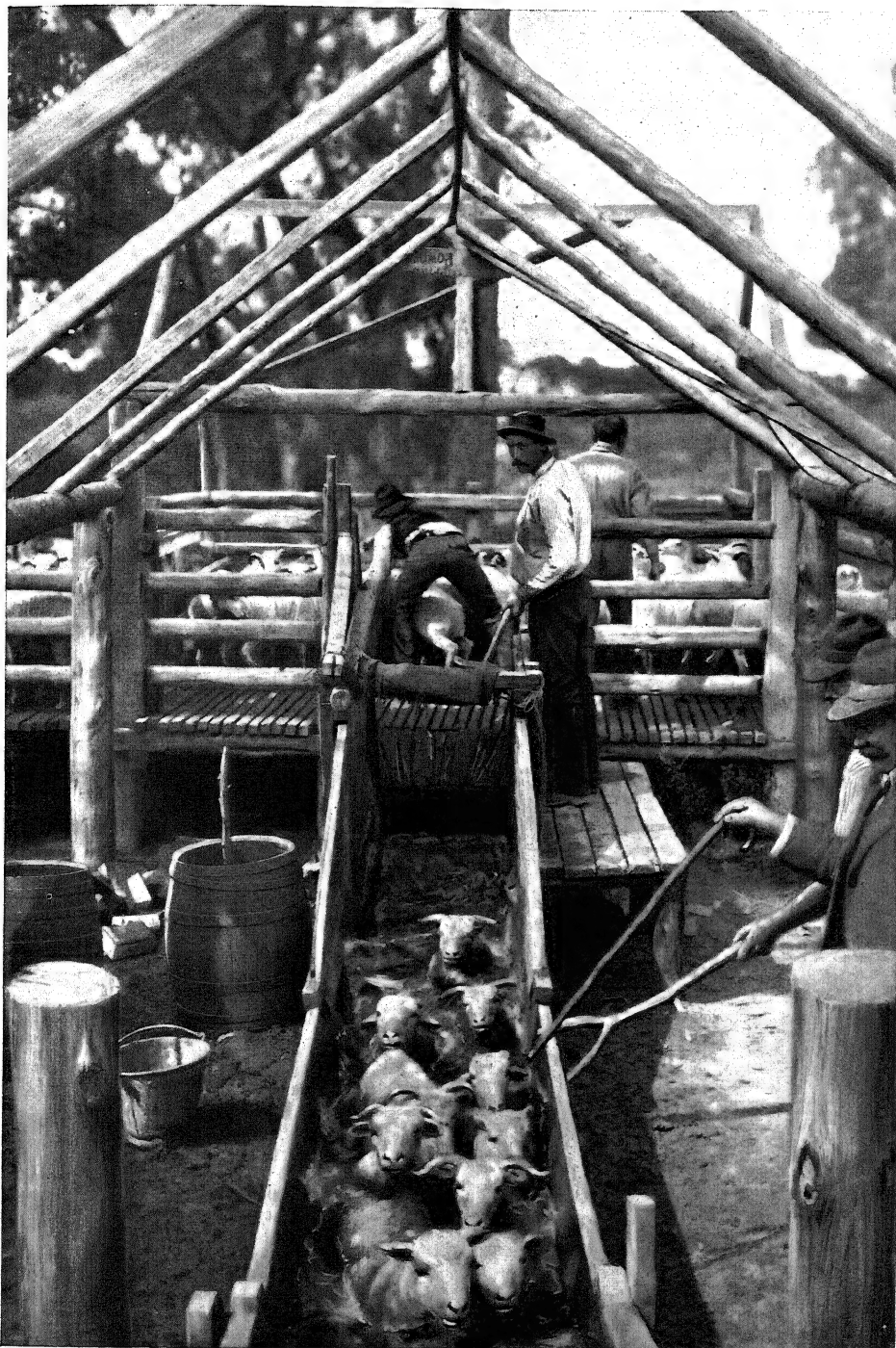
The old method of shearing sheep by hand is gradually falling into disuse, for the new shearing machine does the work better and ever so much more quickly. The hind feet of the sheep are first fastened together to prevent them from kicking. The fleeces of these Australian sheep, which are a Spanish breed called merinos, make wool of the finest quality.

This same custom is followed in other hot countries, but in the south of France more up-to-date methods have been adopted and the largest flocks are conveyed to the French Alps by rail. How strange it must be to see these bleating armies waiting at the railway stations to be driven into two-decker trucks and borne off for their long summer holidays!

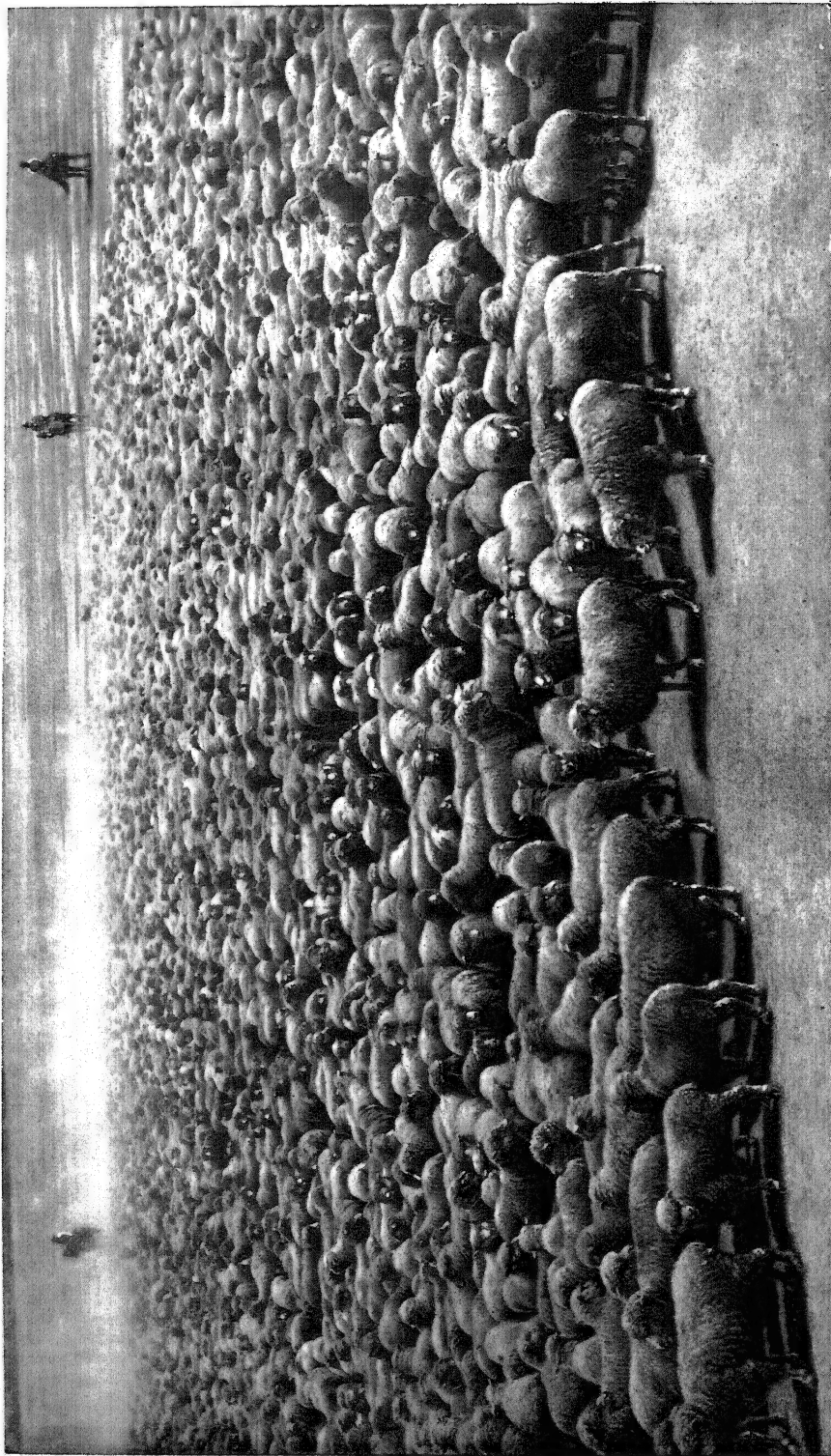
Where there are no railways we may see a still more extraordinary sight—twenty thousand sheep trailing along the dusty roads and up the steep mountain passes, led by goats with bells round their necks and divided into companies under the guardianship of shepherds and of big dogs which are prepared to tackle any wolf that they may encounter on the way. Donkeys carry the shepherds' baggage and the smallest and weakest of the lambs; the procession stretches for many miles, the head shepherds, wearing red cloaks, walking in the centre.

In Corsica and Sardinia, where a wild sheep called the moufflon lives, shepherds graze their droves on plateaux of flat scrubland. Each spring the scrub is set on fire to get new pasture for the sheep, and the fires frighten the wild moufflon away into the mountains. This animal is a small sheep, patched with white, with white legs, white round his eyes, a stumpy tail and large horns, and it has a very ill-mannered, noisy way of eating.

Some years ago a German bought a Swiss mountain and had ten of these wild sheep taken there. They quickly adapted themselves to the new conditions and soon there were a hundred instead of ten. Then came a severe winter, and it was so cold on the mountain that, in spite of the shepherds' efforts to keep them there, the moufflons escaped. Roving in the valleys with nobody to take care of them, some died or were killed by poachers, and when the shepherds found them at last, there were only a few left. These few must have been glad to be found after all their dangerous adventures.

Like the shepherds of Spain and southern France, the Rumanian shepherd is a wanderer; and, like the shepherds

N. S. W. Govt.

AUSTRALIAN SHEEP UNWILLINGLY TAKE A NECESSARY BATH

Sheep are always liable to be attacked by insects, and their long, close, woolly coats make them the helpless victims of such parasites. This photograph shows how Australian sheep-farmers keep their flocks healthy. Every now and then the sheep are given an arsenic dip—that is, are thrown into a bath of poison, so that all vermin are killed.

N. S. W. Govt.

"ROUND UP" OF SHEEP ON ONE OF THE RANCHES OF NEW SOUTH WALES, AUSTRALIA'S MOTHER STATE

The first sheep introduced into Australia were taken to New South Wales, the oldest state, which has ever since maintained the lead in the industry. Here we see only part of a huge flock of merinos that pastures in the Riverina district. Though the climate of New South Wales is perfect for sheep-rearing, the pasture is not over plentiful, which makes it necessary that there should be two acres of land to every sheep. So, if we look at this photograph, we get some idea of the size of the ranch, and we see why the shepherds must be mounted.

N. Z. Govt.

WHEN SUMMER COMES, SHEEP MUST BE GLAD THAT THEY NO LONGER CARRY THEIR WINTER COATS

On this New Zealand sheep ranch, the rapid shearing machines have not yet been installed. The men still work with hand clippers in the slower, old-fashioned way, but so skilful are they that each sheep when it quits the shearer looks as though it had been shaved, and leaves its fleece behind it complete, like a discarded jacket. Notwithstanding the closeness of the shearing, even slight cuts of the animal's skin happen very rarely. Sheep are usually washed a few days before shearing, for that improves the quality of the wool.

of Italy, he often wiles away long hours on the lonely heights making sweet music.

John Clare and Robert Bloomfield, both of whom were poor boys brought up on farms, were the authors of numerous poems describing the shepherd's life in our own land; while James Hogg, the "Ettrick Shepherd," became a celebrated poet over a hundred years ago. As a boy he was so ignorant that he could not write down the poems he composed, but, while he minded his flock, he taught himself to write and eventually was able to edit a newspaper.

Shepherd who Died for his Sheep

Painters as well as writers have found inspiration for their art in simple shepherds and shepherdesses; but whether the shepherd's life is as pleasant as some of them represent is another matter! The shepherd must be out in all seasons; he must live frugally and accustom himself to hardship. He knows little of the joys of companionship, except that of his dog, and must be ready to risk his own life to keep his sheep safe from harm.

In 1926, an Indian shepherd, trying to save one of his flock from a leopard, was so badly mauled that he died; and often, in the Scottish Highlands, a shepherd loses his sheep in a snowstorm and must tramp the mountains all night with his dog, searching for them and listening for the faint, pitiful bleating that might lead him to the spot where they lie. Many fruitless hours may pass in vain searching, so that he will begin to think they must all have perished, and it is only by the cleverness of his collie that he will discover the poor beasts.

Wonderful Work of the Sheep-dog

His dog will manage to scent them, though they are buried in a snowdrift, and, strange to relate, it is not unusual for all of them still to be alive, though the snow is many feet deep! Being herded together, the heat from their bodies partially thaws the snow, which freezes round them again, shutting out the bitter cold.

There is a shepherd who every year brings his flock all the way from Scotland to London to pasture on the grass in Hyde Park. It is curious to see such a country scene in the heart of the great city.

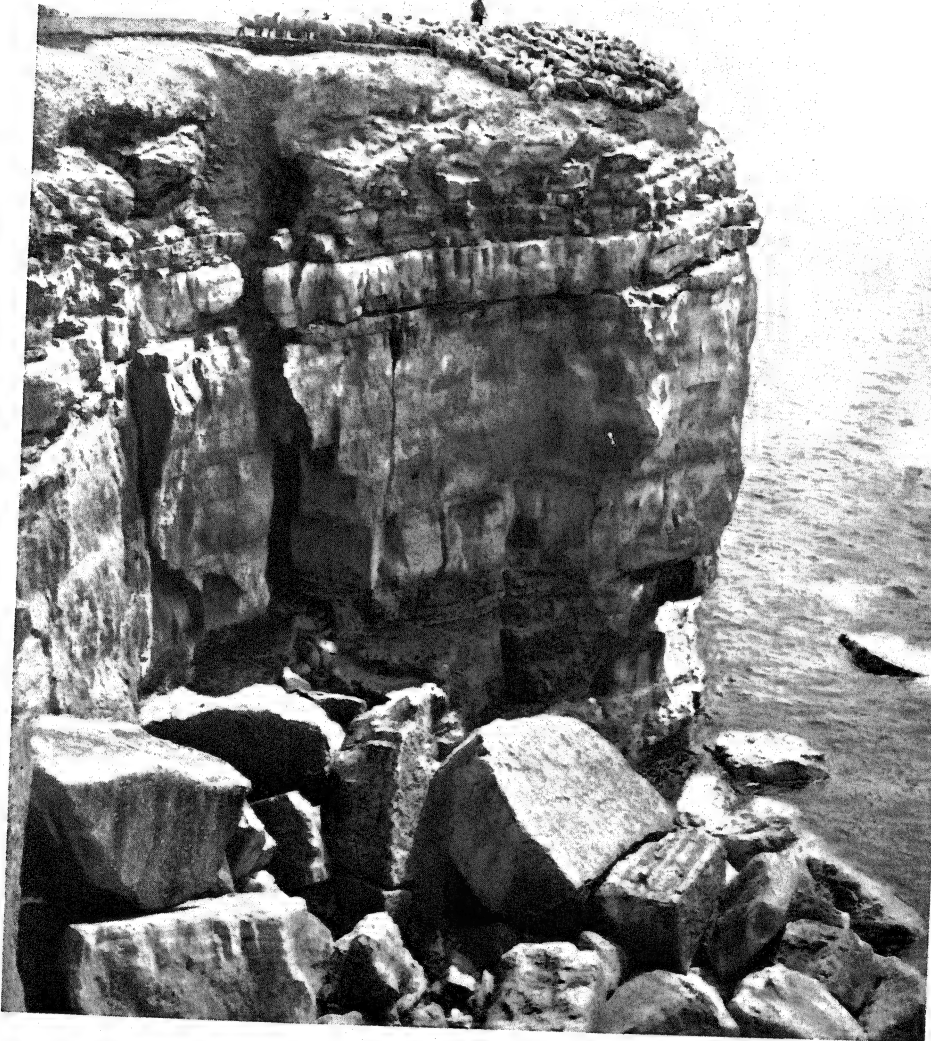
The old Scottish shepherd, with his crook and his tartan plaid, is as typical of his race as the Portuguese shepherd in his sheepskins is of his, or as the shepherd who, mounted on an ass, follows his black and white herd across the lowlands of Hungary, with his crook in his hand and with a sheepskin cloak covering him from neck to ankles.

Scattered over the face of the earth are many varieties of sheep; some have long wool, some short; some have horns, some beards; some have little tails, others long ones—though most of the long-tailed ones are "bobbed" when they are about six weeks old. The funniest sheep of all are found in Russia, Syria, the Barbary States and Cape Colony. These have fat tails, which may be seventy or eighty pounds in weight and which are so valuable that the shepherds protect them from injury by fastening them to little wheeled trollies or sleighs which glide after the sheep wherever it goes.

British Wild Sheep Left by Vikings

Mountain sheep, such as are to be met in Wales and Scotland, are small and wiry, but their wool is very long. It is used for making carpets and tweeds. The only wild sheep in the British Isles are found on a small island off the west of Scotland. They are little, brown, scraggy things and have lived in that wild state ever since the Vikings, calling here for a supply of fresh water, turned a few adrift on the island of Soa.

England has always been famous for its wool and raises many breeds of sheep. The South Down, though it is not very big, is a particularly good strain. If we travel through Sussex we may see them any day dotting the chalky uplands that sweep toward the sea. In Devon and Cornwall the sheep are sometimes a reddish-brown colour.

If it is springtime we will see the lambs frisking round their mothers and this is such a pretty, amusing sight we cannot

Cutler

SURE-FOOTED SHEEP ON THE VERY EDGE OF ENGLAND

This photograph, taken on a headland of Portland Bill, illustrates two important characteristics of sheep. One is their sureness of foot, the other their habit of following a leader, even to the cliff's edge. Shepherds sometimes hang a bell round the neck of one sheep, for he knows that the rest will never stray far from the "bell-wether."

Reid

A SHEPHERD OF WILD WALES MUST BE A GOOD CLIMBER OR HE WILL LOSE HIS SHEEP

The poet says of the sheep of Wales: "The mountain sheep are sweeter, but the valley sheep are fatter," and this is quite true, for though Welsh mutton is well known to be excellent, the sheep that find pasturage on the mountains of Wales are far from large. On this shoulder of lofty Snowdon they need all their sureness of foot to keep themselves from falling into the valley far below. This shepherd lad, whistling shrilly through his fingers, is calling up his clever sheep dog, without whose aid he would find his task very hard.

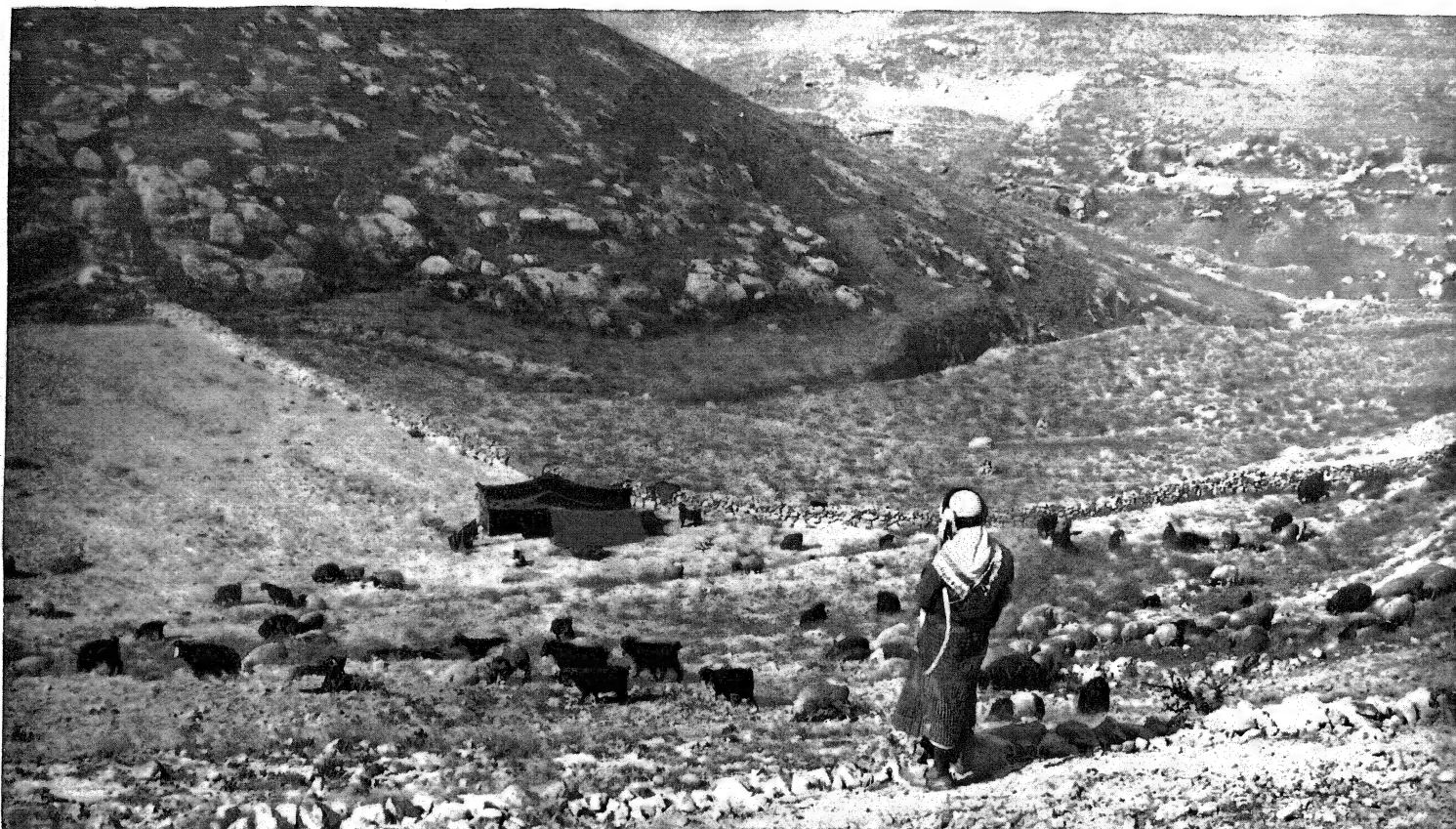
Underwood

HOMEWARD BOUND: AN EVENING SCENE ON THE SCOTTISH HILLS

Compared with the flock we see in page 1496 this one seems ludicrously small, yet it is probably the chief source of wealth of its owner. It hardly needs the attention of three men and two of the intelligent collies that are the Scottish sheepdogs. One ewe has met with an accident, and must be carried home across the shepherd's shoulders.

E. N. A.

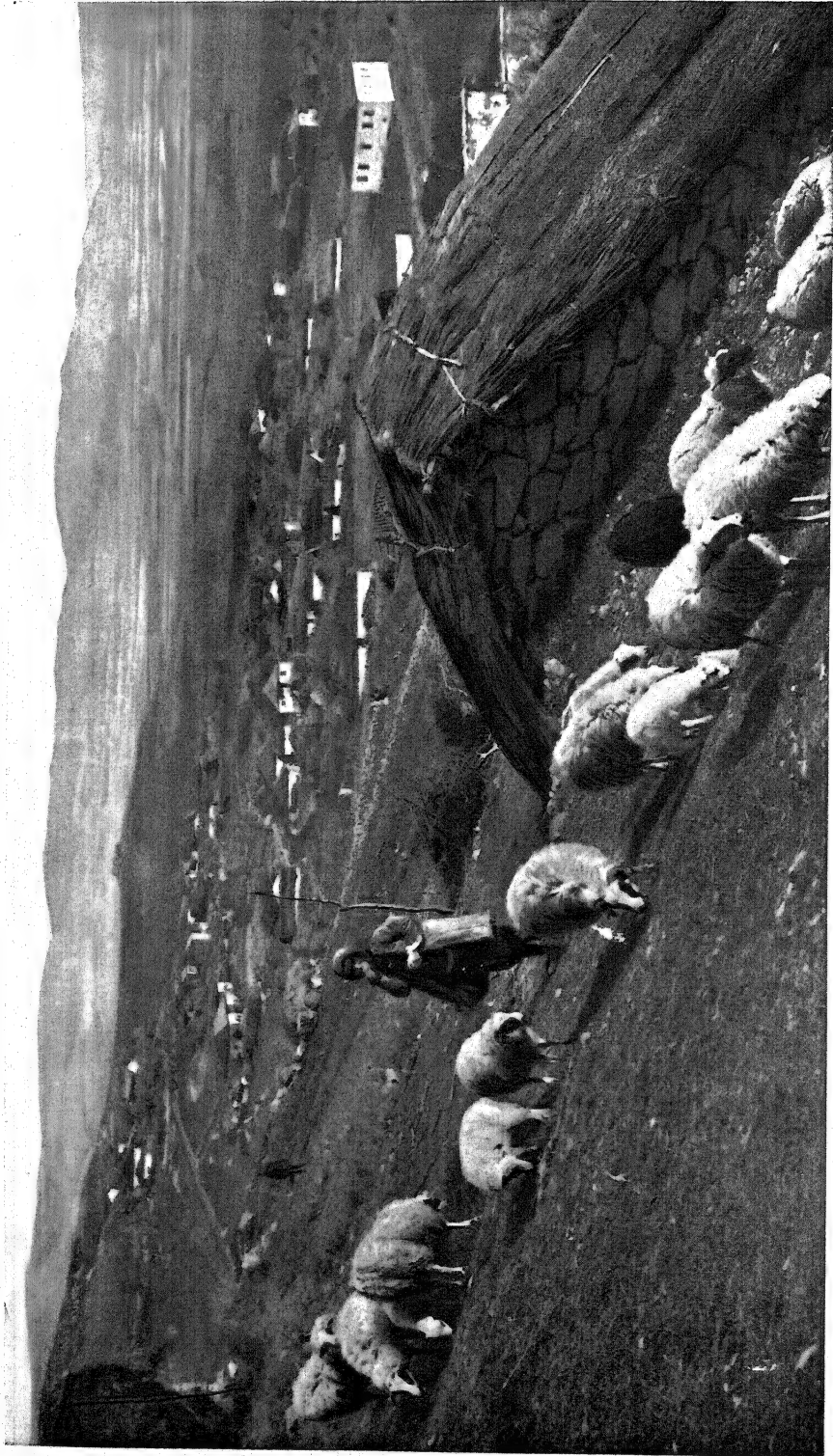
FLOCKS THAT PASTURE ON THE WIDE PRAIRIES OF TEXAS

Here we see a mounted shepherd of Texas, the largest state in the United States of America, watering his horse and his flock at the shallow streams that trickle over the stony bed of what is, at certain seasons, a wide river. Sheep bred in Texas yield about nine and a half million pounds of wool in a year.

McLeish

WHITE SHEEP AND BLACK GOATS MINGLE IN THE FLOCK OF A SHEPHERD OF THE HOLY LAND

The valley of the Kidron, now called the Wady Sitti Maryam, lies between Jerusalem and the Mount of Olives, and was in biblical times the refuse dump of the city. Now some parts of it are rich cornland, and others give pasturage to combined herds of sheep and goats. There seems little enough herbage in this stony valley, but both sheep and goats are hardy and will thrive in districts where a cow could not live. This shepherd has made himself a tent of goat-skins, and has built a rough wall to keep his flocks from straying.

A SHEPHERD OF PALESTINE LEADING HIS FLOCK PAST MINARET, DWELLING AND CRUMBLING WALL

Flocks of sheep and herds of goats have always been the chief wealth of the people of Palestine. Recently, however, more and more of the settled inhabitants have taken up agriculture, and so many, if not most, of the sheep are now owned by nomadic Beduin tribes, who wander with their flocks from pasture to pasture. This shepherd, dressed just as his forerunners were in the days of the Old Testament, turban on head and sandal on foot, leads his flock of horned, lop-eared sheep from the hills beyond Jordan to market on the coast.

SMALL FLOCKS THAT CROP THE GRASS ON A BULGARIAN HILL ARE PRIZED BY THEIR PEASANT OWNERS

Very few Bulgarians earn their living by tilling another man's land or tending another man's flocks. Even the poorest peasant has his own plot of ground, and pastures his own sheep or goats or pigs. This little flock is a great source of wealth and also of work to its peasant owner. Not only must a member of the household spend his or her time shepherding it on the upland pastures, but also, when the sheep have been sheared, the wool has to be spun and woven into the rough, warm cloth of which the countryfolk make their clothes.

Cutler

A SHEPHERD AND HIS LASS AMONG THE MOUNTAINS OF PORTUGAL

It is summer-time, so this youth is not wearing the conventional shepherd's coat of brown sheepskin, but is content with sheepskin leggings. Nor does he carry the usual huge, faded blue umbrella. He leads a nomadic life in the mountains of central Portugal, so he is not often able to chat with a friend. She, it seems, has been visiting an orange grove.

E. N. A.

SHEPHERD MUSICIAN OF THE CARPATHIANS

In the winter the Rumanian shepherd lives a settled life on the plains; in the summer he is a nomad among the mountains where the pasture is fresh. Clad in homespun and sheepskin, he enlivens his loneliness with music.

help laughing at them; but the shepherd, who can distinguish each member of his flock, knows that there is a sad time ahead when the babies will be taken to fresh pastures to begin life on their own, and for days and nights the poor ewes will be heard out on the hills crying for their children. Every farmstead is shadowed by such tragedies as this; but fortunately, mothers and babies both forget very quickly.

A shepherd has more to do than merely to watch his flocks and to see that they are fed and watered and put in the fold at night. In the early summer the sheep have to be dipped in a tank of disinfectant to rid their fleeces of insects and later they are usually washed, to improve their wool before they are shorn.

The place for washing is generally a clear stream. The sheep are pushed into the water one after the other, and must swim some distance before they are allowed to leave the stream. About a week after the washing the shearing takes place. This is done by men who travel from farm to farm, working either with modern machinery or with the old-fashioned shears, but in either case they are so expert at their job that the wool comes off in one piece.

Thus, year in and year out, the shepherd does his useful work. Poorly paid it is, though highly valuable to the community; and he could never do it so thoroughly nor so well without the help of his dog. The shepherd's dog is one of the most wonderfully trained animals in the world. Without frightening the sheep he can round up a flock as no man can, and can understand his master's slightest signal—a whispered word, or perhaps nothing more than a gesture.

In some places sheep-dog trials are held, and then each shepherd tries to prove his dog to be wiser than all the others. The owner of the champion dog is a very proud man indeed.

He is born to the work, whether he be collie or bobtail, or of no particular breed. In all lands he is the shepherd's inseparable companion, performing his duty with such intelligence and staunchness that, even as his master, he has come to be regarded as a symbol of patience, endurance, trustworthiness and self-sacrifice.

The Jewel of the Mediterranean

SICILY'S BEAUTY, ITS PEOPLE AND HISTORIC PLACES

When we look at a map of Italy, which is so very like a booted foot with a rather high heel, we see, close to the toe, a triangular object which the foot seems about to kick! This is the lovely island of Sicily, for many centuries in the distant past a scene of conflict between East and West. Many races have struggled for possession of the land. Phoenicians, Carthaginians, Greeks, Romans, Vandals, Saracens, Normans, Germans, French, Italians and Spaniards have either had settlements here, or have in turn ruled the island. The ancient ruins and old buildings with which it is strewn tell its stirring history. Now a province of the Kingdom of Italy, Sicily was formerly notorious for its brigands and for a secret society known as the Mafia; but a firm government has made these things of the past, and peace seems to have settled at last upon this sunny land of olive orchards and orange groves.

AS we approach Sicily, our steamer ploughing its way through the blue waters of the Mediterranean, the warm rays of the sun gradually dispel the grey haze which always envelops land seen from a distance out at sea. On coming nearer every feature of the land assumes a different colour.

A rose hue grows out of the purple shadows of the hills; deep violet shades fill the valleys, and the vivid green of grass, with the darker shades of the olive groves, complete the brilliant setting of this jewel of the Mediterranean. Reading of Sicily, we have pictured quaint old houses, bright costumes and brigands. Our first glimpse does not dispel these dreams. It promises an even more glorious picture.

This Italian island is the largest and most populous of any in the Mediterranean. The present population is almost four millions, occupying an area about one-third that of Scotland.

Groves of Olive and Orange Trees

In shape, Sicily is a rough triangle, separated from the southern extremity of Italy by the narrow Strait of Messina, which is about two miles wide. For the most part the island takes the formation of a large plateau, averaging about one thousand feet above sea-level. Through the northern half there runs a chain of mountains which is regarded as a continuation of the Appenines of Italy.

The slopes of the lower hills are very fertile, and in nearly every part of the island they are covered with groves of olive and orange trees. Wheat fields stretch over the plateau wherever the ground is sufficiently level.

Sicily's "Fire Mountain"

The mountains are of volcanic origin. Etna, the largest, rising to a height of 10,755 feet from the vast plain of Catania, with its lowest slopes densely populated and clothed with olive groves and vineyards, is believed to be more ancient than Vesuvius. Higher up, its sides are densely wooded, with some oak and beech trees and with thick belts of chestnuts, which in turn give way to alpine vegetation. In winter the peak is covered with snow, which only melts for a few weeks at the latter end of the summer. Although the volcano is temporarily quiescent, it has caused great havoc over a long period of years, eruptions occurring with alarming frequency. The last great upheaval was in 1910.

In the north of the island none of the rivers is large, but there are fairly good harbours. Not one of the Sicilian waterways is navigable for more than a short distance. The chief streams are the Salso Platani and Simeto.

The people of Sicily have suffered greatly from winter floods and from summer droughts. The only rainfall occurs during the winter months, and the short streams, overflowing their banks, cause great havoc in the forests. Then in summer the rivers shrink very rapidly,

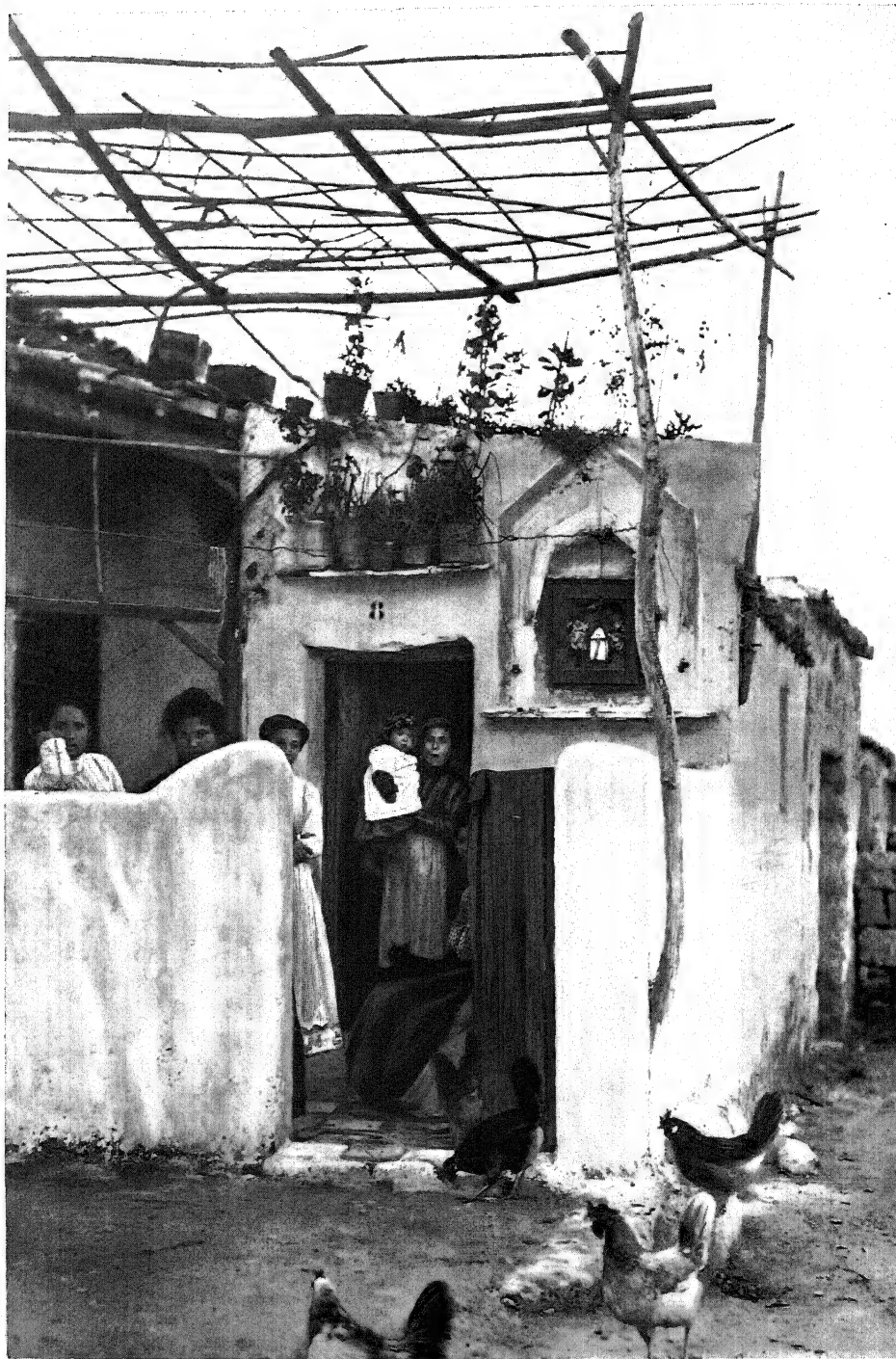
Cutler

EVENING TIME IN TAORMINA, A LITTLE TOWN PERCHED ON A HILLSIDE ABOVE THE BLUE IONIAN SEA

In the low-lying parts of Sicily there is danger of malaria, and lonely houses may be robbed by brigands, so most of the peasants dwell in little mountain towns. The men often have to journey far to the place where they work, but they usually ride there and back on a fine large donkey, which often shares a poor tumble-down house with its master and all his family. Sicilian peasant women do not wear hats but tie a kerchief, often beautifully coloured, over their heads. Little girls wear very long frocks almost as soon as they can walk.

Cutler

YOUTH AND AGE GOING HAND IN HAND AT FORZA D'AGRO

High on a mountain above the Capo St. Alessio is the little village of Forza d'Agro where dwells this work-worn old peasant and his grandson. Like most poor Sicilians, they are clad in rags and patches on working days ; it does not matter if the patches do not match the garment, for the strong sun soon fades the brightest colours.

Cutler

FRESHLY WHITEWASHED WALLS OF A SICILIAN PEASANT HOME

This is a different type of house from that shown in page 1508, but, though better tended, it does not look much more comfortable, for it is small and the rooms are low and dark. The little shrine in the wall, illuminated at night by the lamp hanging before it, is typically Sicilian. Similar ones are found in almost every street.

Cutler

A REST BY THE WAYSIDE: HOW LEMONS ARE BROUGHT TO MARKET

Near Palermo, the capital of Sicily, is the wonderfully fertile valley called the Conca d'Oro, or Shell of Gold, where fruit of all kinds, especially lemons, is grown in abundance. The fruit is brought to the high road, along which it is carried to the city, in crates roped to the backs of mules, for the tracks are so steep and rough that no vehicle can use them.

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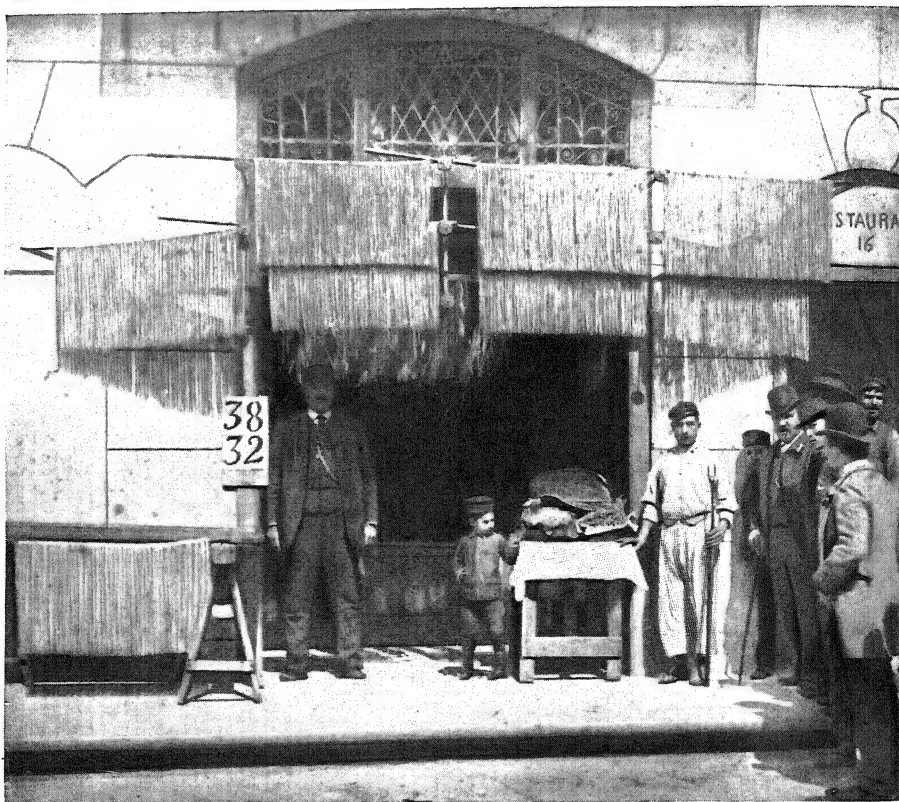

PRODUCT OF A PALERMO FACTORY DRYING IN THE STREET

This is not a shop shaded by sunblinds; it is a factory in Palermo for making the staple food of Sicily—macaroni. This is made of a paste of wheat, flour and water forced through perforated presses. Then it is hung out in the street to dry as we see here; when hard it will be broken up, put into boxes and sold.

in many cases drying up altogether, so that the drought continues the work of destruction.

The plains soon become parched and take on an arid, desert-like appearance. Added to these natural causes of misfortune are the people's ignorance and indolence. Little planting of trees, or reafforestation, is ever attempted so that Sicily has lost much of the fine, wooded country for which it was once so famous.

The climate, generally, is very equable and pleasant, although in winter many of the mountain towns are swept by bitterly cold winds. Except for occasional high temperatures, which are caused by a hot, dust-laden wind, called the Sirocco, blowing over the Mediterranean Sea from Africa, the island is blessed with a moderately warm, sunny climate for the greater part of the year.

The soil is wonderfully fertile. Wherever we go we find the vegetation very luxuriant. In the south-west are beautiful dwarf palms growing profusely; further inland, dates, Indian figs and prickly pears flourish. Lemons and oranges, pomegranates, mulberries and grapes are cultivated and grow well in beautiful groves or vineyards, which everywhere lend colour to the scenery.

On the plains wheat is the main crop, Sicily raising one-seventh of all the wheat grown in the kingdom of Italy of which it forms a part. Barley, though not so largely grown, is cultivated easily. Large quantities of fruit are exported to Italy from the island every year.

If, after surveying the general outlines of the island, our ship brings us into harbour at Palermo, and we wander about the ancient town, we shall soon

become possessed of a great curiosity. Beautiful old buildings raise their turrets and roofs almost directly out of smelly, dingy streets. Even in these dark and noisome passages and in dirty, almost forgotten squares, we shall come upon memories of greater days, of ancient grandeur and of beauty.

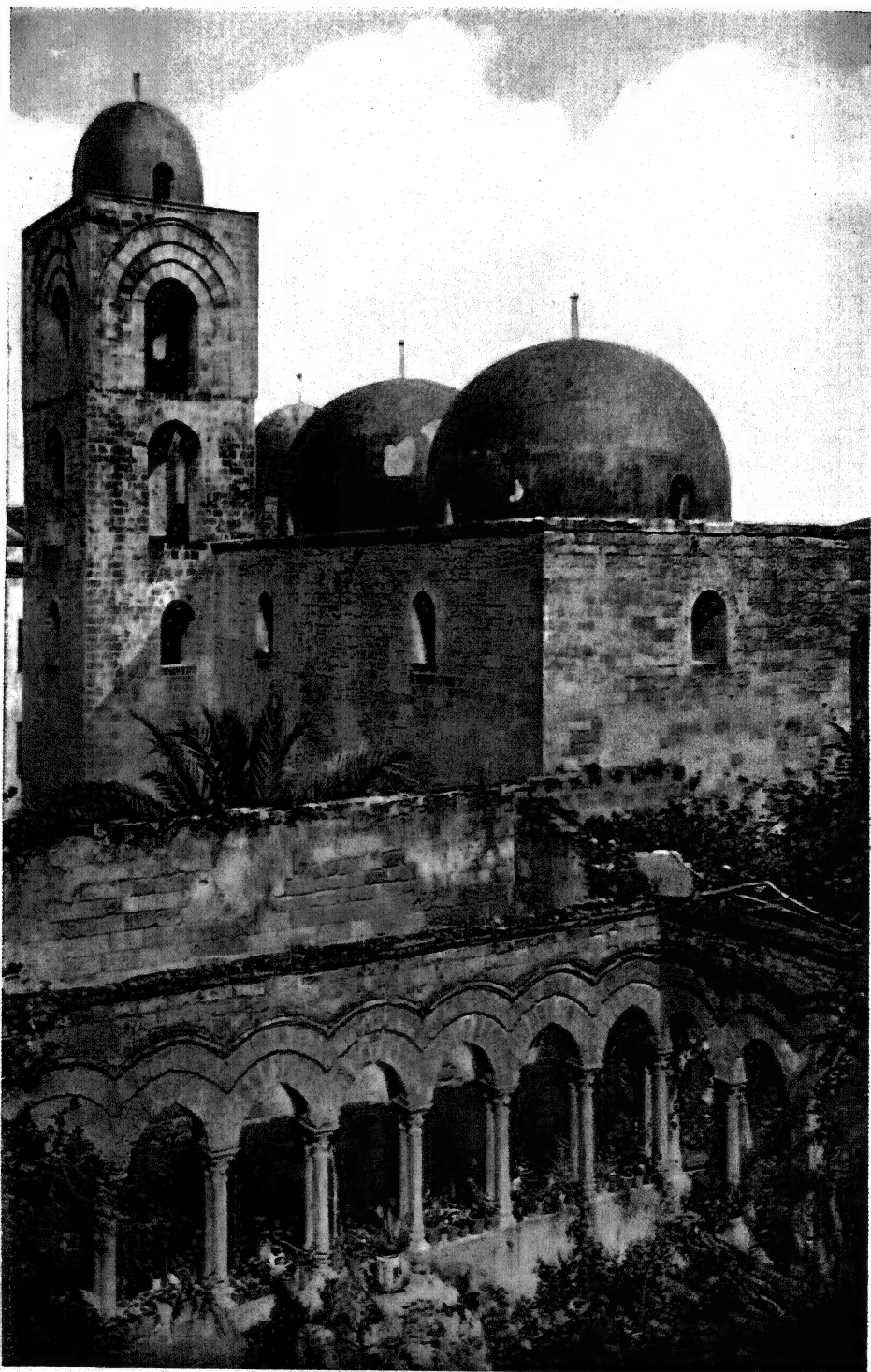
Here and there a fine arched gateway remains standing in good repair, more beautiful, perhaps, through the mellowing influence of the years. An old doorway or a coloured window demands our inspection. The secret of Sicily's appeal lies in these glimpses of bygone days, carrying with them all the charm of ancient legends. The men and women in the streets, though generally clad in some sort of European dress, somehow retain the glamour of their history. The dirty, long-legged beggars, who are descended from countless generations of their calling, drive us away with their piteous, whining pleas for alms, and we wander off to dream of Sicily's history.

As far as it is possible for historians to discover, the first inhabitants of Sicily were a race of people called the Sicani. Then, about a thousand years before the birth of Christ, the Phoenicians began to colonize the island, and they found the eastern portion of the island inhabited by the Siceli. In the north-eastern corner were other settlers, who came about this time. They were a race called the Elymi, who possessed some culture and were the first to bring civilization among the people.

Then came wandering parties of Greek settlers, who formed extensive colonies on the east and south coasts and founded the real progressive civilization of Sicily. At first they remained separated from the Siceli, carrying on their own occupations

E. N. A.

ETNA SEEN THROUGH THE BLOSSOMING ALMONDS NEAR TAORMINA

The ancient little town of Taormina has ruins of a Greco-Roman theatre, shown in page 1184, and of a medieval castle, and it boasts a stirring history of battle, siege and capture that began as far back as 396 B.C. It is now very lovely and very peaceful and affords many such views as this, of snowy Etna and the blue Ionian Sea.

WITH FIVE RED DOMES, San Giovanni degli Eremiti at Palermo looks more like a Saracenic mosque than a Christian church. It was built by the Normans in 1132.

ANCIENT GREEK TEMPLES of golden stone are found at Girgenti, once "the most beautiful city of mortals." This fragment is called the Temple of Castor and Pollux.

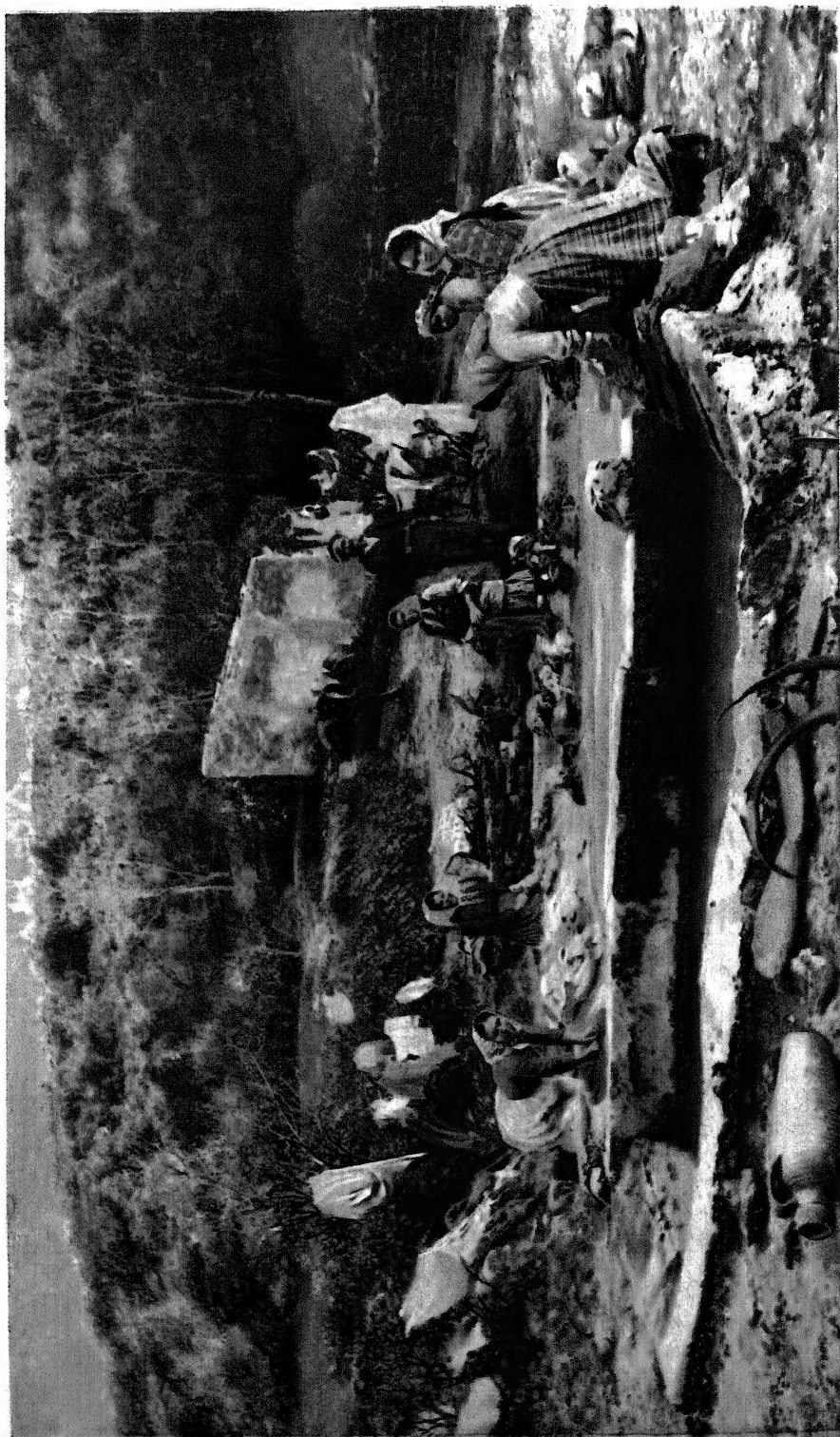
Cutler

OLD FOLK OF SICILY WHO AT LAST CAN LIVE A LIFE OF REST AND COMPARATIVE EASE

No longer able to work in the wheatfields, the vineyards or the orange groves, and unwilling to become a burden to their sons and their sons' sons, these old Sicilian folk spend their old age peacefully in a hospice for the aged poor in a little mountain town. Two of the women have over their heads kerchiefs coloured yellow with a dye obtained from the beautiful, mauve saffron, or autumn crocus—a dye that has been popular in Sicily since the earliest times. Baggy stocking-caps, like those worn by two of the men, are often seen.

Cutler

WHEREVER A FOREIGNER GOES IN SICILY HE IS SURE OF AN INTERESTED AUDIENCE OF BOYS

The peasants of Sicily are very poor and have to work very hard to earn their bread, but poverty does not seem able to depress the spirits of this merry octet. They live in a mountain village, out of reach of the malaria that, in summer and early autumn, is the scourge of the low-lying districts, and so they are blessed with good health as well as happiness. For a halfpenny any one of these boys would act as our guide, and lead us to any place in the district. Most of them, though they are but street urchins, can speak Italian as well as Sicilian.

E. N. A.

ON WASHING-DAYS the women of Sicily do not scrub and rub in hot, steam-filled laundries, nor do they use modern, labour-saving washing-machines. They carry all their linen to a stream or spring, aqueduct or an open-air tank outside the village, and there kneel and pommel and rub the clothes in the cool water until they are clean. Then the washing is hung up over near-by bushes and trees and is dry in next to no time, so strong is the sun. As all the women of the village use the same wash-tub, washing-day is also gossip-day.

THE PRICKLY PEAR, a species of cactus introduced from the West Indies, is greatly valued by the people of Sicily for its edible fruit, which, when well wrapped in paper, lasts over the winter. Shops that sell prickly pears usually sell also little iron tweezers, for the fruit, as well as the queer, flattened stalks on which they grow, are covered with sharp spines that make very sore places if allowed to work into the flesh. This great cactus hedge is at Girgenti, on the south-west coast. Over it we see the little church of San Nicola.

E. N. A.

MESSINA IN SICILY IS ONLY TWO MILES FROM ITALY'S TOE

The city and port of Messina was founded about 730 B.C. on the site of a still older town, but it has been entirely rebuilt many times, so severely and frequently has it suffered from war and earthquakes. In 1908 a dreadful earthquake utterly destroyed it. This is the new town that has risen from the ruins.

and building after their own style. Many relics of their work in the form of temples and monuments still stand. They were known as the Sikeliots. After some years they gradually intermarried and became one with their Siceli predecessors.

The history of Sicily from that time until quite recent years has been one of intense disturbance. In those early times it was over-run by the Phoenicians and the Carthaginians, and later still became the cause of wars between Rome and Carthage. In the year 246 B.C. Sicily was under Carthage, and remained so up to 210 B.C., when it became a Roman province. Under Roman rule it was undisturbed until an invasion by the Franks, in A.D. 278; then came the Goths.

Rome conquered the island again in 535, but in the ninth century it fell into the hands of the Saracens. For nearly a hundred years Mahomedan rule was in force. Then, in 1061, came the Normans, as plunderers at first but afterwards as conquerors. Under Robert Guiscard and his brother Roger they over-ran the island; but the conquest was not finally completed until 1090. Robert Guiscard became Duke of Apulia and Calabria and made his brother Count of Sicily. Under Roger's son the dukedom and county became united, and this Roger II. became the first king of Sicily.

Some time later, Sicily, at first ruled by the son and two grandsons of King Roger, passed into the hands of the Holy Roman Empire. The Pope, Urban IV., a Frenchman, objecting to the rule of Manfred, son of the Emperor Frederick II., endeavoured to destroy his title to the island, and in 1264 gave the ruling of Sicily to the French Count of Anjou.

This period was one of the darkest in Sicily's disturbed history. The Count of Anjou imposed every form of tyranny and taxation upon the people until, in the year 1282, unable to bear further with his oppression, they massacred almost every man, woman and child of the French population. The massacre took place on

the evening of March 30, the signal for its commencement being the first peal of the vesper bell. So we have the term of Sicilian Vespers, with its mysterious suggestion of some evil portent.

The result of the overthrow of the Angevin power was that Sicily passed into the hands of the House of Aragon and eventually became an independent kingdom. Subsequently the island belonged in turn to Spain, Austria and France until the coming of Garibaldi to the island in 1860. He defeated the king, Francis II., and treated the people with great discretion and justice, so that in a short time they and the Neapolitans, with whom they had been linked for centuries, by common vote attached themselves to the kingdom of Italy.

The most important mineral of the country is sulphur, and after it come common salt and rock salt. But a great deal of the work thus provided is exploited by foreign firms, and we can best study the Sicilian people at the smaller industries. Of late years especially, many Sicilians have started small businesses, employing even fewer than eight or ten hands. Among these businesses are those of preserving vegetables (especially tomatoes), tanning, furniture-making and the manufacture of gloves and matches. At Marsala there are old-established wine presses, and many Sicilians find employment in deep sea-fishing, even plying their trade as far away as the north coast of Africa.

As we wander among the houses of the petty craftsmen we cannot fail to notice how filthy are the conditions of the lower class of the people. They work from sunrise to sunset, yet they remain cheerful and good-humoured. They are independent and steady in their habits, but in their hot southern blood there is always the background for intensity of feeling and cruel vindictiveness.

The Sicilian in appearance is not unhandsome, with olive-tinted skin and

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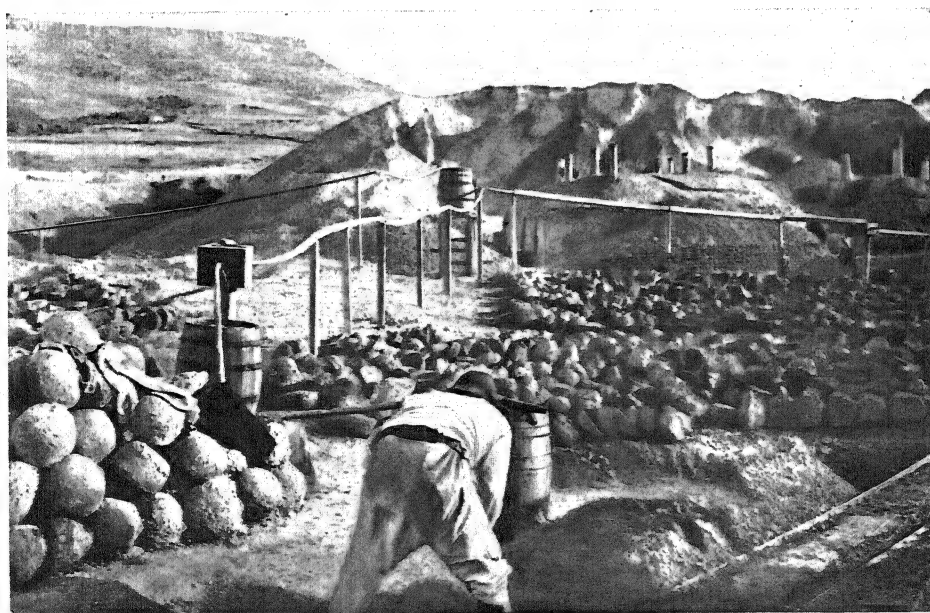
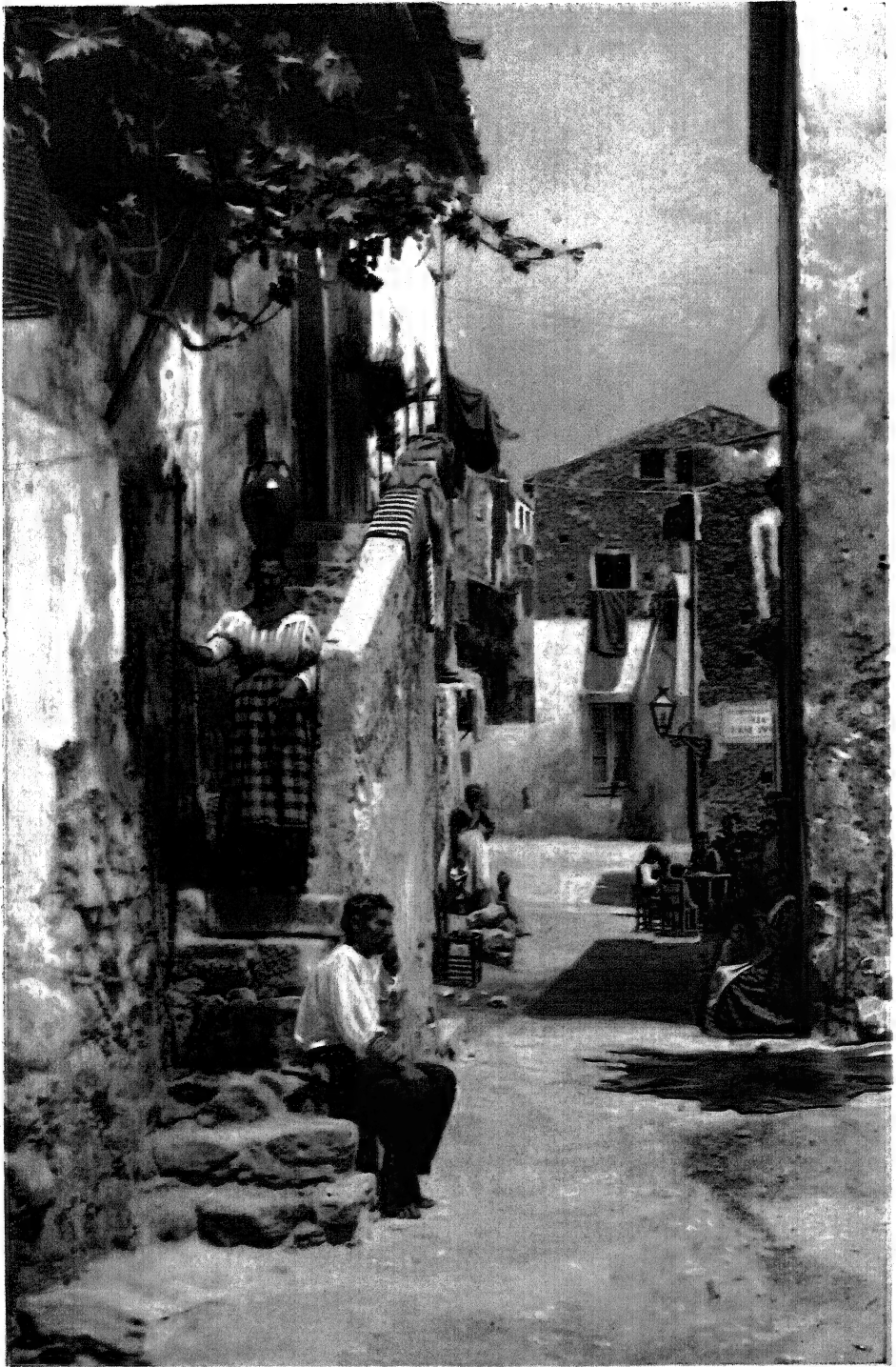
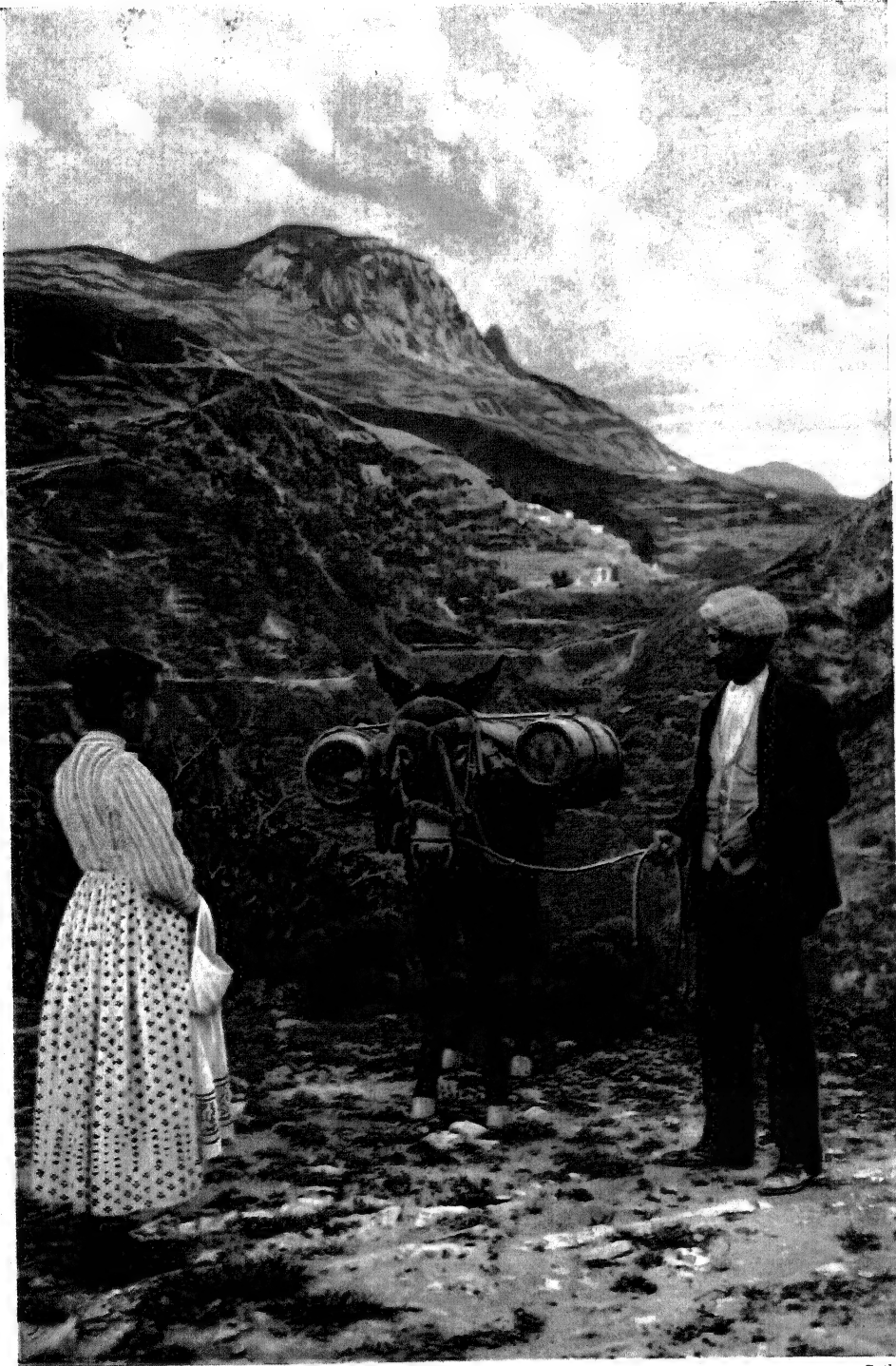
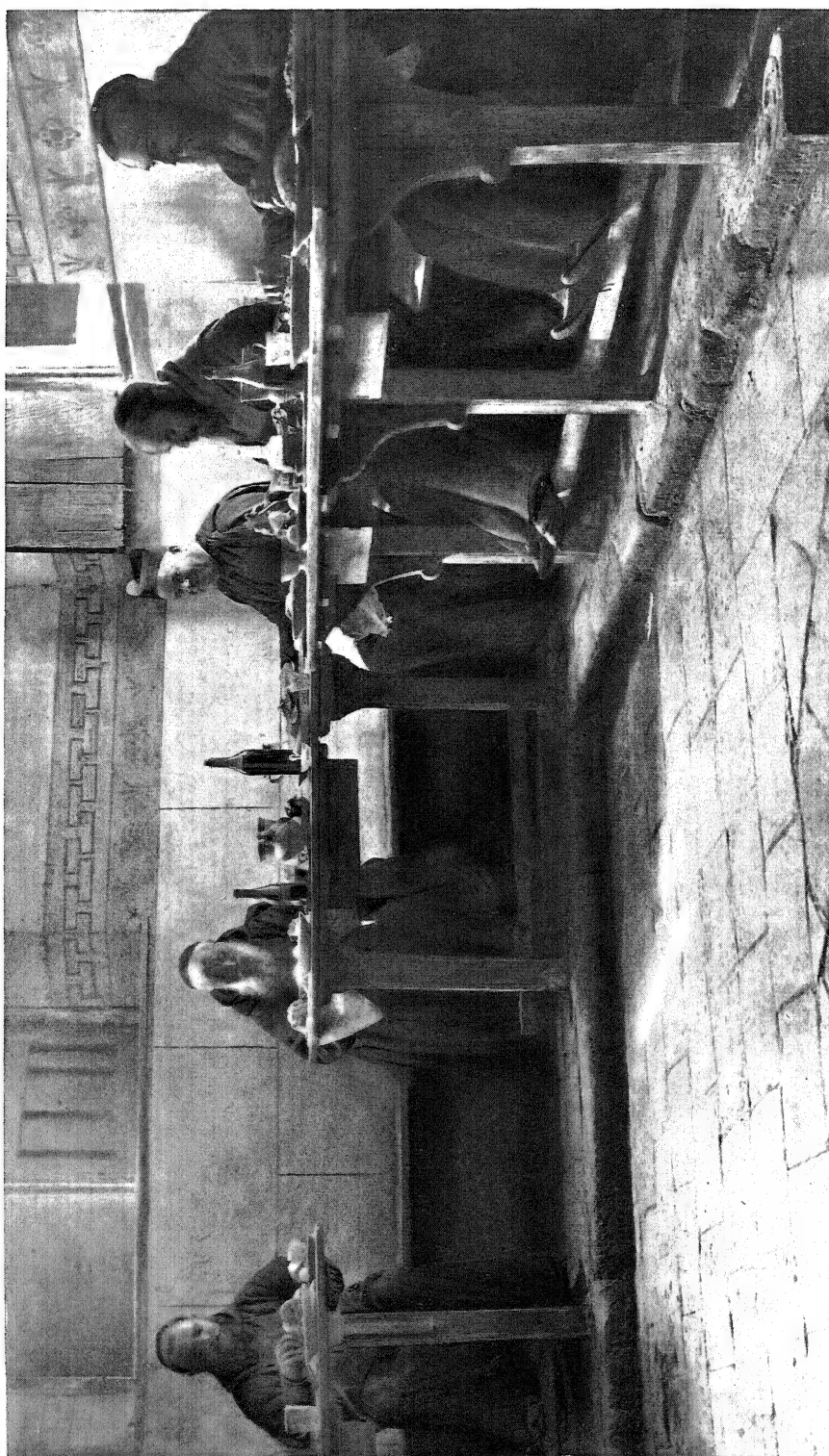

DUMP FOR THE SULPHUR BROUGHT FROM THE BOWELS OF THE EARTH

Sulphur, a product of volcanic action, is Sicily's chief mineral and is extensively worked, though by the most barbarously primitive methods, the sulphur miners enduring dreadful hardships. In the interior are wide areas of utter desolation—yellow with the refuse from the mines. Over them hang and linger the nauseating fumes of burning sulphur.

E. N. A.

IN TAORMINA, which is one of the most lovely towns in Sicily, a woman going to the spring for water carries her pitcher upon her head; in other districts she carries it on her shoulder or her hip. Here in a narrow byway we have a glimpse of whitewashed walls shaded by vines and of brightly-clad, loitering peasant-folk.

Cutler

THE WATER CARRIER, a keg of the precious fluid strapped on each side of his mule's back, is a welcome sight in central Sicily during the summer, for very little rain falls then and many of the streams dry up, becoming nothing but stony channels. A little later in the summer all these green mountain slopes will be scorched brown by the sun.

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AT THE MID-DAY MEAL OF FRUIT AND WINE IN THE REFECTORY OF AN OLD SICILIAN MONASTERY

Sicily is a Roman Catholic country and is proud of its many beautiful monasteries, which are rarely, however, used for their original purpose, the buildings being deserted or occupied as a hotel, a school or an agricultural college. One of the most famous is at Monreale, near Palermo. The Benedictine monastery of San Nicola was originally founded high up Mount Etna. Later, however, a great annexe was built at Catania, and gradually the old building was abandoned and fell into ruins. At one time it was the haunt of a famous brigand chief.

dark hair, and his features, influenced by the ancient infusion of Grecian blood, are delicately moulded. He has his fine qualities yet it is difficult for us, with our own set code, to find him altogether lovable. He is terribly cruel to the animals that work for him, treating them as though they have no feelings at all.

Unfortunately his natural cunning and vindictiveness are great incentives to crime. Brigands, until very recent times, were the terror of the more peaceful people, and the Mafia, a great secret society of revenge that was formed among certain sections of the populace, is not yet quite extinct.

Homes Shared with Pigs and Poultry

After wandering about the lower quarters of the towns in search of the true people of the island, we will leave the houses and small merchants and set off into the interior. There are no rich country gentlemen in Sicily. The most prosperous people, few in number, always prefer living in the big towns. Everywhere we shall find small farms, except in the plains where are large fields of wheat. Owing to the droughts of summer, it is only possible to grow good crops by using alternate patches of the land, allowing each piece to lie idle, except for grazing, for one or two years, so that it may regain some of its nature and strength. So poor does the land become after the summer spells of heat that a single animal requires several acres for a pasture.

On the small farms we shall be surprised to find no evidence of the farmer's outbuildings, nor any sign of a dwelling house. The farmers prefer to live in the nearest villages and their labourers have to resort to the same practice, walking several miles each day to and from their work. In the villages and towns a family often lives in a single room, sharing the space with pigs and poultry.

The smoke from the fire passes out through a hole in the roof, and rain and wind enter through this crude chimney, making the conditions doubly wretched. Dust, dirt and soot fill every nook and cranny and cover every article of furniture in the place. Strips of matting cover the bed, serving as its only protection. The only dressing-room these labourers have is the road or a parched plot in front of their homes.

Only Old Cattle Go to the Butcher

For food the Sicilian depends more upon vegetables than meat. Oxen and cows are only bred for ploughing and carting, and go to the butcher when they become too old for work in the fields, and when they are also exceedingly tough. Butter is unknown except to the people in the towns, and even then only to the rich.

The chief items of the peasant's diet are black bread—the staple food of the country—macaroni, beans, herbs and onions, a light wine and a very bitter, hard cheese which the farmers make from goat's milk. The fruit crops, except prickly pears, are rarely eaten by the common people. They are closely guarded and are exported in large quantities to Italy and elsewhere.

Among the Sicilians there is a great love of poetry, as we might expect from a people whose lives and country are so full of colour. Their language is not unlike that of the Neapolitans, rather soft and not unpleasant in tone, a fact which increases the charm of their folk-songs.

A Most Colourful Land

Over the distant peaks of the mountains the rose hue of day is fading, the purple gradually darkening in the valleys. We can still see bright colours, the yellow from the lemon groves, the greens and the many other tints of all the hill slopes and of the olive groves and mulberry trees.

Perhaps, as we gaze over the nodding ears of wheat, we can catch a glimpse of the blue waters of the Mediterranean Sea. Everywhere there is colour. As we walk back to the town and make our way to the quayside, we cannot help thinking that this island of Sicily, unprogressive as it may be in many ways, squalid and dirty as are many of its people, is yet very truly the jewel of the Mediterranean.

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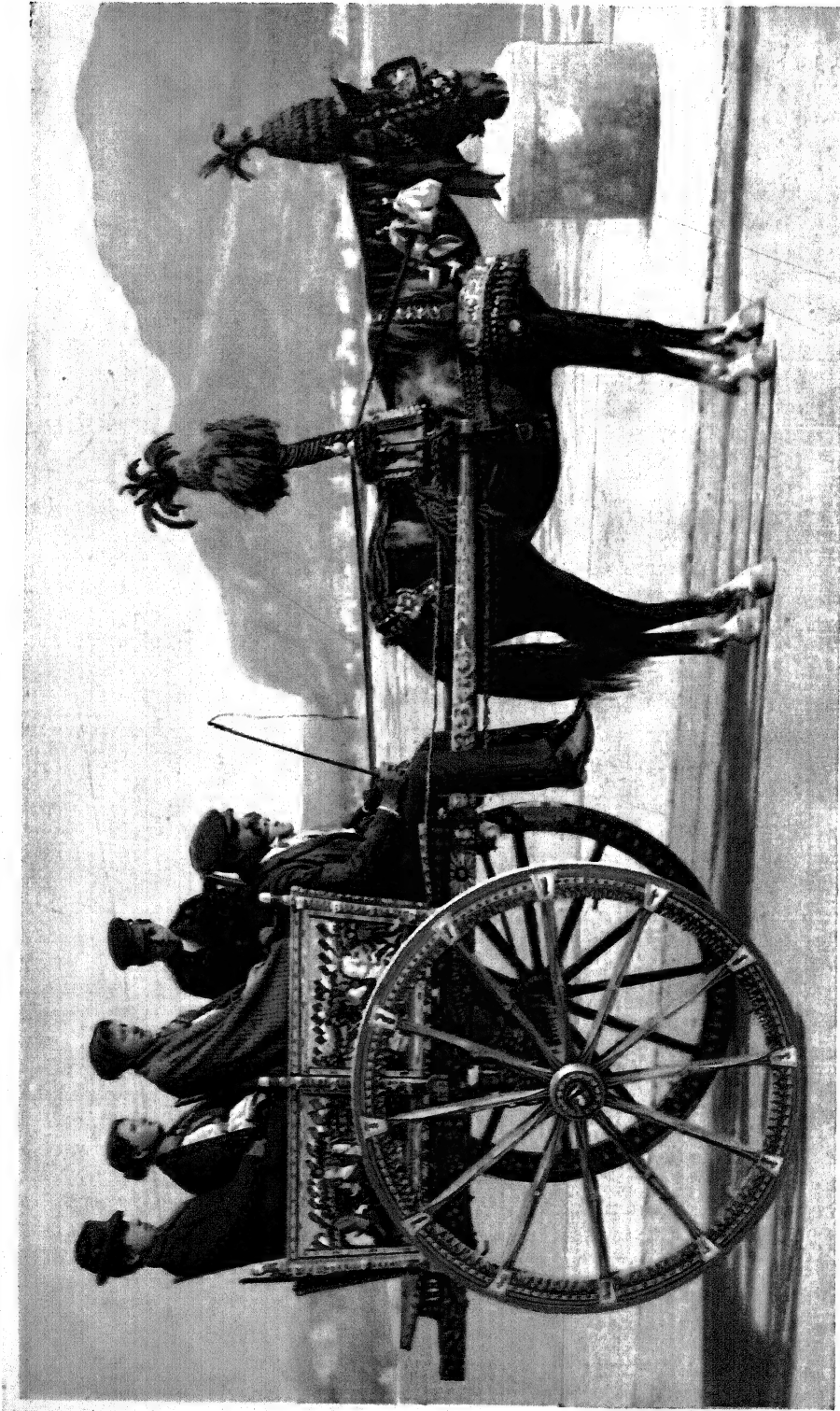
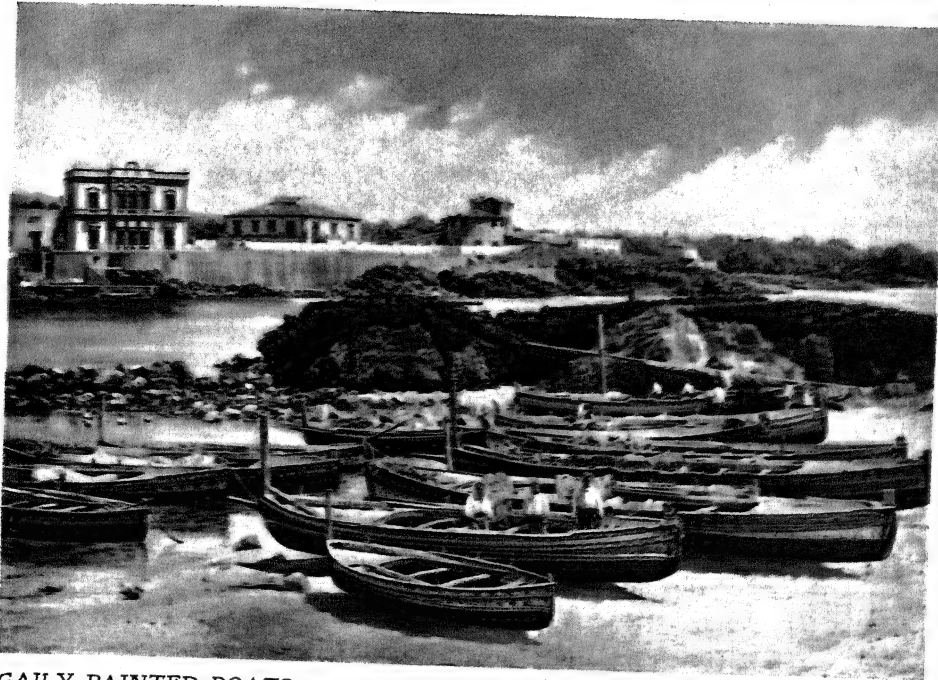
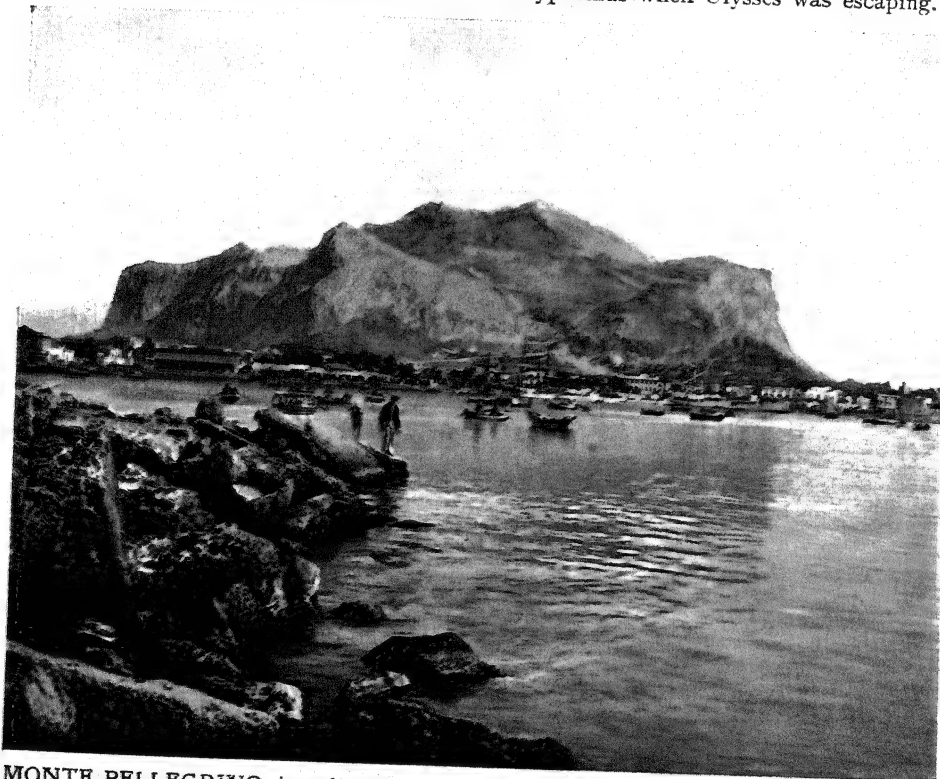

A SICILIAN CART is, in its way, quite a work of art. Every part of it—sides, wheels, shafts and hubs—is painted in the brightest colours. This one, which stands on the quayside at Palermo, has elaborate scenes from history upon its sides, and the horse, driven without a bit, is ornamented with ribbons and brass and tall plumes. Sicily is naturally a country rich in colour, and its inhabitants like everything they make to be highly coloured, too. Even their fishing boats, as we see in page 1527, have designs painted on their gunwales.

GAILY PAINTED BOATS are drawn up on the beach at Aci Castello, a little town not far from Catania. Near here seven rocks rise out of the blue sea. These are said to have been hurled there by the blinded Polyphemus when Ulysses was escaping.

MONTE PELLEGRINO rises sheer from the sea to the north of Palermo's lovely harbour. Its steep sides, once covered with bushes, are not so bare as they look, for they provide pasture for many sheep. Half way up is the Grotto of S. Rosalia, Palermo's patron saint.

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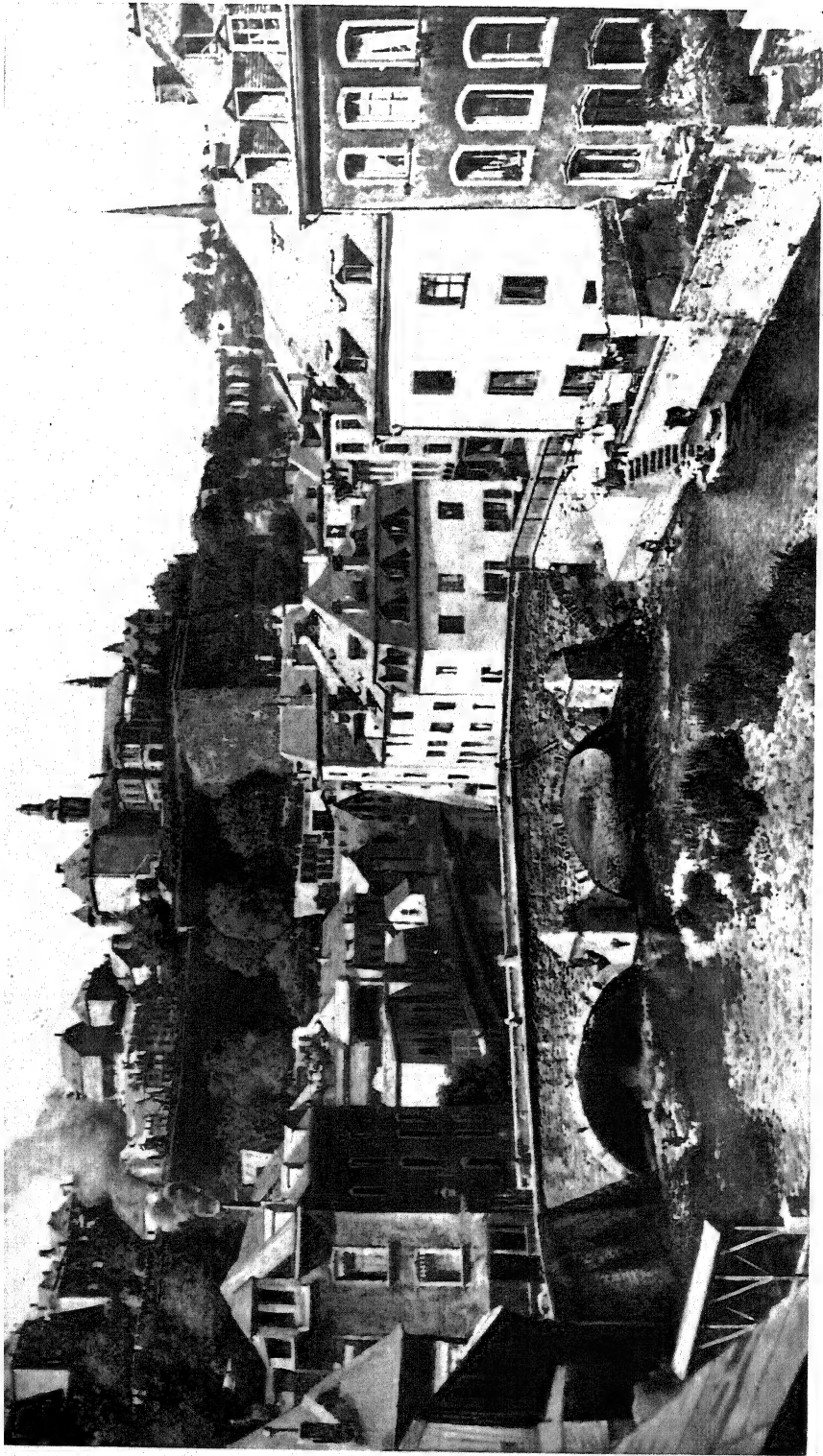

ALZETTE RIVER FLOWING THROUGH THE SUBURB OF GRUND AT THE FOOT OF THE TOWN OF LUXEMBURG

Luxemburg is the only town of any great size in the little grand duchy of that name, and it occupies an imposing position above the Alzette. The city was once considered to be one of the strongest fortresses in Europe, but the fortifications were dismantled in 1867, and the fine old ramparts now serve as pleasant boulevards. From the cliff above the Alzette formerly peered the mouths of many cannons, which now have disappeared. Grund is a busy little town, with its factories and iron and steel works, and is one of Luxemburg's industrial suburbs.

The Toy States of Europe

TINY COUNTRIES AND THEIR SELF-RELIANT PEOPLE

The latest independent state in the British Commonwealth of Nations is the Irish Free State, and its territory as shown on an up-to-date map of Europe looks small indeed compared, let us say, with that of France or Germany. Yet there are several European states that are smaller still! Andorra, Danzig, Liechtenstein, Luxemburg, Monaco and San Marino are mere specks on the map, and it is wonderful to think of how they have managed to avoid being absorbed by their gigantic neighbours. International politics provide the chief reason for their escape, but the fierce independent spirit of their peoples has also done much to keep them intact. In this chapter we shall read about the way the people live in these small states, some of which have been practically untouched by modern civilization.

IN thinking of Europe our thoughts naturally turn to the Great Powers, such as France, Germany and Russia, whose territories practically cover the continent. We forget that among these mighty nations there are the baby states of Europe still existing as semi-independent lands, with curious customs of their own, and in some of which the people live much as they did in medieval days.

Perhaps the most interesting of these is Monaco, which, owing to its situation on the Mediterranean, has become the most popular pleasure resort on the French Riviera. Monte Carlo, although not the capital of this tiny state, is the town that attracts most attention, and it is certainly one of the most beautifully situated and fascinating places on the shores of the Mediterranean.

Tiny Land of Excitement and Tragedy

Monaco has an area of just about eight square miles, and has an average width of six hundred and fifty yards, so that we might in three strokes send a golf ball right across the state. Its population is approximately 23,000. Within its limits it manages to compress more excitement and tragedy than probably any other place in the world, and we may see a curious mixture of wealth and squalor in this land of cards, dancing-saloons and brilliant concert halls. There are no special industries in Monaco, but the one great source of revenue is the Casino, where fortunes are lost and won.

Monaco has its own coinage and postage stamps, its inhabitants are practically free from every form of taxation, and the ruling Prince and his council direct the fortunes of the state. The army consists of 105 men, and during the Great War Monaco took the part of the Allies by declaring war on Germany.

Princely Patron of Science

The late Prince Albert of Monaco, who died in 1922, was not the kind of man that we might expect to find as the ruler of such an extraordinary land. He was intensely interested in all that pertains to the sea and the fishes and vegetation in it, and in his yacht he frequently made expeditions in the interests of scientific research and oceanography. His museum is the finest of its kind in the world, and we owe a great deal in this direction to the late ruler of Monaco.

If we travel to Austria through Switzerland we come across another of the independent principalities of Europe —Liechtenstein—which is separated from Switzerland, on the west, by the Rhine, and from Austria, on the east, by the Austrian mountains of Vorarlberg. It is larger than Monaco, being about sixty-five square miles in area, but it lacks the outstanding features of the Rivieran state, and its population is only some 11,000.

It has one claim to distinction in that its inhabitants are exempt from military service, and they pursue the life their forefathers led centuries before them, their occupations being mainly agriculture and the cultivation of the vine. The people of Liechtenstein are happy and contented, and, so far from welcoming the advent of

Jamieson

CAPTAINS REGENT OF SAN MARINO

Two Captains Regent, aided by a Council of sixty members, rule the republic of San Marino. They wear quaint, medieval uniforms and are selected from the Grand Council twice a year. The republic is independent.

modern improvements and all that comes with advanced civilization, they show a desire to continue the life they have known from time immemorial, without reference to the great and warlike countries that enclose them.

The system of government is of a democratic nature, and is presided over by the Prince of Liechtenstein, whose family is one of the most ancient in Europe. To assist him in the ruling of his country, he has a legislative assembly of fifteen members, twelve of them being elected by the people and three by himself.

Until the war between Austria and Germany in 1866, when the Austrians were so completely defeated, Liechtenstein formed part of the great German confederation of states, but in the full Council of the Diet it maintained its practical independence by holding a separate vote. When the Confederation was dissolved in 1866, Liechtenstein became isolated and independent of the world beyond its borders.

The capital of Liechtenstein is Vaduz, and high above the town, on a rocky and forest-clad hill, is the castle of the princes who have for centuries reigned over this little country, the last of the German-speaking lands to retain its monarchy. In 1926 the prince was Johann II., who was born in 1840, and who was revered by his subjects, being known among them as their " Land Father."

The castle is of great antiquity. It is said to have been built in the days of the Romans, and within its massive walls there is a wonderful collection of armour and weapons. It must not be supposed, however, that the state is warlike, for the army was disbanded nearly sixty years ago, and even then it consisted of less than one hundred men.

Liechtenstein is still somewhat medieval, although modern means of transport are gradually creeping in, and the little state now has upwards of a hundred motor-cars owned by its inhabitants, but in the villages beyond the capital ox-transport is mostly used. The tinkle of cow bells is heard everywhere, and the lumbering oxen draw the carts and the ploughs, being in this respect the mainstay of the life of the people.

Law and order are not difficult to maintain amongst this conservative people, and although in Vaduz the police force numbers but four men, that is sufficient to deal with such crimes as may occur.

McLeish

PORTA FRANCISCANA, THE MAIN GATE OF THE CITY OF SAN MARINO

San Marino, the capital of a tiny republic, stands on the summit of Mount Titano, and the main gate is so narrow that it barely permits the passage of an ox-cart. The gates were purposely made thus in the olden days when the inhabitants were fearful of invasion. The streets of the town are so narrow that no vehicles are allowed upon them.

Continuing our tour of the tiny states of Europe we come to San Marino, situated in Italy about a dozen miles from the shore of the Adriatic Sea, a miniature country with customs and a constitution which are present-day survivals of the Middle Ages. In the past it has also had direct connexion with many events in Italian history.

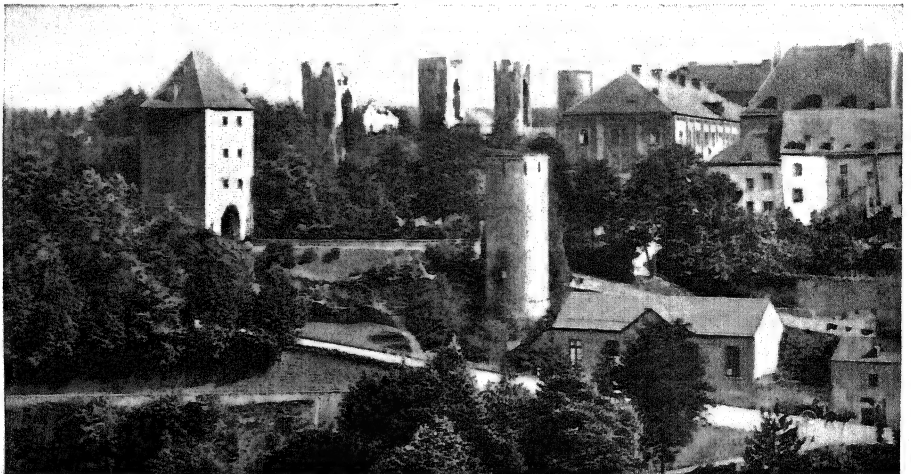
Its independence dates from the eighth century, and its legendary history takes us back to still earlier times. San Marino is only about thirty-eight square miles in area, and its heart is a rock which, on one side, forms the boundary of the state. At the foot of this rock is the Borgo, the commercial hub of the country. On the road we see many carts drawn by oxen, the latter being noted for size and strength. They are also the chief means of transport. Once a month a market is held in the Borgo, when all is bustle and activity. San Marino, the capital, is a remarkable place, for it is the centre of government and the stronghold of these quaint and hospitable people, and is perched on the top of Mount Titano, high above the Borgo.

The system of government is another example of democratic rule, the council of state being composed of equal numbers of nobles, men of the town and country people, a well-balanced arrangement that ensures a certain amount of regularity and order. In this council a son cannot be a member during the lifetime of his father, nor may more than one of any number of brothers.

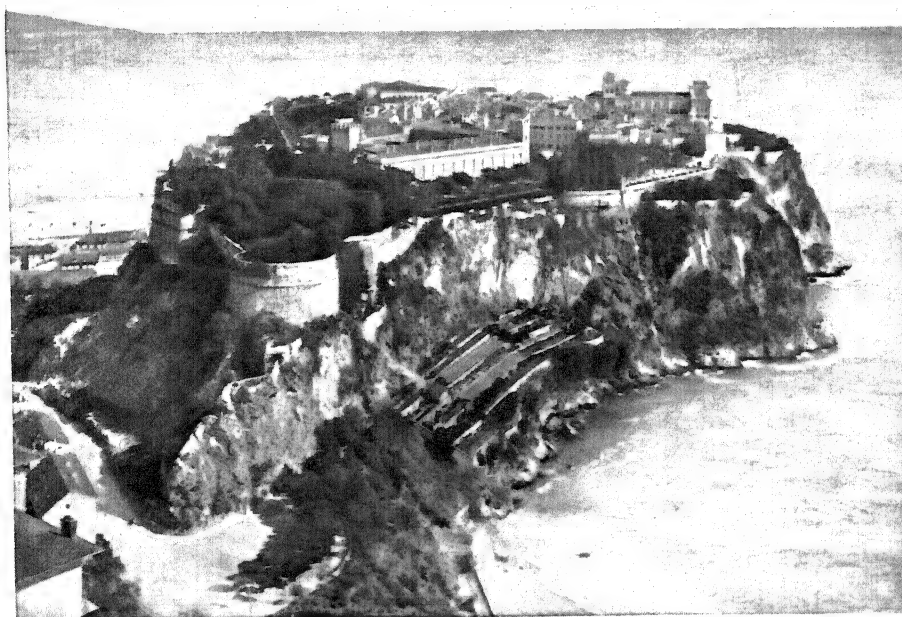
The people of San Marino cling to tradition in many curious beliefs; for example, on the first day of April one must be up by sunrise, otherwise there is risk of being hauled out in one's nightdress, placed upon a mule and paraded through the streets to the music of bells and jangling instruments, and to the jeers of the crowd, for it is bad form to be abed on April's first morn.

San Marino coins its own money, though Italian currency is also freely accepted, and it has its own postage stamps.

Tobacco, by international agreement, is not allowed to be grown within the state, but every year a supply is received from Italy, which, in addition, gives a large quantity of white salt, this being the main contribution from that country as the suzerain state.

The army of San Marino totals about 1,500, most of the male population being liable to military service, and each must

E. N. A.

OLD FORTIFICATIONS ON THE PLATEAU DU RHAM AT LUXEMBURG

The city of Luxemburg was enclosed by walls for many years, and here we see some of the crumbling towers that were built in the fifteenth century. The Grand Duchy of Luxemburg lies between France, Belgium and Germany, and has been a self-governing state since 1890. For its size, it is one of the best mineral areas in Europe.

E. N. A.

TOWN OF MONACO UPON ITS CLIFF ABOVE THE MEDITERRANEAN

Monaco is the capital of a little state having an area of eight square miles, which, except on the side towards the sea, is surrounded by the French department of Alpes Maritimes. About two thousand people live upon the rock, which was a nest of pirates during the Middle Ages. The principality of Monaco was established in A.D. 968.

possess a gun and ammunition. Taxation is light; and as the people are largely agriculturists and dependent upon the land, they pay a certain proportion of the profits of their industry to the landlord, a system that is in vogue in parts of Italy.

Far away across Europe, on the borders of France and Spain, lies one of the oldest republics in the world. It is high up in the mountain fastnesses of the Pyrenees.

This, the most interesting of all the baby states, has been independent since the ninth century. Within its area of 190 square miles live its 6,000 inhabitants, few of whom have ever crossed the frontier into either of the two great countries that enclose them. Andorra is a neutral and self-governing republic under the joint protection of France and of the Spanish Bishop of Urgel. It is a delightfully primitive place, entirely free from the influences of modern civilization. It has its own president and a council of twenty-four members, whose salaries amount to ten shillings per annum; the president himself receives but five pounds. Politically it is divided into six sections, which elect members to the council that meets five times annually in a building near Andorra, the capital. No one can be a member unless he is married.

When the council assembles the members meet in the upper rooms and stable their horses or mules in the rooms below. They elect a president, or Syndic-General, who can stand for re-election, and, in addition, the French and the Bishop appoint two agents, or "viguiers," who control military affairs, but the army, such as it is, is limited to a militia in which every man is liable to serve.

The situation of Andorra is remarkable, for it is astride the crest that separates the waters flowing towards the Atlantic in the west and the Mediterranean in the east. The passes leading out of Andorra to France are inaccessible for more than six months in the year, as they are then blocked by snow and all transport has to come from the Spanish side.

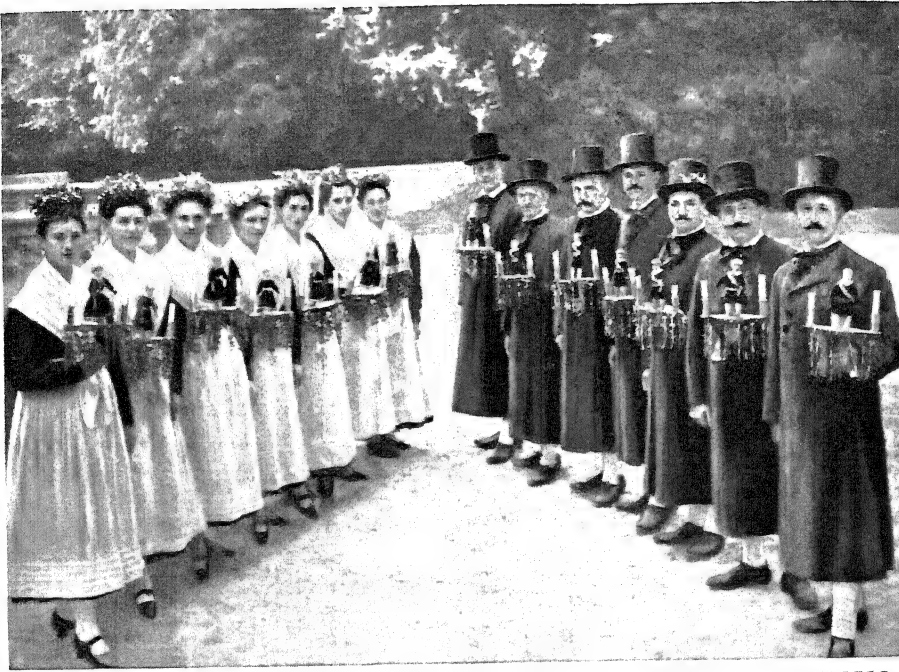
Parfit

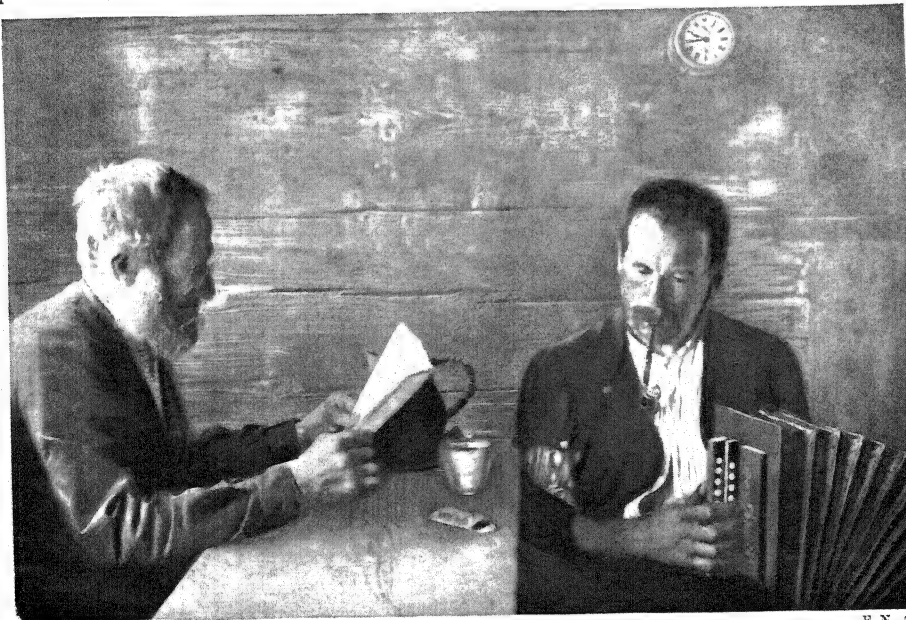
SMUGGLER OF ANDORRA, A REPUBLIC IN THE PYRENEES

Andorra lies between Spain and France amid the mighty Pyrenees and has a population of about 6,000. Smuggling is the chief industry, and nearly every man has been a smuggler at some time in his life. This man's courage failed him as he neared the custom-house, so he threw away his contraband and became a traveller's porter.

The cultivation of tobacco is the leading industry in Andorra, and as we pass through the valleys we see many fields of it, the plantations being watered by a primitive but effective system of irrigation, consisting of tiny canals with bridges, hollowed out of the trunks of trees, to carry the water. The tobacco is prepared and then smuggled across the frontier into France and Spain, the profits arising from this traffic being considerable. Indeed, smuggling in Andorra is regarded as an honourable profession, and, on reaching the age of sixteen or seventeen, the Andorran boy is already well trained in the art. The smuggler must have not only cuteness and ability to avoid the officers of the law, but physical fitness to carry loads up the mountain-side, through narrow ravines, and by tracks that only a cragsman can tackle.

Apart from smuggling and the preparation of tobacco, the life of the people is a pastoral one, and we may see them everywhere working in the fields from early morning until late in the evening. During the day they pause for a frugal meal of bread and fruit, perhaps supplemented with trout caught in one of the many streams.

They drink the acid and slightly sour wine of the country from leathern bottles similar to those the Jewish patriarchs or their nomadic forbears used centuries before them. There is, however, this difference, that where the latter drank in the ordinary way, the Andorran holds the bottle a few inches from his mouth

MEN AND GIRLS READY FOR THE BRIDAL DANCE IN DANZIG

In the Nogat valley, which lies within the boundaries of the city-state of Danzig, men and girls perform a quaint bridal dance. The men carry a model of a bridegroom fixed on a board between two candles, and the girls a model of a bride similarly placed. The dancers wear the clothes that they would put on for their own weddings.

E. N. A.

TWO PEASANTS OF THE PRINCIPALITY OF LIECHTENSTEIN

Liechtenstein is a state with an area of 65 square miles that lies between Austria and Switzerland. It has about 11,000 inhabitants who spoke rustic Latin until a hundred years ago; now they use German. Learned men say they are the descendants of the Roman garrison that guarded the trade route from Lake Constance to Italy.

and lets the liquid pour into it ; by this means cups and glasses are unnecessary and all can drink from the same bottle without the necessity of cleaning it.

Quaint Beliefs of the Andorrans

The Andorrans have many quaint beliefs and superstitions ; their fields must each have a sprig of cypress placed in the ground at one side and be blessed by the priest, so that evil spirits and influences may be warded off and all may go well with the crops. If an Andorran sets out on a journey, and he sees a white cat on leaving the house, he will turn back, for only disaster will follow him if he disregards this sign of bad luck.

The word Andorra is derived from a Moorish term meaning " the land of trees," for in the early days of its existence forests clothed the mountain sides, but they have disappeared to a large extent, since wood is the only fuel in Andorra and little afforestation is done to replace the trees.

Sheep and cattle-breeding are other important occupations of the Andorrans, and during the summer months large herds of cattle are to be seen throughout the valleys. There are no manufactures in the state, everything in that way being of a medieval nature. The women spin and weave the clothes worn by both sexes, and the home industries are limited to boot-making, pottery and other crafts to supply the simple wants of this old-world community.

People Who Hate Progress

The Andorrans are averse to progress of any kind. When the first road was made into the state from the Spanish side the people actually came out and wept and wrung their hands, but in the end their hostility was partly overcome. Of exploiters and prospectors they will have none, although the valleys are reputed to be rich in minerals. Some years ago a prospecting party came into the country, but their reception was hostile and they were practically driven out. Still loth to abandon hope of opening up the country to the world beyond, efforts were made to construct a railway from Spain to the capital, but the natives were up in arms and so the project was abandoned.

Andorra has no newspapers, and an attempt to supply the want was made some years ago by Spanish journalists, but they were very soon convinced that any such idea would only end in disaster for the promoters of the scheme.

The Grand Duchy of Luxemburg is a little wedge of land between Belgium, France and Germany, and its area is about equal to that of the English county of Warwick. The people, who number about a quarter of a million, are a very mixed race, but they speak German. Luxemburg was declared to be neutral territory in 1867, and its independence was guaranteed.

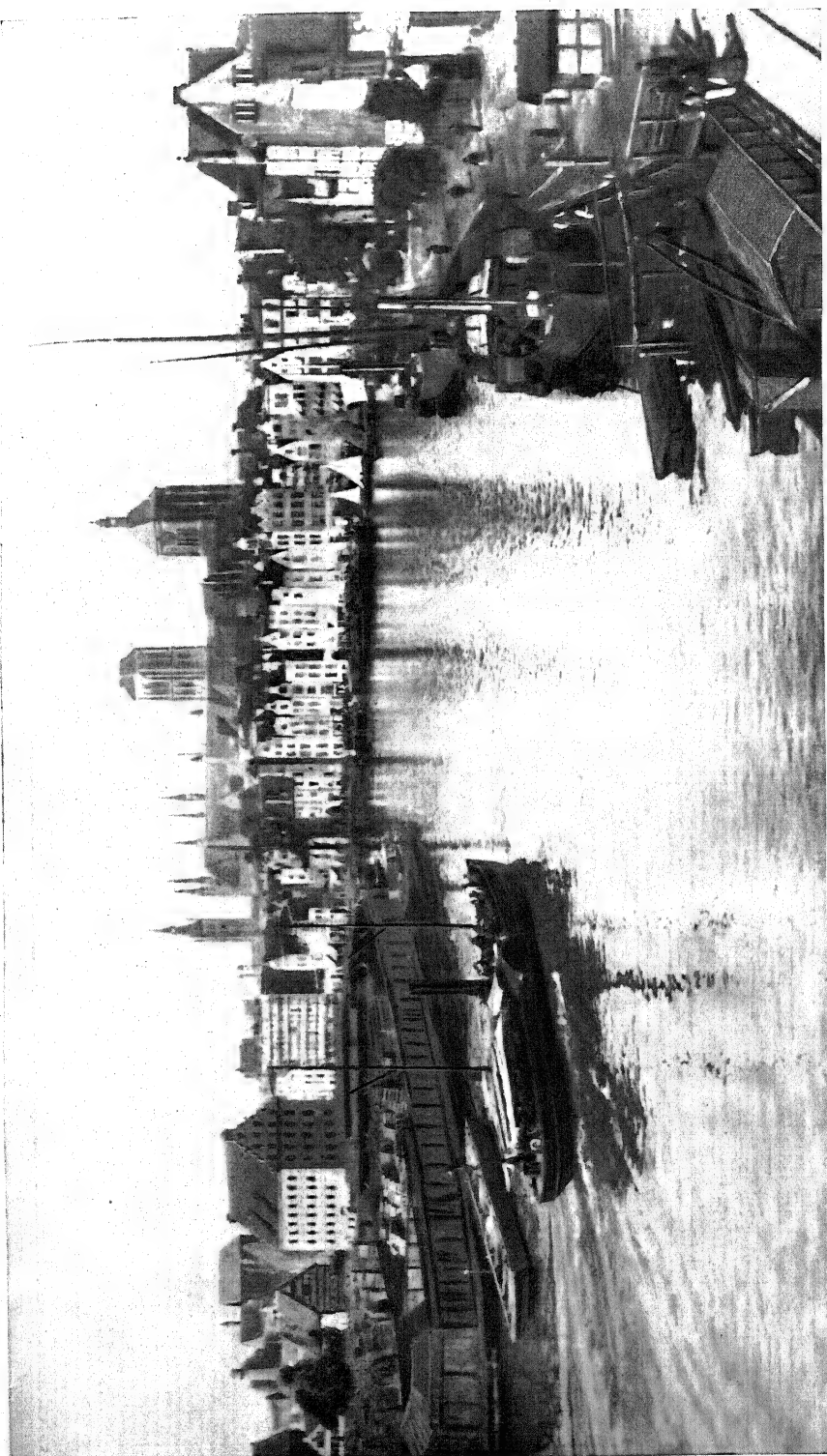
A Duchy and a Free City

The country is very rich in minerals, but the peasants own the land so that many of them are to be found endeavouring to grow good crops, chiefly of oats and potatoes, on the poor soil. They claim to be the best agriculturists in the world, and perhaps they are, but their desperate struggle against unfavourable conditions has made them nearly as stern and hard as was the fortress of Luxemburg, the capital, when it was said to be the strongest fortress in Europe after Gibraltar.

From Luxemburg we journey to the Free City of Danzig, which is situated on the River Vistula about four miles from its outlet into the Baltic Sea. Danzig, or Gdansk as it is called by the Poles, was a Slav settlement in the tenth century, and in the Middle Ages it was a town of considerable importance, trading largely with England.

In the fourteenth century it became a member of the Hansa and was soon virtually an independent city, remaining so until 1793, when it was incorporated in Prussia. Except for a few years of freedom at the beginning of the nineteenth century, Danzig was Prussian or German until 1920 when, by the Treaty of Versailles, the town, with its adjacent

E. N. A

THIS PEASANT GIRL of Liechtenstein comes from the village capital of Vaduz, whose name is a corruption of its old title of Vallis Dulcis, meaning the Sweet Valley.

Haeckel

BALTIC PORT AND FREE CITY OF DANZIG LINING THE BANKS OF THE RIVER MOTTLAU

In November, 1920, Danzig and the surrounding territory was established as a free city under the protection of the League of Nations. Danzig stands on the River Vistula about four miles from its mouth and at its junction with the Mottlau. Owing to its position near the Baltic, the city has been a prosperous shipping centre from early times, and, like Hamburg, was one of the members of the Hanseatic League. Danzig is divided into no fewer than five districts ; as there is no building stone in the neighbourhood nearly all the buildings are made of brick.

Haeckel

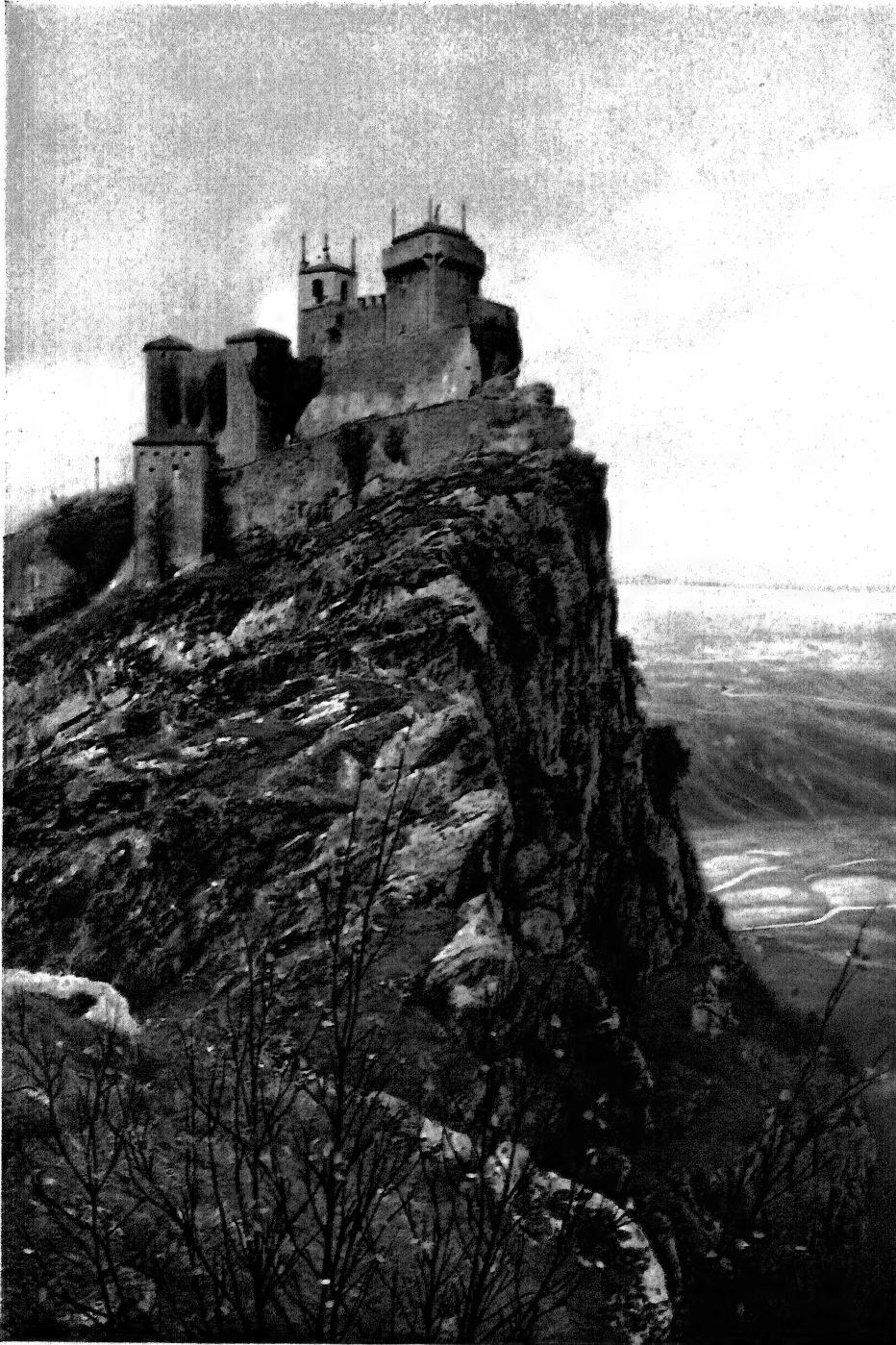
KRAN TOR, OR CRANE GATE, BESIDE THE MOTTLAU IN DANZIG

In the old quarter of the city, there are many relics of an older Danzig, and few of these are finer than the Kran Tor, that dates back to the fifteenth century. In former times there was a close relationship between Danzig and Great Britain, so that some citizens bear English or Scottish names, being the descendants of British settlers.

territory, was created a free state under the protection of the League of Nations. The harbour is administered by a board composed of Danzigers and Poles, and Poland, which is the city's nearest neighbour, conducts its foreign affairs. Danzig is also a member of the Polish Customs Union.

The area of the Free City of Danzig is about 754 square miles and the population is nearly 400,000. Owing to its close association with Great Britain in olden days many Danzigers have names of English or Scottish origin, and two of the suburbs are named Old Scotland and New England. The country about the city is well wooded, and the quaint fishing villages on the banks of the Vistula are much visited by the people from the large towns. Unlike many of the other states, Danzig, in spite of its old associations, is modern in its outlook and a very bright future lies before it.

Parfit

SAN JULIAN is a very important town in Andorra, though it would be considered quite a small village elsewhere, since it has only 700 inhabitants. Large quantities of tobacco are manufactured here and it is the headquarters of bands of smugglers who take the tobacco into Spain. Most of the people live in two valleys—the Valley of the North and the Valley of the East—and in the south, where the valleys join, is a plain building that is the parliament house, where the twenty-four Illustrious Men, or members of parliament, meet.

Peterffy

LA ROCCA, the citadel of San Marino, stands on one of the three peaks of Mount Titano. The stronghold is now used as a prison ; like the other buildings of the republic, it is made of stone quarried out of the slopes of the mountain. San Marino maintains its own army, or militia, elementary schools and a college where boys receive technical instruction.

Bushby

FARMER OF MOROCCO SOWING HIS FIELDS AT THE FOOT OF THE GRIM RIF MOUNTAINS

The Spanish zone, which is in northern Morocco, includes the Rif country, where live the fierce Rif Berbers, who have fought the Spaniards for many years. Between the mountains and the Mediterranean Sea is a fertile plain, part of which is known as the "tiss," or black soil, and which produces vast quantities of cereals. If the mountaineers cannot get sufficient food in their barren mountains, they raid the farmsteads upon the plain, in which practice they resemble the tribesmen living along the north-west frontier of India.

Morocco and the Moors

A GLIMPSE OF THE MOST WESTERN LAND OF ISLAM

Known to the Arabs as "The Farthest West," Morocco was split up, until comparatively recent times, into a number of pirate kingdoms, whose sea-rovers were the dread of the merchant-shipping trading in the neighbouring waters. Though a sultan still governs the country, a large part of it is a French Protectorate, and the remainder is controlled by Spain. It is strange to find that the proud conquerors of Spain have changed places with their former subjects. The Spanish zone is inhabited by the warlike Rifs, who have proved even more troublesome to the Spaniards than the tribesmen of the North-West Frontier of India to the British.

A FEW hundred years ago not many Europeans had ever been to Morocco; and those who did go seldom returned to their native shores. For many of the Moorish seaports were the haunts of pirates and slave-traders, who liked nothing so much as the sight of a becalmed and heavily-laden merchantman.

They were good seamen were these Moors—"Moors" is the name given to the inhabitants of Morocco who have Arab and Berber blood in their veins —and drove their long-oared galleys, rowed by slaves of all nations, even so far as our own coasts, where they would land and attack some unfortunate Cornish hamlet at night, dragging off the inhabitants to hopeless slavery.

But before ever they were pirates, the Moors were conquerors. Their great military period was in the eighth century, when they sailed across the Strait of Gibraltar and seized upon the southern half of Spain. There, in Andalusia, they flourished for centuries. They built palaces and mosques that have never been surpassed for delicate refinement of detail.

Flaw in the Moorish Character

Their monument in Spain is that gem of Moorish architecture, the Alhambra, the red palace of the sultans that still stands with its fountains and courtyards intact. Moorish philosophers and chemists kept alight the lamp of learning when Europe had sunk into savagery.

There was something lacking in the Moorish character. Having gone so far, they sat down to rest, to depend upon slave labour and to quote from the Koran, the holy book of the Moslem world, instead of thinking for themselves.

This instability of character is reflected in the country itself. During the few weeks of spring, the land is a paradise of wild flowers and birds, but by July most of Morocco is once more a scorched and barren waste.

The Real Masters of Morocco

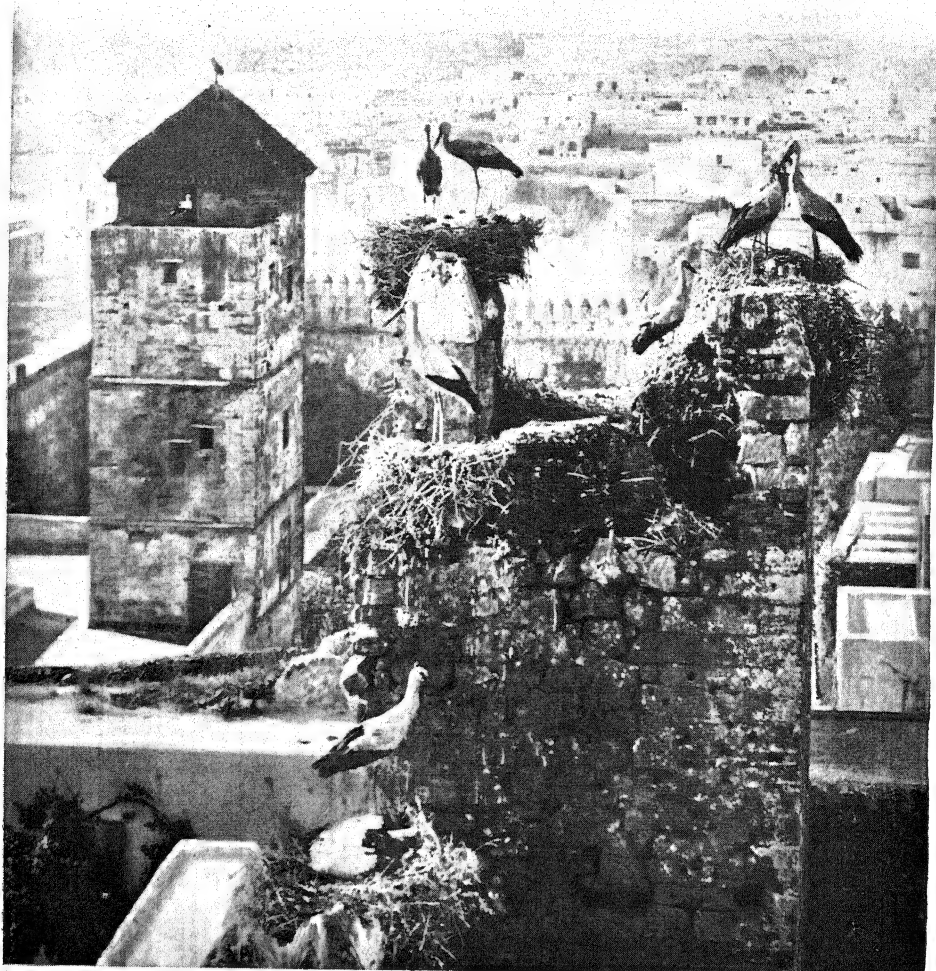
Though the Moor has stood still for centuries, his country is now beginning to move forward again. The French, who are the real masters of Morocco, are largely the cause of this. They are making roads, constructing railways, planting millions of olive trees and digging wells. We can best see the work of the French at Casa Blanca, which they first occupied in 1907. Here the old and the new rub shoulders. Camels and motor-cars, Moors and French officers mix together in the wide streets and before the great hotels. Over the new white and yellow houses shines the fierce African sun, and behind is the tumbling Atlantic where the new harbour grows apace.

Casa Blanca is the new Morocco; Marrakesh may be taken as an example of the old. It is an inland city built in a large oasis of palms, and behind it loom the great snow-clad peaks of the vast Atlas regions—the mountainous backbone of Morocco. The French military road to Marrakesh runs across desert where nothing grows and where the heat is intense. An occasional motor-car flies past strings of laden camels which grimace as if in disgust.

Hardie

MOORISH MEN AND WOMEN, as a rule, are cultured and intelligent, qualities that are only natural in the members of a race that has created one of the most beautiful styles of architecture. In the privacy of their homes the women display their clothes of bright silks and brocades. The men are usually enveloped in a voluminous garment.

Nicholls

GRAVE AND DIGNIFIED, these two Moors are outwardly quite content with their lot, but inwardly they disapprove strongly of the changes that are taking place in their country. Under the firm control of the French, brigandage and tribal wars can no longer be enjoyed, as in the good old days, and the Moor is a warrior first and foremost.

E. N. A.

STORKS' NESTS UPON THE HOUSETOPS IN THE PORT OF RABAT

Storks are considered to be sacred birds by the Moroccans, and are allowed to build their nests upon the roofs of the houses. Rabat is a port on the Atlantic coast and is famous for its beautiful carpets and rugs, which the women weave in their homes. Vegetable dyes are used and the colours are marvellous and seem never to fade.

The ancient rose-red walls of Marrakesh are seven miles round; from their ten gateways once marched the armies that carried fire and sword into Spain. Though a garage here and there shows the growth of European ideas of transport, the town is much the same as it was centuries ago.

In the streets, grey-eyed Berbers, in their cloaks of woven goat's hair, woolly-haired men from the Sudan, negro slaves, Jews and wild-looking nomad Arabs jostle together, for Marrakesh is a great centre of the trading caravans, and here may be heard a hundred strange languages. Camels and mules press through the crowds of gaping sightseers, merchants and beggars. Snake-charmers play on wooden flutes and allow their reptiles to bite their hands. As the serpents' poison glands have been removed, this is not so dangerous as it looks. Cake-sellers and venders of water and fruit cry their wares, and negro jugglers

E. N. A.

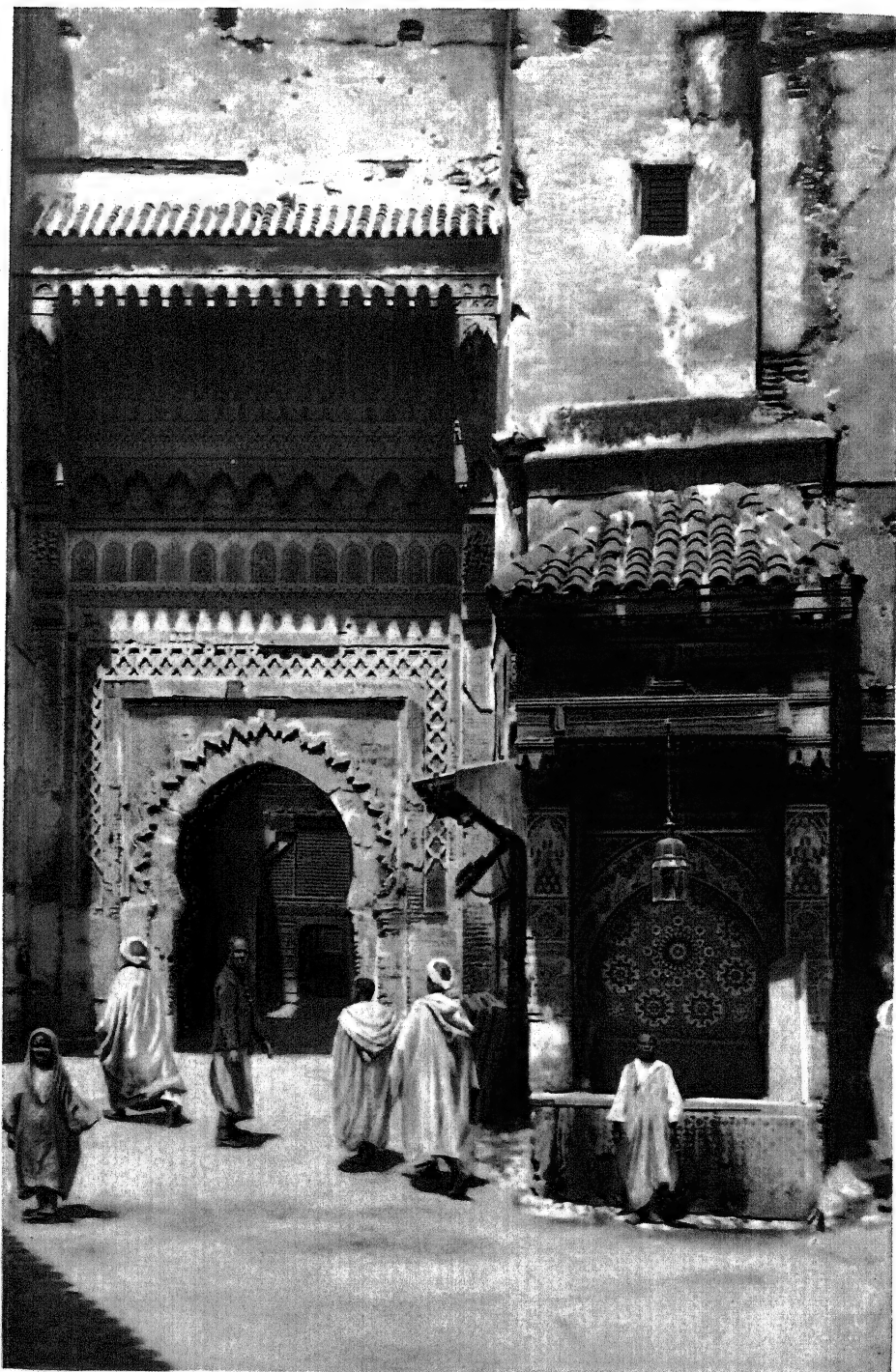
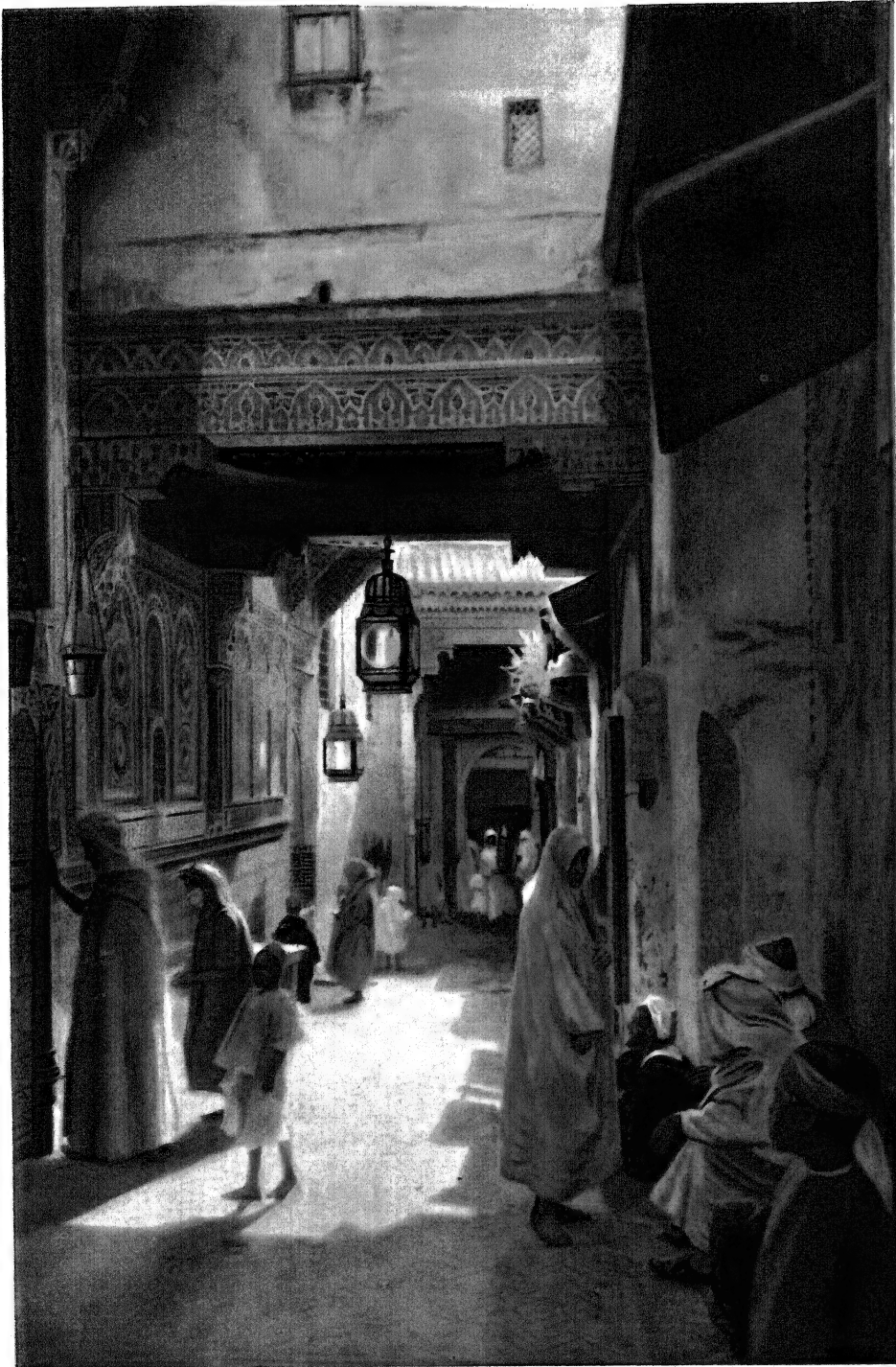
STREET IN MEQUINEZ, ONE OF THE FINEST CITIES IN MOROCCO

Fez, Morocco City and Mequinez became known as the three capitals of the country, because the Sultan and his court used to move from one to another. Mequinez is about 34 miles from Fez, and is surrounded by olive plantations. The shops look not unlike large holes in a wall, and the upper portions of the shutters serve as awnings.

Nicholls

MUFFLED BREAD-SELLERS IN THE MARKET PLACE AT TANGIER

The people of Morocco are not so particular about the cleanliness of their food as we are, so they do not mind the flat, circular loaves being piled up on grimy cloths in the middle of the busy, dusty market. It is a curious thing that all the bread-sellers are women in Morocco. Tangier is an international port on the north-west coast.

E. N. A.

THE CARPENTERS' FOUNTAIN in Fez shows the architectural skill of the old Moors, a skill their descendants do not seem to possess. The city gave its name to a certain kind of cap, which was originally made there and which is worn in the East. Fez is the northern capital of Morocco and is divided into two portions by the River Pearl.

E. N. A

FEZ, A HOLY CITY of Islam, contains the shrine of Mulai Edris II., the founder of the city that we see here. Within the walls are many beautiful mosques and palaces and gardens, and the university is famous as a centre for the study of the Mahomedan religion and law. At one time there were supposed to be about 800 mosques in Fez.

Nicholls

DONKEYS LADEN WITH KEGS OF WATER BY THE SEA AT TANGIER

Tangier once belonged to Great Britain, but now the port and an accompanying area of 140 square miles form an international zone between the French and Spanish spheres of influence. Owing to its good climate, Tangier is regarded as a health resort and has a large French and Spanish population, but in many ways it is a very backward town.

and acrobats do their utmost to attract the people.

Here, as a living reproach to the memory of some bygone governor, stands an old negro whose eyes have been put out for theft. He pleads monotonously for alms and he does not go unrewarded. The crowd is a mass of colour, and the gaudy cloaks and scarves, yellow silks, silver girdles and gay turbans are dazzling to eyes that are accustomed only to sombrely dressed British crowds.

Marrakesh, once the capital of the old Moorish empire which included Spain, Tunis and the Sudan, is now only a shadow of its old self, but the Moors do -ot regret the departure of its glory. Jnder the shadow of its crumbling alaces and mosques, they quote their ld proverb: "When a thing becomes perfect it soon fades." "What is to be will be," say the Moors and leave the magnificent, old buildings to decay, or to be restored by the French.

Fez, the capital, holds much of the old glory of Morocco. Here there are still holy men and story-tellers, mosques and shrines which no infidel may enter. The walls and ramparts are immense, and the town itself is a gigantic maze of minarets, green-tiled roofs and great Saracenic archways that may lead to a hovel or a palace.

Bou Jeloud is one such palace hidden away and seemingly forgotten. Its courtyards are set with Moorish fountains, and there are gardens within its walls where fig trees, roses and enormous masses of geraniums bloom in a setting of fairy-like, Moorish architecture, with its wealth of coloured tiles and carved

cedar wood and its elaborate geometrical designs in plaster and stone.

The Moors are very superstitious. Some years ago a half-witted man in Fez used to remain in prayer for weeks at a time; this, added to his madness, which, in the East, is always taken as a sign of holiness, caused him to be regarded as a saint. He is now thought too holy to be seen by common people, and a shrine has been built for him and candles burn within night and day.

Though most people think of the Moors as one people, they are really composed of several distinct races. First, we have the true Arab, the descendant of the fierce Mahomedans from Arabia who conquered North Africa centuries ago. He inhabits the plains and the great towns. The Berber who lives in the hills and is sometimes grey-eyed and fair in colouring is the original inhabitant of the country. The Rifs who have fought so long against Spain and France are of this race. Negroes there are in plenty.

In all the coastal towns there are many Jews. They are the descendants of those who fled to escape the Spanish persecutions, or rather, to exchange one set of persecutors for another. For before the French occupation, the Moors treated the Jews very cruelly. Jews were fined

Brunel

RIDERS IN THE LAND KNOWN TO MAHOMEDANS AS "FARTHEST WEST"

Mahomedan invaders from Arabia were halted in their conquest of North Africa upon the west coast of Morocco by the Atlantic Ocean, so Morocco was named the "Farthest West." Two of these men are wearing the hooded garment that is often seen in this country. It protects the head from the sun and shields the face when sand-laden winds blow.

E. N. A.

MOORISH WOMEN, as in other Mahomedan lands, live very secluded lives. They are not allowed to leave their homes unless their faces are veiled and they are wearing a cloak that reaches almost to the ground. All the houses have flat roofs, where the women sit in the cool of the evening, but they must be careful even then to hide their faces.

heavily, were forbidden to ride horses—the horse was held to be too noble an animal to be ridden by a Jew—and were often attacked in the open street by the mob. Every big Moorish town has its Mellah, or Jewish quarter, where the Jews were forced to live by themselves.

Besides the part of Morocco that is under the rule of the French, there is also Spanish Morocco. This is a much smaller protectorate, mountainous and sparsely settled by eleven tribes of Berbers. They are pastoral people; that is to say, they depend chiefly on their cattle, sheep and goats for food and clothing.

This mountainous district, which is north of the Atlas region, is known as the Rif, and the inhabitants are great fighters. Physically these Rifs, or Riffis, are a much finer race than the true Moors, and many of them are red-haired and grey-eyed. To account for this, some learned men say that the Rifs are descended from Scandinavians who landed in Africa in the twelfth century.

Hearty Warriors of the Rif

There may be some truth in this theory of a common ancestry with our own race, for the Rifs, though fierce, have not the Oriental ferocity of the other Moors, but are warlike in a genial, hearty way, like the old German robber barons, or our own Saxon forefathers.

To the Rif, war is a great game. He may call his opponents "Christian dogs," but he says it without conviction. To the Moroccan Arab, war is the outcome of religious hysteria and a desire to plunder, and he knows no mercy.

It is not surprising that these fighting races resented the Spanish occupation of their lands, and, in 1912, a revolt started among certain tribes. An indecisive guerrilla warfare was carried on till 1921, when the Rifs captured 20,000 Spanish troops with all their artillery, transport and ammunition. This is known in history as the Melilla disaster.

Abd-el-Krim, the leader of the Rifs, having reorganized his army on modern lines, now attacked the Spaniards vigorously. For a time he was successful, and the courage of the Rifs and the fanatical bravery of their allies (who regarded the campaign as a Jehad or Holy War) prevailed against the armies of Spain. Nevertheless, Spain, unwilling to lose the last vestige of her Empire, refused to withdraw from the struggle.

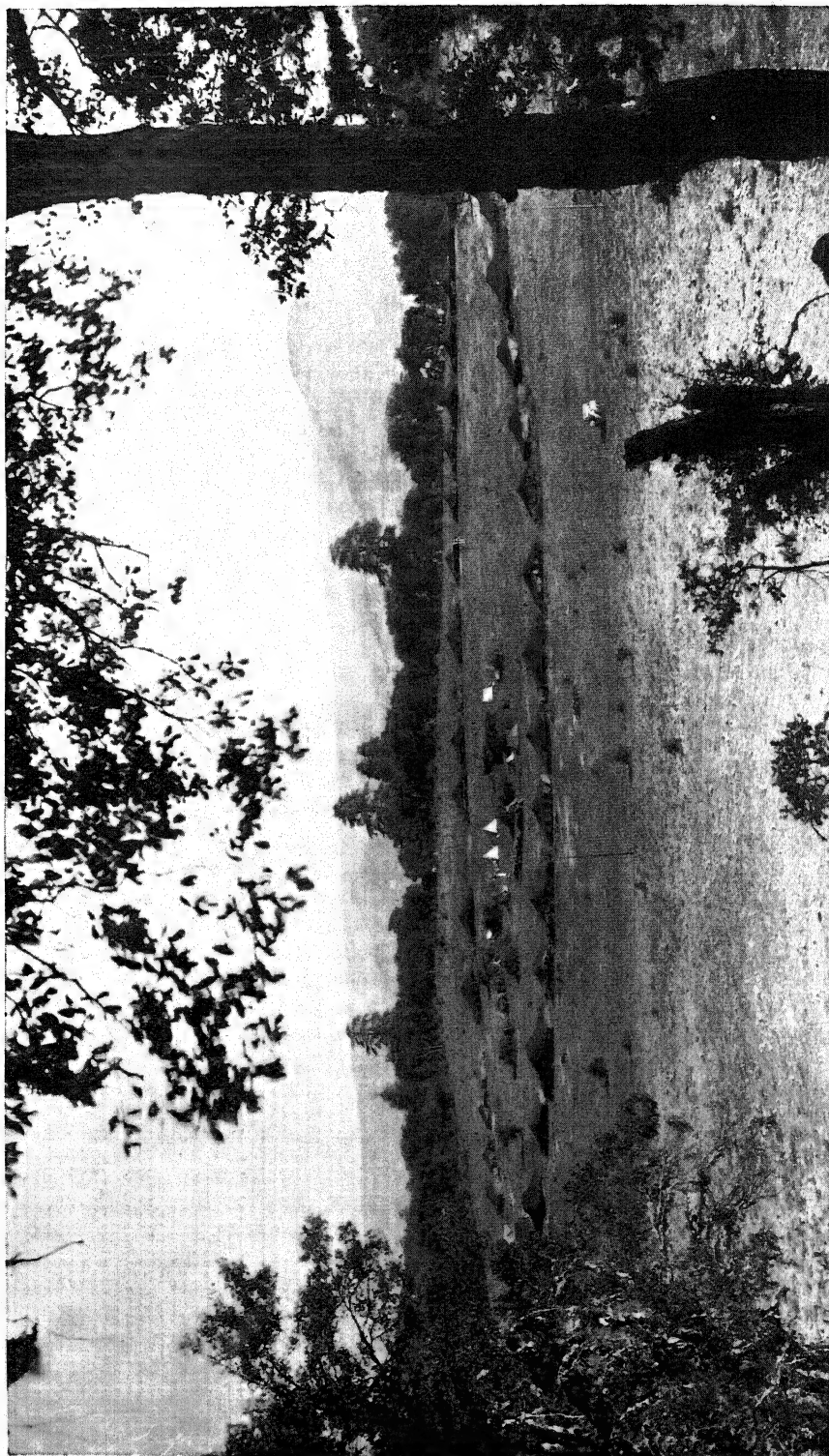
End of Rif Independence

Unfortunately for Abd-el-Krim, some of his allies made raids into the French Protectorate. With Spain he could deal, but to challenge the greatest military power in Europe was quite another thing. From the day France entered the war, Rif independence was doomed. Aeroplanes, tanks and heavy artillery proved too much for the tribesmen, and after a long and desperate war with the two European powers, Abd-el-Krim surrendered to the French in 1925.

There has been no such trouble in French Morocco. The French rule benevolently and with firmness. Also they understand the Moor. When the great market-place in Fez was destroyed by fire, Marshal Lyautey, the Resident-General, caused a replica to be built, with all the shrines of Moslem saints just as they had been before the conflagration.

A few hundred years ago, Morocco was ruled by a degraded Sultan who took such pleasure in seeing bloodshed that he would strike off the heads of slaves to amuse himself. Such things would now be impossible, though France does not interfere needlessly with the Moors.

Roads that Bring Civilization

Like the Romans who once occupied these regions, the French regard the roads as the greatest civilizing influences. Roads mean communication, and communication means the exchange of ideas, the growth of commerce and security. When the roads were being constructed in 1916, the Moors would descend at night and destroy them, killing the unfortunate workmen. Doubtless they realized that these military roads were to be the unbreakable chains of French dominance in Morocco, but their

E. N. A.

CAMP OF SAVAGE NOMADS AMID THE WOODED HILLS OF THE MIDDLE ATLAS

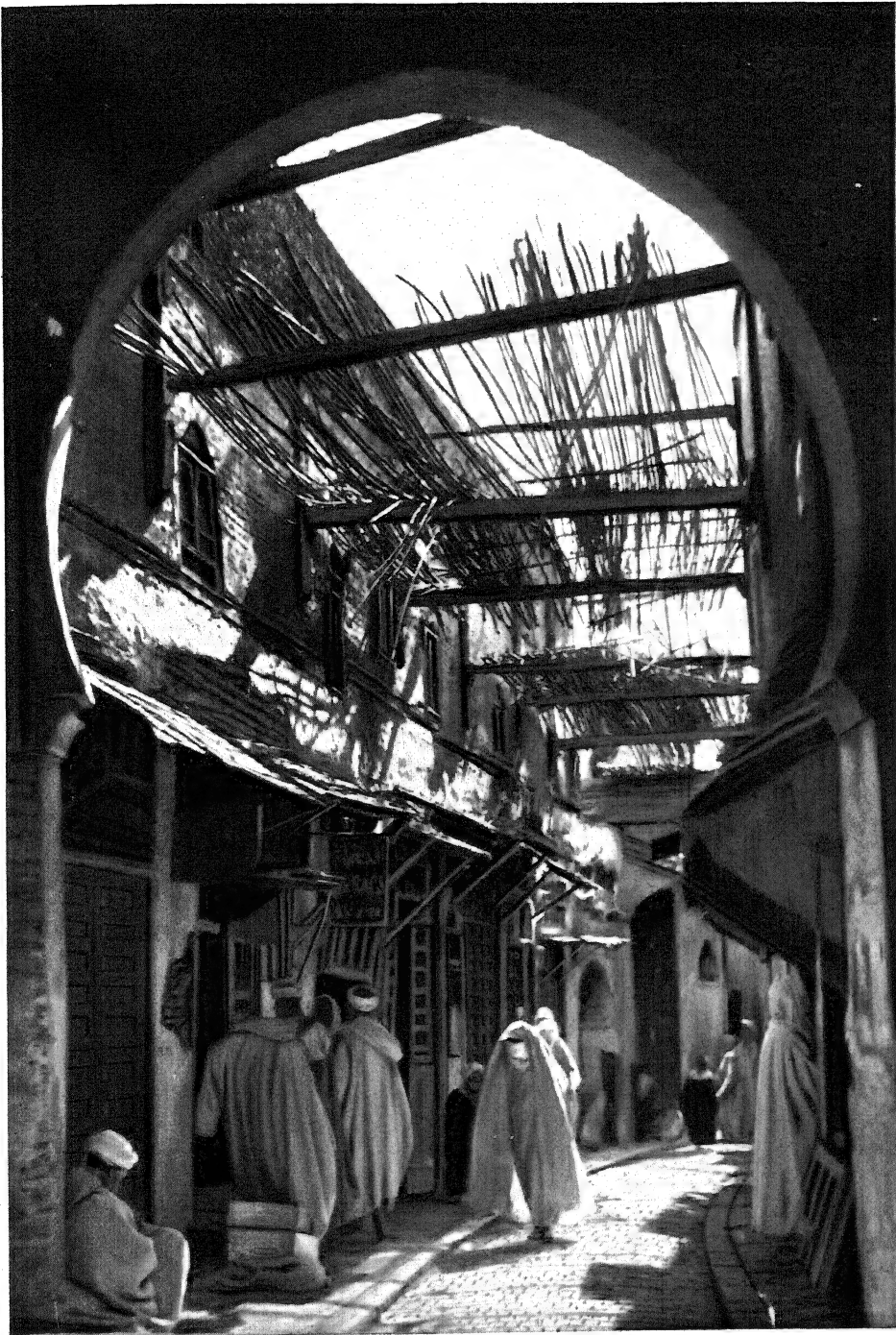
Atlas cedars cover the slopes of the mountains in the Middle Atlas, and in the open spaces fierce tribes of nomads pitch their tents. Few white men have penetrated into this region and the inhabitants remain untouched by the civilization that has made so many changes elsewhere. The Middle Atlas mountains are joined by a lower range to the Higher Atlas system that borders the vast desert of the Sahara. In this region might be said to lie Darkest Africa, even more difficult of access and more unknown than the heart of the continent.

EAGER BARGAINERS IN THE MARKET PLACE AT TETUAN, THE CAPITAL OF SPANISH MOROCCO

Tetuan is divided into two portions, the Moorish quarter, that we see here, being separated from the Spanish town which was built outside it. The town is one of the most interesting places in Morocco and seems to be perpetually in a state of feverish activity. Here lives the Moroccan Khalifa, who governs the country under the direction of a Spanish High Commissioner. In the shopping quarter each trade has its own street, and much of the commerce of Tetuan is controlled by Jews. The large straw hats are much worn during the summer months.

Hyam

MOORISH LADY LOOKS DOWN UPON THE COURTYARD OF HER HOME

Visitors to a Moorish home are received in a courtyard about which the house is built. In the upper storeys, the doors open on to a balcony overlooking the courtyard in which a fountain usually plays. At the end of the chain, that we see in the centre of the photograph, is hung an oil lamp similar to the one above the staircase.

E. N. A.

LITTLE SHADE IS FOUND IN THE BAZAARS OF MEQUINEZ

Rushes laid upon wooden beams are used to give shade to the streets, but as time goes by the rushes get fewer and fewer until no protection against the hot sun is afforded. The Moroccans are much too indolent to replace the rushes themselves, so it will be left for a French official to see that the matter receives attention.

efforts to stop the work were quite useless. The guards were doubled, and the work proceeded.

Saleh, Rabat, Marrakesh and, indeed, all the big towns are linked up by excellent systems of roads, and there are hundreds of miles of railways stretching their length across the desert sands.

Under the French, Morocco is changing fast, save only in those lesser-known Atlas regions where the great Berber feudal lords still keep their courts as of old, and soon the Moor will no longer be content to dream of his past among the faded splendour of ruined palaces and the tombs of departed sultans.

There is a glamour in the old days that are passing, but even the drone of the French aeroplane cannot drown the sound of the muezzins' calls that floats across the city five times a day from the balconies of the lofty minarets—calling the faithful followers of the Mahomedan religion to prayer.

Félix

BATTERED WALLS ENCIRCLING THE TOWN OF MARRAKESH

Marrakesh, or Morocco City as it is generally named by Europeans, is enclosed by red walls that are slowly crumbling. The city is situated in a plain at the foot of the Atlas mountains, and about it are gardens and groves of date-palms. Morocco is the southern capital and has changed but little since the arrival of the French.

The Potter and His Clay

ROMANTIC HISTORY OF AN ANCIENT HANDICRAFT

Man, whether primitive or civilized, has always needed articles in which to store his food and drink. We do not know when he found that this could be done in vessels of dried clay, but there is little doubt that pottery is one of the oldest handicrafts. Although many of the early specimens of pottery were very crude, the Egyptians and the Chinese produced masterpieces of the art many centuries before any progress had been made in Europe. The pottery that we know to-day is the result of many years of patient toil and experiment, though the actual processes involved have experienced little change in principle. In this chapter we shall read of the development of the handicraft, and something of the methods of manufacture among primitive as well as among more civilized peoples.

IT is not difficult to realize why pottery should be such a universal and ancient industry. However rude and simple may be the life among certain peoples of the world, we always find traces of their efforts to produce two things. Necessity of procuring food suggests to their minds the need of weapons, and when they bring the results of the chase back to their huts, they realize the need of vessels of some kind. Not only do they feel the want of a crude plate or bowl from which to eat their food, or to take their drink, but they have also to find some means of storing meat.

What could be more natural than the idea born in the mind of a savage after seeing the effects of the sun on the soft clay formed in depressions by the last torrential downpours? He must soon see how the sun's heat bakes the clay hard. Then, perhaps, he passes by the same place after another fall of rain, to find that the little hard cups in the ground are capable of holding water for quite a long time. He realizes that if the clay be not softened by more rain, the cup will be a permanent vessel for holding liquid.

How Pottery May Have Begun

At first he uses the sun to bake the rough bowls that he begins to fashion. The only tools he needs are his hands. Sooner or later he must realize the value of fire for hardening the clay, and from that day he begins the manufacture of really useful pottery. With practice he begins to vary the shape and form of his productions, and his love of ornamentation fosters the idea of decorating his ware. Even in the tombs of prehistoric races explorers have found urns, vases and other types of vessels quite gracefully formed and decorated by crossed lines and simple drawings. These early peoples very probably used the same methods of decorating their products that some native races employ to-day. The lines and crude animal drawings are formed by drawing fibres or stout hairs through the clay before it is baked.

Famous Potters of Long Ago

The potter is always governed to some extent by the nature of the clay in his country. Cornwall is the only part of our country where china clay is found. In the potteries of Staffordshire the work is confined to earthenware. It is interesting when we study the history of the industry to note how many different peoples claim the earliest manufacture, but the underlying principles are the same.

The Chinese say that fine pottery was made by them so long ago as 2690 B.C., but of this we have no record. It is believed that porcelain was manufactured in China in 206 B.C. Then it is known from proven examples that pottery-making was an established industry in Egypt many hundreds of years before it was heard of in China. The Greeks were early manufacturers, but it is certain that the Egyptians are the oldest pottery-makers of all historic peoples.

Pottery is divided into three classes, earthenware, stoneware and porcelain.

Crété

TUNISIAN POTTERY BEING PAINTED BY HAND

Tunis has been noted for its beautiful pottery for many years and, though the craftsmen work in a factory, most of the processes are still done by hand. The painting is beautifully executed; but, as we might expect, one article is not always a replica of another, as is the case with the products of the up-to-date factories.

The distinctive features in these different types lie in the processes of heating and baking the clay; also the clay itself varies in substance. Our cheap cups and saucers are earthenware, baked slowly at a very light heat. Stoneware is made from coarser clay, and is used for bottles and some forms of pipes. It has to be heated to much higher temperatures and more quickly. Porcelain, thin and often almost transparent, requires the highest temperature of all the three forms.

The earliest knowledge of porcelain that Europeans gained was from a visit of Marco Polo to the porcelain factories of China in the thirteenth century. Then, about two hundred years later, in the year 1487, Lorenzo de' Medici was presented with a piece of Chinese porcelain by the Sultan of Egypt. Europe began then to take an interest in this Chinese manufacture, and Portugal began importing porcelain from the Far East.

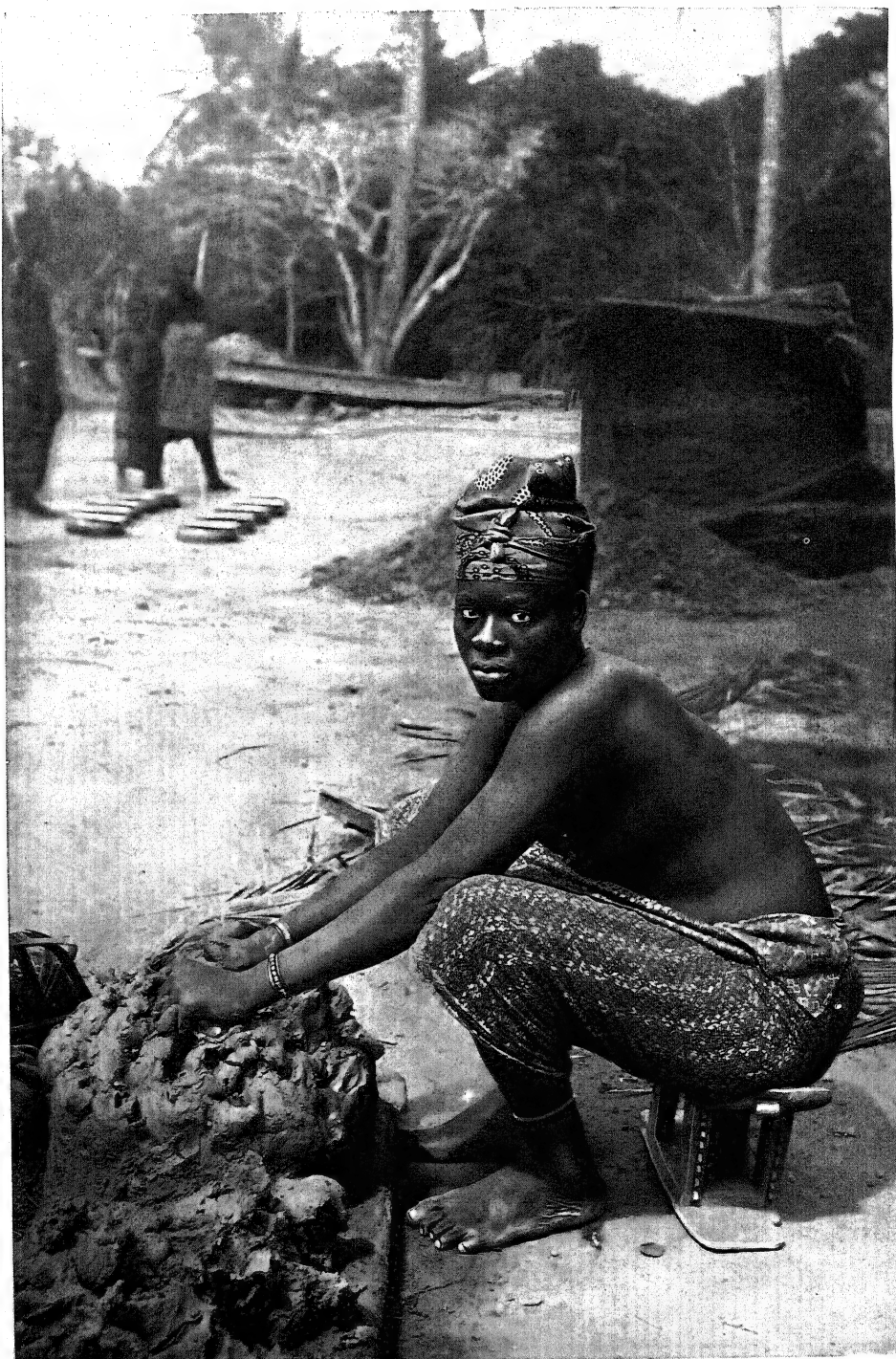
Soon European potters attempted to imitate the Chinese art, for many years without gaining any result. At last, in 1580, the first European porcelain was made by an Italian Archduke, Francis de' Medici II. He made very little, and after his death the manufacture ceased. After a time other Italians took up the work, and from Italy the secrets of porcelain manufacture came into France with Catherine de' Medici. In the town of Sèvres the first hard porcelain was made, although Sèvres is more famous for its soft ware, but Germany really first discovered the secret of making hard porcelain in anything approaching a successful form.

Italy proceeded with the manufacture of a type which was named majolica; France developed her soft porcelain; and German hardware, the manufacture of which was centred round Dresden and Meissen, gained world-wide renown. England shared in the progress, with her Derby, Chelsea and Worcester ware. Wedgwood china, taking its name from the great pioneer, Josiah Wedgwood, gave her a place among the greatest

MERCHANTS INSPECTING EARTHENWARE NEAR BAGDAD

Outside the city of Bagdad is the potters' village, and thither go the merchants to buy all kinds of pottery which are displayed upon the ground. Patterns are not very numerous in the East, so the selection is small according to Western ideas. The people dislike changes, so that it is not worth while making new shapes.

PUTTING POTS AND BOWLS INTO THE KILN TO BE FIRED

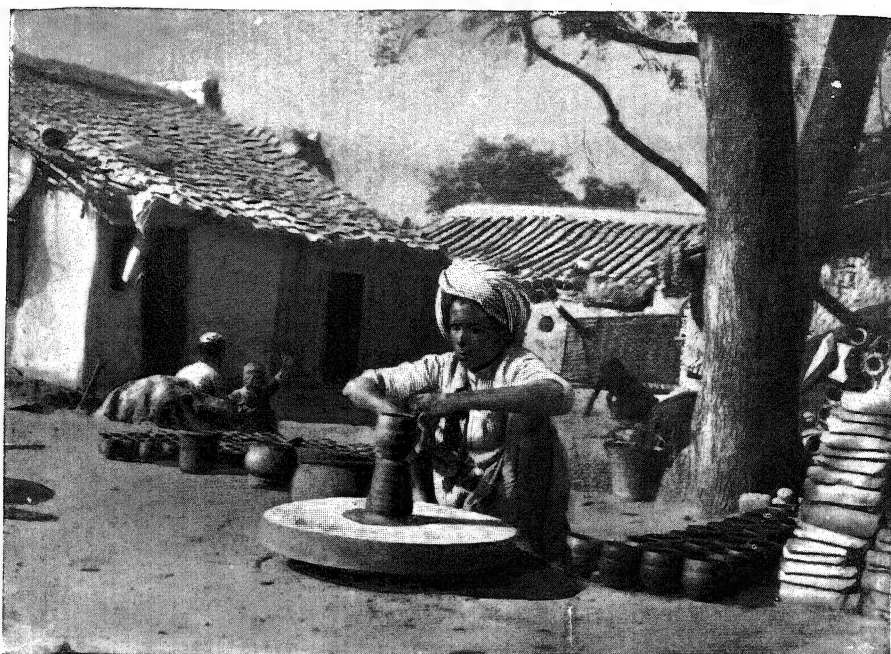
This potter of Bagdad is handing the vessels to a fellow worker who is inside the kiln and who arranges the pieces on the shelves below. When the kiln is full, brushwood will be stacked inside and lighted, then the man will climb out and close the entrance. This process, which is called firing, makes the pottery hard.

McCann

WOMAN OF THE GOLD COAST KNEADING HER CLAY

In most parts of Africa the women do all such work as the making of pottery. This woman has got her clay, probably from the nearest river, and having washed it free from stones and other hard substances she has placed it on a board and begun to work it with her fingers to get it to the requisite consistency.

McCann

SHAPELESS MASS OF CLAY TAKING FORM BENEATH DEFT FINGERS

No machinery is employed by this potter, all that she uses besides her fingers is a rough stone mould that we can see by the three bowls. The mould is placed inside the roughly-shaped piece of clay to help the worker in smoothing and forming the vessels. It is extraordinary how little the finished articles differ from each other in shape and size.

Manley

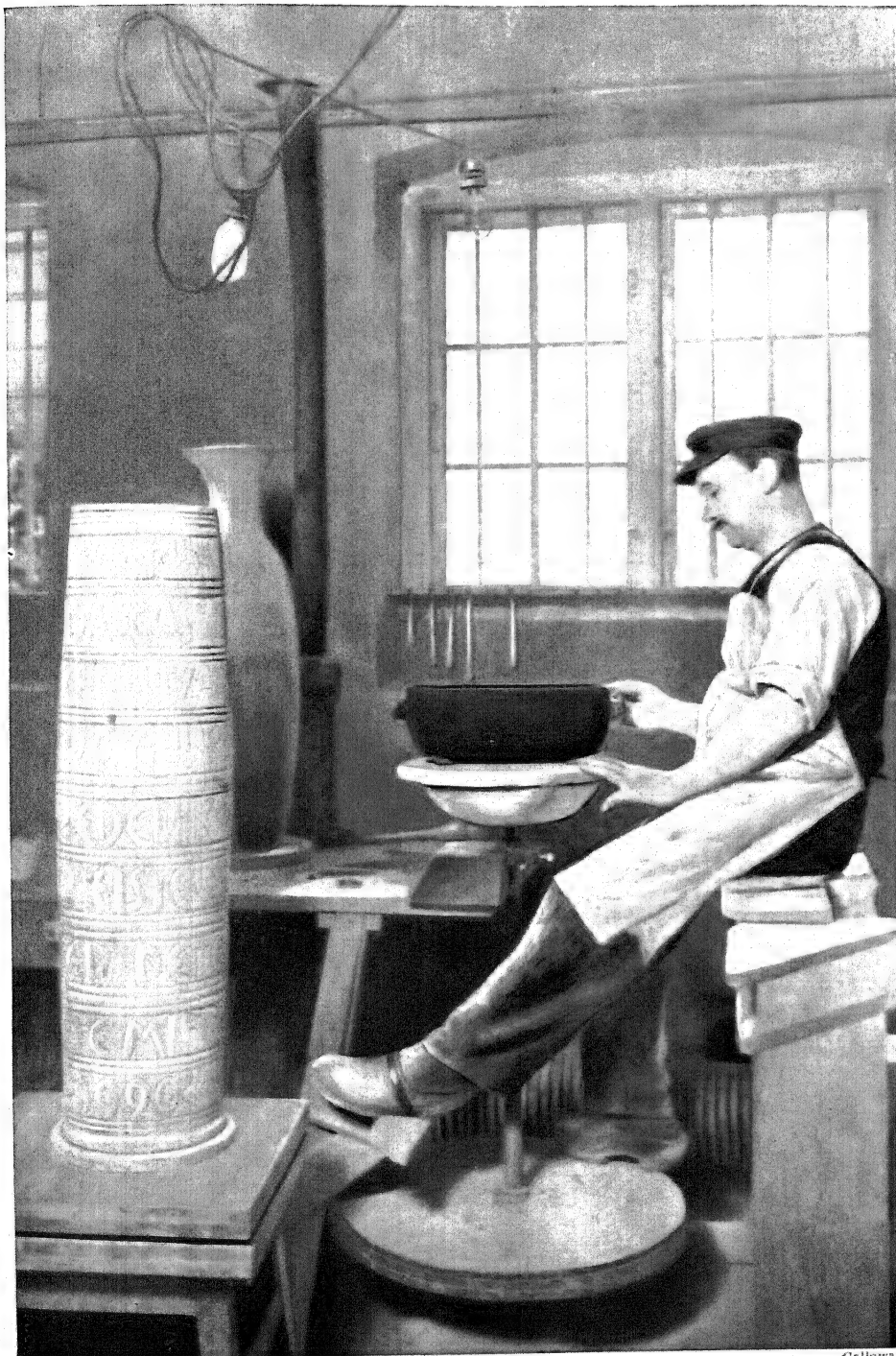
INDIAN POTTER MAKING FUNERAL POTS UPON HIS WHEEL

In India the potter often travels from village to village supplying the needs of the people. Cheap, imported vessels are generally used by the Indians in their homes, but the native craftsman still supplies them with the pots that are employed in funeral ceremonies. Unlike the woman in page 1563 his fingers are assisted by a wheel.

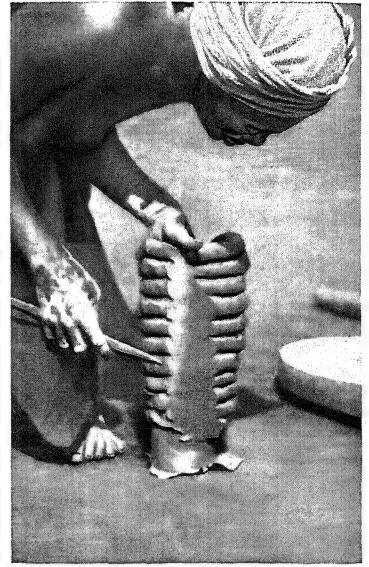
producers in the world. So that in modern potteries, when the craftsman takes up his clay to work, he is able to mould the finest mixtures of clay, which were discovered after years of toil and patience by the great pioneers of the early eighteenth century.

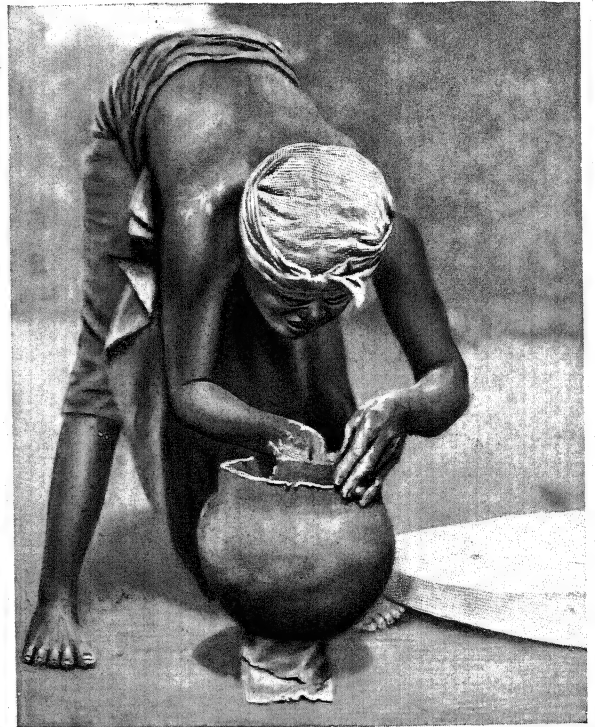
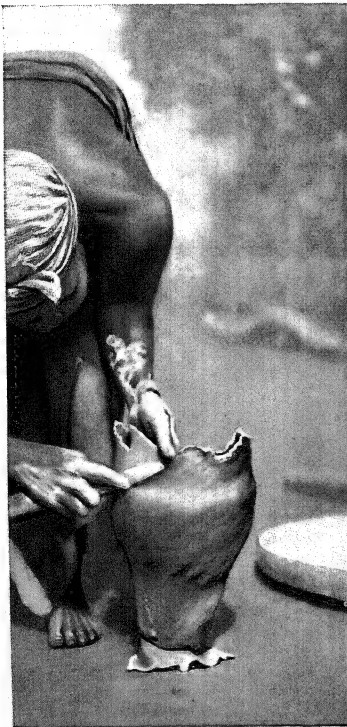
In the manufacture of cheap articles, of which great numbers have to be produced as rapidly as possible, the potter uses the moulds and stamps which have been devised to meet public demand. With the finer productions of his art, beautiful vases and priceless, exquisite, ornamental china, he still uses the ancient potter's wheel. No country can rightly lay claim to its invention, for, as the craftsmen progressed in their art, it has been developed in all countries where the industry has been carried on.

The desire for symmetry in the ware made it necessary for the clay to revolve while it was being moulded in the potter's hands. Ancient and modern forms are much alike, although present day potter's wheels are less crude in construction. The idea of the wheel is simple. At the level of the potter's hands, as he sits, is a revolving disk or table, and this is usually driven by his foot from below by means of a rough wooden disk, connected by a pole to the top table. The ancient potter sat with his feet on the lower wheel and had to revolve it with circular movements of his legs. In modern wheels less laborious arrangements, sometimes driven by mechanical means, are used, which greatly assist the potter.

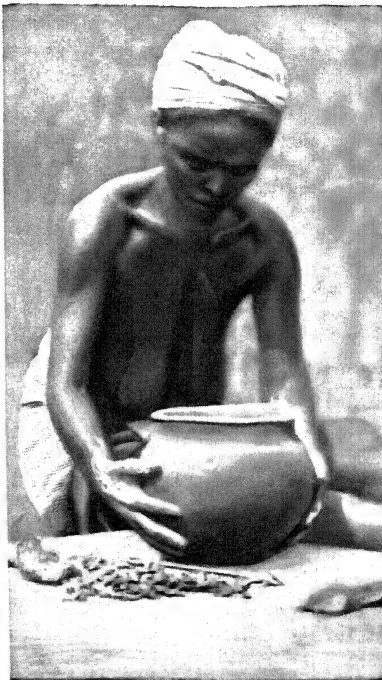
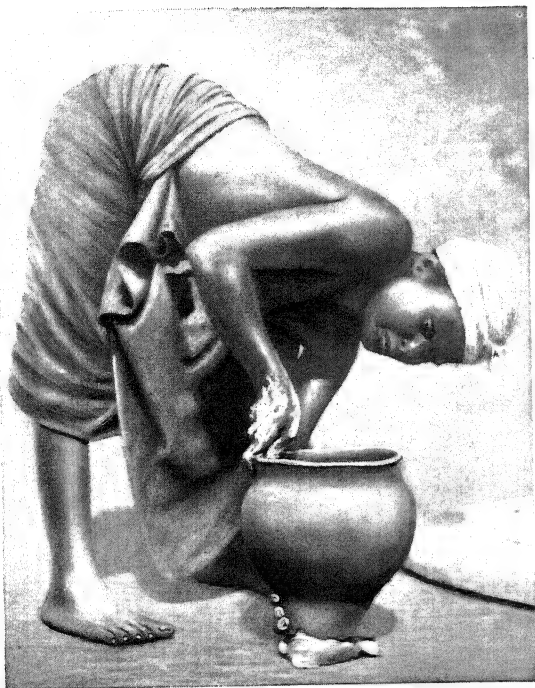
As we watch the potter at work, we are greatly at a loss to guess what will be the outcome of his moulding. His skilful fingers press the interior and exterior of the rough cup-like shape he has turned, and the early forms of the object he intends to produce give no idea of the ultimate design. Everything in the manufacture of the finer articles is done by the potter's fingers, and the beautiful symmetry of the vase or bowl he produces proves to us the marvellous accuracy of his eye and the delicate touch of his hands. After the creation has fully developed

Galloway

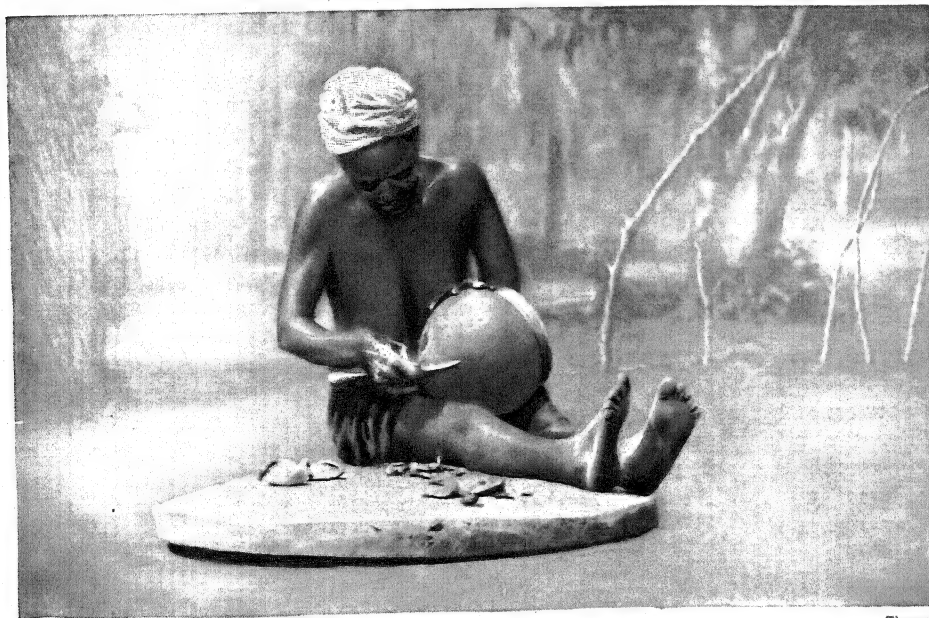
DANISH CRAFTSMAN AT WORK IN A MODERN FACTORY

The potter's wheel that we see here and that of the Indian in the opposite page do not differ very much from one another ; in fact, the design of the wheel has remained practically the same for several thousand years. As the wheel revolves, the potter gradually moulds the moving heap of clay into the required shape. This man turns the wheel with his foot.

MENDI WOMAN OF SIERRA LEONE MAKING A POT

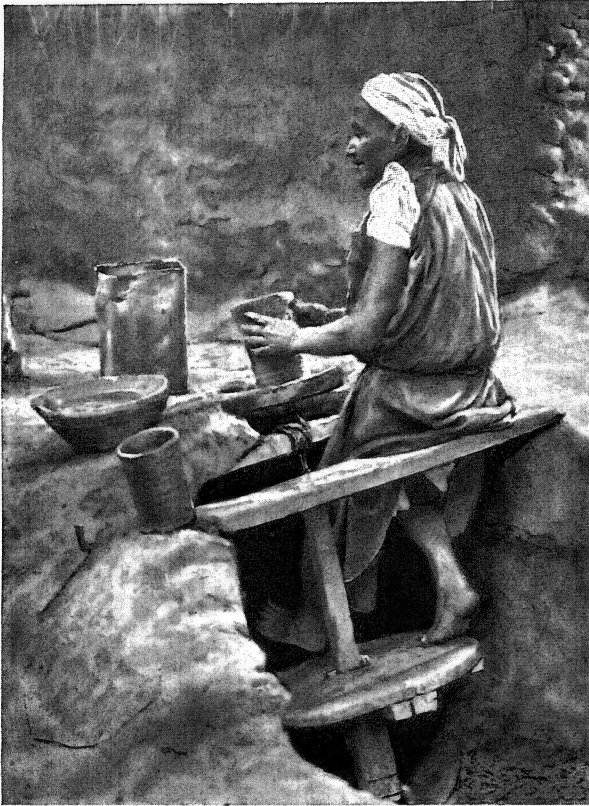
Having prepared the clay she makes it into rolls which she coils upon a solid base. When the rolls have been built up to a certain height the exterior is scraped more or less smooth and reduced to the proper thickness. The potter can then begin the shaping.

Thomas

SCRAPING THE SIDES AND SHAPING THE NECK

As the pot is shaped so the walls are made thinner and enlarged until the bowl of the vessel is roughly formed. The next process consists of making the neck. This woman does not even use a mould, but is guided solely by her eyes in her work.

TWO IMPORTANT STAGES IN FINISHING THE VESSEL

To prevent the neck from breaking, a little more clay is added to give greater strength. The solid base is then cut away, care being taken not to crack the under portion. The vessel now appears to be almost perfect, but it has to undergo two more processes.

Thomas

LAST TOUCHES BEING GIVEN BEFORE THE HARDENING PROCESS

When the outer surface has been scraped and smoothed the vessel will be placed in a sunny spot to harden before it is put into the kiln to be fired. The finished specimens of native pottery are so good that it is hard to believe they are made without tools.

Cutler

SIMPLE WORKSHOP OF AN EGYPTIAN

Water in a battered tin, a bowl of clay and a rickety wheel are all this potter requires. He turns the wheel with his foot as does the Dane in page 1565, but the wheels in some countries are power-driven.

it is carried away to a drying oven where it experiences a moderate heat. This process saves the clay from losing shape by being subjected to high temperatures while it is still damp. When they are thoroughly dried the pieces are put into a kiln in fire-clay holders, or "seggars" as they are called by the potters.

After the baking process and before being glazed, the pottery is known as biscuitware and with some articles no further process is used. When a piece of pottery is intended to be glazed it is first patterned. In the case of common articles, such as cups and saucers, transfers in different colours are used. These are pressed on the partly-set biscuitware, and then the cup or other article is put back into the oven while the colours set. Thence it is taken to be glazed in a special solution and finally to be heated in another oven.

With more valuable pieces the decoration is done after the glazing. The designs are painted on the smooth surface by expert craftsmen and the piece is once more heated to make the colours fast.

In this final stage of the potter's craft the Chinese have produced some of the most wonderful designs. Many of their most exquisite pieces of great antiquity were the outcome of the skill and patience of many different workers, each putting another touch to the article.

Each potter possessed great skill in one part of the work, and the employment of so many minds and hands has made it difficult to retain the secrets of all the processes necessary to produce the final work of art. There are, therefore, few pieces of porcelain made in present-day China which bear the beautiful designs of antique craftsmanship.

Europeans, in developing the production of delicate porcelain, have, as already stated, concentrated in different countries on the manufacture of special types of pottery. Although the centres of pottery manufacture are first based on the presence in the different localities of the right types of clay, and although no country can produce a replica of any other form, a partial standardisation of design has given Europe a foremost place among the pottery manufacturing regions of the world. The need for the production of articles in large numbers does not help our potters to produce ware comparable with the finest pieces of ancient days, but the pottery in common use is every year becoming better, with a higher standard of art and beauty.

Along the Andes

THE MIGHTY MOUNTAIN RANGE OF SOUTH AMERICA

In our chapter on "The Land of the Incas" we have read about the peoples of Bolivia and Peru, and of the great Inca Empire that was overthrown by the Spaniards. Here we are to take a journey from the tropical lowlands of Colombia in the north, down into the almost Antarctic regions of Tierra del Fuego in the extreme south, following all the way the great mountain chain called the Andes. We shall see great cities that have been built thousands of feet up in the mountains, a railway linking ocean to ocean, fierce Indians that greet strangers with poisoned arrows, fertile valleys and enormous deserts that are the sources of greater wealth than the valleys. We shall read about Patagonia, which is divided between Argentina and Chile, in a later chapter.

WHEN the early Spanish explorers of what is now called Colombia, a country in the north-west corner of South America, set out, early in the sixteenth century, from their settlements on the Caribbean Sea in search of gold, they found that, in addition to swamps and forests and dangerous rivers, they were confronted by lofty mountains into which the Indians who attacked them always vanished. When the adventurers followed them into the mountain fastnesses they found that there was always another mountain beyond.

Had they continued to march on for years they would still have found "another mountain beyond," for they were on the Andes, those mighty mountain ranges which run for about 4,500 miles along the western margin of the whole of South America. From Cape Horn, in the almost Antarctic desolation of the south, they stretch through Chile and Peru, Bolivia, Ecuador and Colombia, until they drop down to the shores of the Caribbean Sea.

Birthplace of the Mighty Amazon

Beginning in the south with a single range of moderately high mountains, the summits grow higher and the range wider as the Andes stretch northwards; in fact, they consist for a great part of their length of two and sometimes of three parallel ranges, or Cordilleras as they are called, which are separated from each other by river valleys. It is here, among these snowy giants and their offshoots on the western sides, that the Amazon and a host of lesser rivers have their beginnings.

This magnificent mass of mountains—in parts it is nearly 500 miles wide and its crest is well above the snow line—contains the highest volcanoes and some of the highest peaks in the world. Within its limits can be found an infinite variety of climate and scenery.

Snow-clad Peaks on the Equator

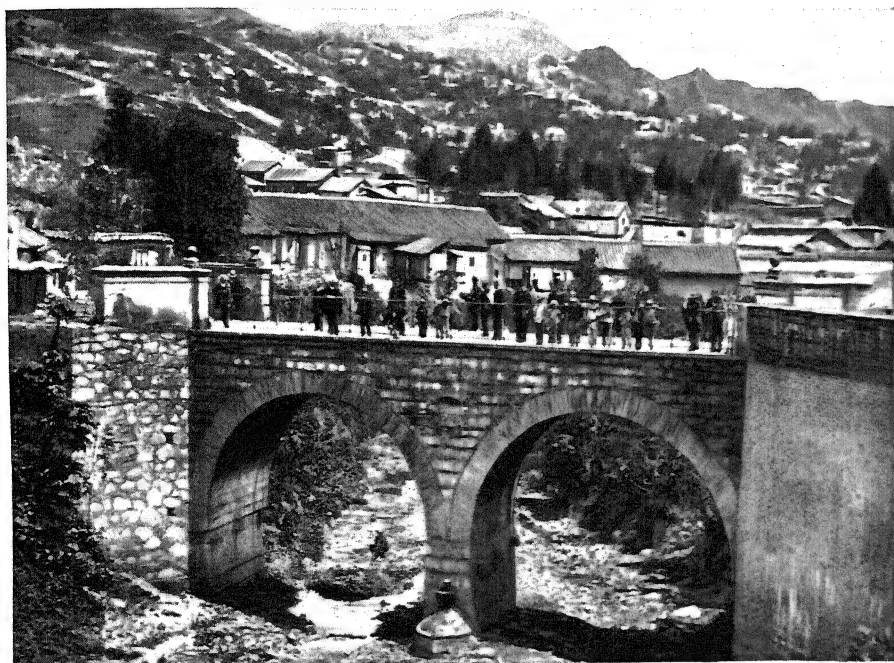
There are high plateaux, some of which are very fertile and others so situated that men must toil hard to wring a living from the soil; higher still we find mountain slopes where the vegetation barely suffices for scattered herds of sheep and goats. We can mount still higher, till no living thing is seen but the great condor, that majestic bird of the lonely heights, then up again, till vegetation ceases and the great peaks, even though, like Cayambe, they lie on the Equator, are wrapped in eternal snow.

Even where the high crest of the Andes seems to form an impassable barrier, human intelligence and patience have found a way through, and men and mules have trodden the difficult paths over the same high passes for centuries. Here and there human skill has built a railway and the iron road zigzags its dizzy way up the face of a mountain or crosses a ravine many hundreds of feet deep.

On a high plateau in the most easterly of the three Cordilleras of which the Colombian Andes consist, stands Bogotá, the capital of Colombia. Between this range and the central Cordillera, through almost the entire length of the country, the river Magdalena flows north to the

American Museum of Natural History

JIVASO HUNTER OF THE ANDES PREPARES FOR A SHOT AT GROUND GAME WITH HIS BLOW-PIPE

Most of the Jivaso Indians, like these two, live among the hill-forests of Ecuador. They are an active, intelligent people, and are very clever hunters, depending for their food mainly upon such game as they can kill. They are very skilful with the blow-pipe, using poisoned darts as missiles for the larger creatures, such as peccaries and deer, and balls of sun-baked clay for the smaller, such as birds. Their blow-pipes are of much the same pattern as those used by the natives of Borneo and Malaya, described in pages 61-72, and of Peru, page 71.

E. N. A.

HIGH-ARCHED BRIDGE ACROSS A SHRUNKEN STREAM AT BOGOTA

The town of Bogotá, which is situated on a lofty plateau in the Andes, is divided into four parts by the St. Augustin and St. Francisco rivers. Although there is not much water in the channel that we see here, conditions are very different in the two rainy seasons, for then the rivers, fed by mountain streams, are in flood, making high bridges a necessity.

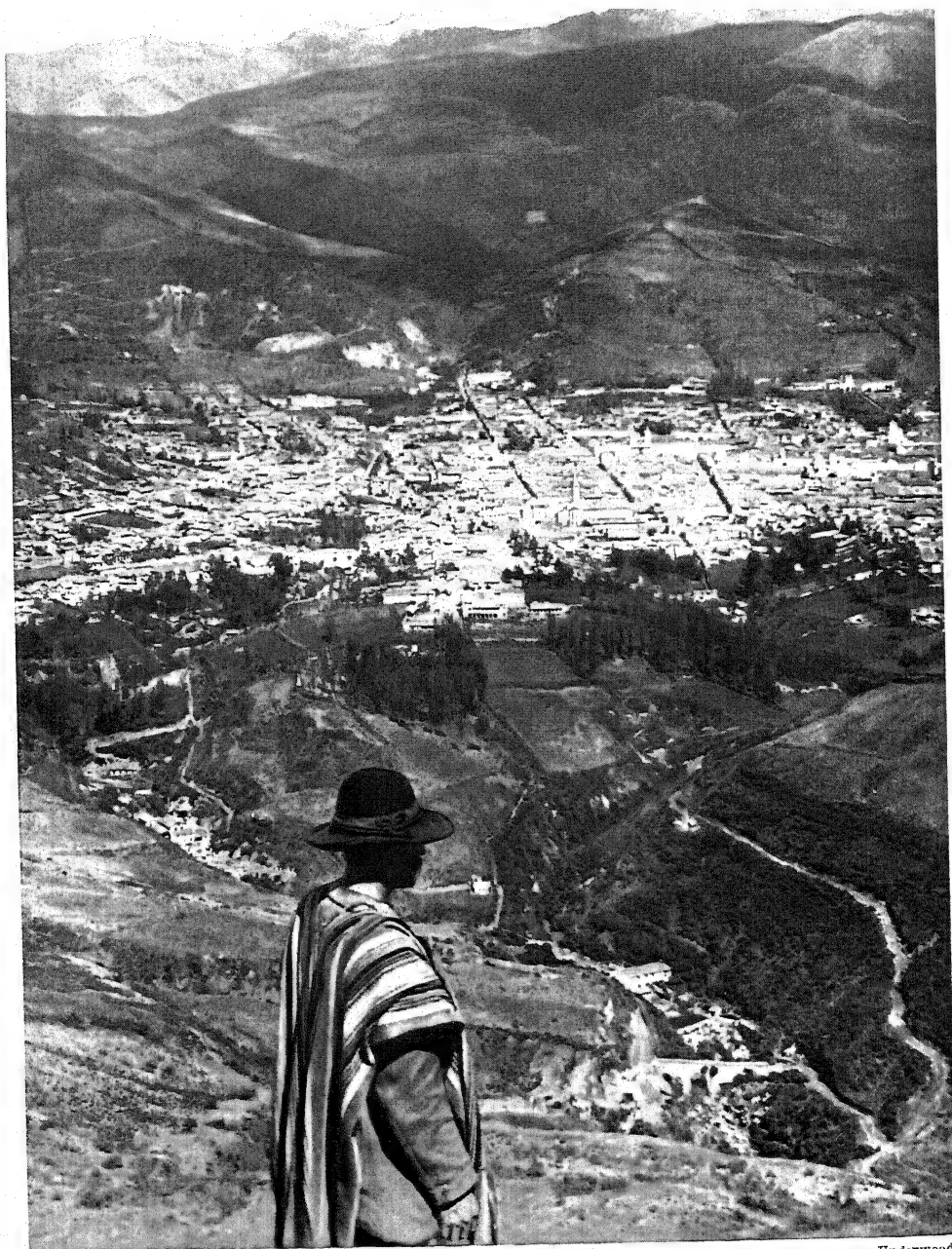
Caribbean Sea. In spite of its swift current and shoals, this waterway is the main route into the interior.

Surrounded by highly-cultivated land and having a healthy climate, Bogotá is, as befits a capital, the heart of the intellectual life of the country. In spite of tramcars and electric light and theatres and other luxuries of modern life, there is about this charming city a certain air of aristocratic aloofness very suitable to a place many of whose inhabitants can boast ancestors of the best Spanish blood.

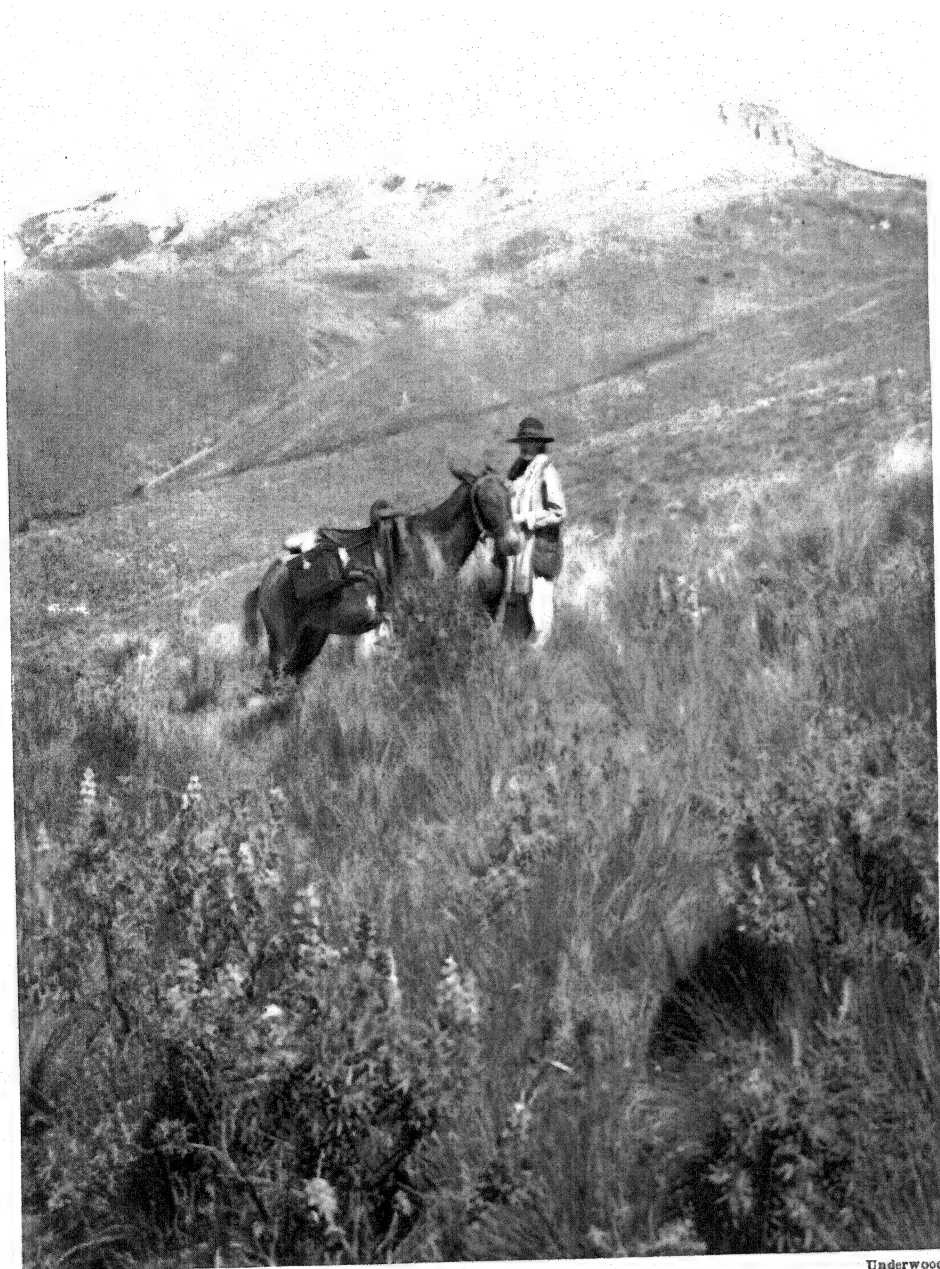
In addition to the white and nearly white people and negroes, Colombia contains a large proportion of pure Indians, mestizos, the descendants of Spaniards and Indians, and cholos, the descendants of mestizos and Indians. Large numbers of the Indians are more or less civilized and are Christians.

In one part of the forest-clad lower slopes of the Eastern Cordillera, however, dwell the untamed Motilones, who have the reputation of greeting inquisitive strangers with poisoned arrows. North of this, in the lowlands of the Goajira Peninsula, are found the Goajira Indians. They are war-like, independent people, picturesque in their scanty costume, which usually consists of a red, embroidered tunic and feathers in the hair. They are expert horsemen and will come into the settlements to sell horses and cattle, hides and skins and the pearls for which they have dived; but otherwise they remain apart from their civilized neighbours.

West of the Goajira district is a triangular mountainous mass, the Sierra Nevada de Sta. Marta. In the heights of this range live the Ahruaco Indians in queer, little, round huts, which stand in pairs, for husband and wife live separately and do not enter each other's homes.

The furniture consists of a cooking-pot and stools; a stone between the huts serves as a dining table. Once a year the huts are deserted, the Ahruacos having packed up their belongings and gone across the snows into the unexplored fastnesses

Underwood

QUITO, ECUADOR'S BEAUTIFUL CAPITAL IN THE HIGH ANDES

Although Quito is almost on the Equator, it stands 9,350 feet above sea-level, amidst snow-capped mountain peaks, so that its climate is pleasantly cool and healthy all the year round. Seen from the volcanic slopes and alpine meadows that surround it, the city, with its white, red-roofed buildings gleaming in the clear sunlight, is a very beautiful sight.

Underwood

STURDY MULETEER TRAVERSES THE FLANKS OF MOUNT PICHINCHA

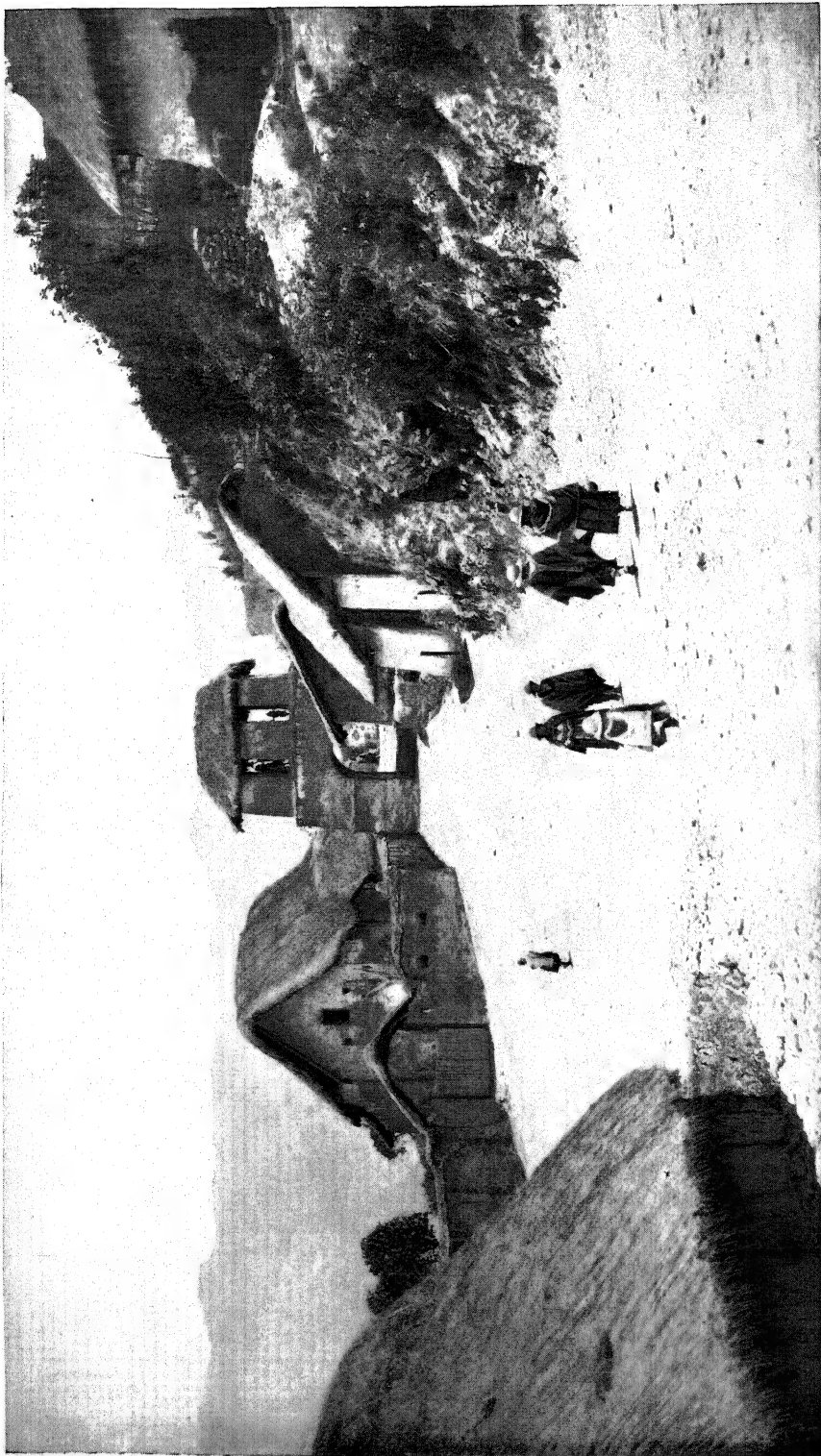
On the lower slopes of this great volcano, which is 15,910 feet high, lie the western districts of the city of Quito. Pichincha has not been in eruption for nearly three centuries, and below the line of the eternal snows its sides, as we see here, are covered with grass and shrubs. Nineteen other volcanoes can be seen from the streets of Quito.

export. In the streets of Guayaquil cocoa beans may be seen in heaps drying in the sunshine. Here, it may be interesting to note that the so-called Panama hats are made almost exclusively in Ecuador. Their manufacture is one of the most important national industries.

Peru and Bolivia, the next Andine countries, with their romantic history of Inca and Spaniard, of fabulous riches and unspeakable hardships, offer a fascinating theme, but that story is found in the chapter "The Land of the Incas," and we must journey southwards to Chile. Among the republics of South America, Chile and the Chileans have a peculiar niche of their own. A strip of land nearly 3,000 miles long, seldom more than 150 miles wide and sometimes considerably less—that is Chile. Here is no vast hinterland of forest and plain. The lofty Andes constitute a definite barrier between Chile and her eastern neighbour, Argentina. From north to south along the coast for nearly 2,000 miles runs a continuous range of low mountains; between this and the towering Andes lies a depression that is the real Chile. South of this is an archipelago of wooded islands and a narrow strip of mainland, also

Underwood

COLLECTING SNOW ON THE SLOPES OF A VOLCANO NEAR QUITO

Although the valleys of Ecuador are very hot, snow lies perpetually on the higher slopes of the mountains. The natives collect it, pack it into bundles and bring it to the towns for household purposes. It will be noticed that these three men wear blankets, or ponchos, as a protection against the cold, although the sun is shining brightly.

Dyott

FORTRESS-LIKE MOUNTAIN VILLAGE BUILT AMONG THE BLEAK RANGES OF THE PERUVIAN ANDES

Although the houses and the imposing gateway of this little village have an appearance of great solidity, they are actually built of mud and are roofed with grass. Indeed, since they stand on a lofty ridge open to the fiercest winds, they afford very poor shelter to their inhabitants, who are native Indians, perfectly content with the simple, uncivilized conditions under which they live. They grow most of the food required for their families on small plots of land on the hillsides near the village, and weave for themselves rough, durable cloth.

Dyott

WOMEN OF THE MOUNTAINS AT WORK GRINDING WOLFRAM

In the Andes of Peru are found great quantities of minerals, such as gold, silver, wolfram, copper and lead. The methods employed in mining them, however, are usually extremely primitive. Wolfram, from which is obtained the valuable metal called tungsten, is brought to the surface by hand, and is then ground to a powder between large stones.

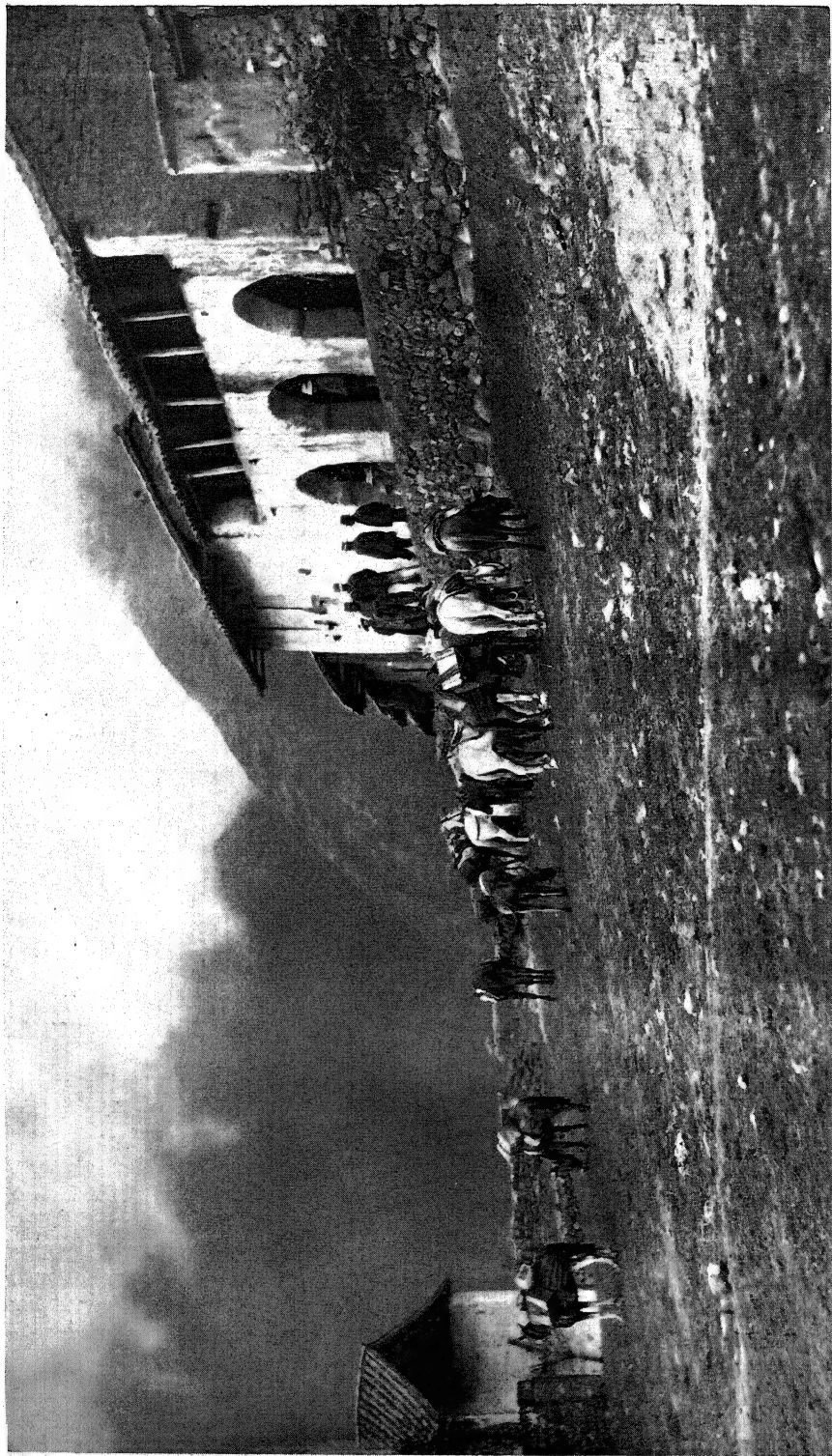
wooded, which is backed by the Andes. Only a few Indians and an occasional trading-station are to be found in this rain-drenched portion.

North Chile—roughly all the land above Coquimbo—is a rainless desert. This is the most remarkable part of the country, for in this depression, extending for over 450 miles, lie the famous nitrate beds. In this rainless, arid desert, where not a leaf nor a blade of grass is to be seen, and under the pitiless rays of a brazen sun, men work unceasingly in dust and heat to extract and prepare for use this valuable fertilizer, which, itself occurring in a desert, is sent all over the world to make other lands more fruitful.

Between these two tracts of country—the rainless desert of the north and the rainy forests of the south—there lies a central portion about seven hundred miles long, which is the very heart of Chile. Here the depression is comparatively narrow; nowhere is a dweller therein out of sight of the wooded mountains of the coast or of the peaks of the Andes—always snow-clad—on the east.

Here, save for the few coastal towns, lives the bulk of the people in a delightful climate, with a rich, fertile soil that brings forth everything in abundance. The ranch-owners have spacious homes set in the midst of orchards and vineyards, gardens and meadows, for Chile is a country of large estates.

There are, of course, humbler dwellings, cottages of mud and reeds, often shaded by pergolas from which hang bunches of grapes. In these huts dwell the rotos, sturdy peasants of half Indian blood, who form the mass of the population of Chile. No Indian or semi-Indian costume is complete without the inevitable poncho, and, as the Chilean roto has a preference for reds and yellows, these bright-hued garments strike a cheerful note.

Almost in the centre of Chile, in a district famous for its vineyards, lies Santiago, the capital. It is a prosperous, modern city, with delightful public gardens and

Dyott

PACK-MULES AND THEIR MASTERS HALTED IN AN ANDINE VILLAGE FOR REST AND REFRESHMENT

Peru is divided into three regions, the coastal district, the Sierra, or uplands, and the mountains; in the two last-mentioned communications are in a very backward condition. There are railways, but they only link a few of the more important towns and mines, so that, for transporting goods and raw material over the wild hill-tracks, beasts of burden are of the greatest importance. A train of heavily laden mules, such as we see in this photograph in the plaza, or square, of a small village nestling in a fold of the mountains, is a common sight.

Dyott

A TRAIL TO TAX THE STURDIEST MOUNTAINEER

Most of Peru's population of about 4,000,000 dwells in the central valleys ; but between these parallel valleys stand the ridges of the "Sierra," or Peruvian Andes, crossed by the most stupendous gorges. Clinging to the sides of these chasms are mountain trails only a few feet wide, with precipices thousands of feet deep below them.

E. N. A.

BOLIVIA'S PROGRESSIVE CITY OF LA PAZ SET IN A GREEN VALLEY AMID TOWERING PEAKS

When, as in this photograph, we look down on La Paz, which is itself 12,000 feet above sea-level, from one of the mountains that surround it, it appears to be a city built on a flat plain. In fact, however, many of its streets are so exceedingly steep as to make traffic almost impossible. La Paz is the Bolivian centre of government, the commercial capital of the state and a seat of learning. It is a clean, healthy city with many noble buildings and fine avenues and squares. Behind it we see the immense, snow-capped peak of Illimani.

American Field Museum

FRAGILE BRIDGE ACROSS A TURBULENT ANDINE STREAM

Among the mountains of Bolivia, as in Peru, pack-animals are very largely used for transporting goods. Elaborate machinery could not, therefore, be brought for the construction of this bridge in the Andes, so that it consists of a roughly-built pier of stones from which two tree-trunks supporting cross-boards are thrown over the torrent.

promenades. The houses are low on account of earthquakes, one of which destroyed the city in 1647. The citizens, brisk and energetic, are of Spanish origin, negroes and Indians being absent from Santiago. The Chileans have much in common with Englishmen, in fact they are sometimes called the "English of South America."

Seventy miles from Santiago lies its port, Valparaiso, the Liverpool of the S. American continent. This beautiful town—its name means "Vale of Paradise"—is most romantically situated; but it has suffered much from earthquakes, that of 1906 partially wrecking the harbour and town and causing great loss of life.

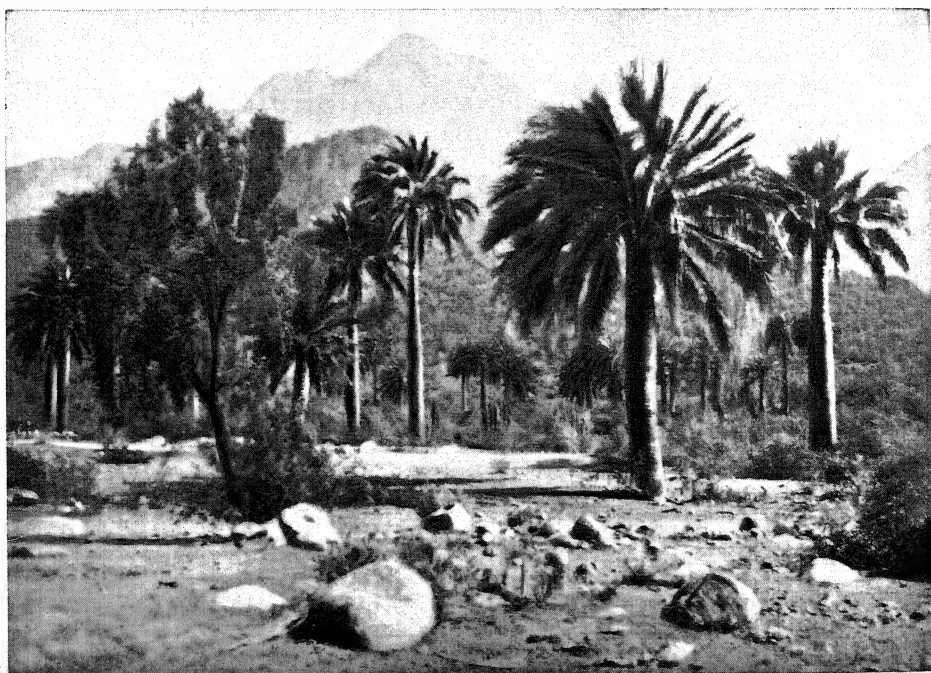
The rivers of Chile being small, their place as highways is taken by a railway which runs through the central valley, with branch lines to important towns. One of the best known connects Santiago and Valparaiso with Los Andes, nearly three thousand feet up on the Andine slopes.

This little town, with its six thousand inhabitants, is the terminus of the Transandine Railway. Here the train bound for Mendoza and Buenos Aires starts on its way up the mountains to the tunnel which, since 1909, has pierced the mountain summit and so saved the difficult journey over the crown of the Uspallata Pass.

Going south from Santiago along the fruitful valley, we find that the mountains are gradually getting lower, the grass is getting greener and richer, the trees taller and the rivers larger. Two of these rivers, the Maule and the Bio-Bio—the latter the largest in Chile—have played an important part in the country's history, for here we are approaching the land of the Indians.

The most formidable of the tribes that the Spaniards encountered in Chile were

TRAVELLERS AND THEIR MULES CROSSING THE PERTILLO PASS

The heat of the Vale of Chile is gradually left behind as the pack-train climbs up the foothills until it reaches the region of eternal snow. It has not far to go, now, before it will leave Chile behind it and pass into Argentina, for the lofty Andes form, for 1,500 miles, the boundary between those two countries.

CORDILLERA DE LA COSTA, AN OUTPOST OF THE ANDES

The Cordillera de la Costa is a low, coastal range that runs almost the whole length of Chile. Parts of the narrow strip between the Cordillera and the sea receive very little rain, but the region between Coquimbo and Temuco has been called " The Garden of South America." North of Coquimbo, scorching deserts lie behind the coastal towns.

LAKE OF THE INCA AMID THE SNOW-CLAD ANDINE SLOPES

Very few parts of Chile are out of sight of the Andes, that vast chain of mountains forming the backbone of the South American continent. Numerous lakes, such as the one we see here, are to be found many thousands of feet above sea-level, the water usually being bitterly cold, for the lakes are fed by the melted snow from the mountains.

STATUE OF CHRIST ON THE FRONTIER OF ARGENTINA AND CHILE

On the Uspallata Pass, which crosses the Andes between Chile and Argentina, stands a huge statue of Christ commemorating the settlement of a boundary dispute between the two nations. The Transandine railway tunnel enters the mountains not far from this point. The railway links Santiago, the capital of Chile, with Buenos Aires.

the Mapuche, or "warrior people," better known as the Araucanians. Fearless and independent, these people had given proof of their determination never to be enslaved by their resistance to the Incas, who were unable to extend their empire southward beyond the Maule River. The Spaniards were no more successful than the Incas, for the struggle went backwards and forwards over the River Bio-Bio for generations, the Spaniards pushing south and erecting forts, the Araucanians pushing north and burning the forts, until at last, in 1790, a treaty was made by which both parties agreed to recognize the Bio-Bio as a boundary between the Chileans and Indians. It was not until a century later that the Indians were conquered. Though still retaining a certain independence, the Araucanians of Chile are to-day faithful allies of the republic.

They are short but sturdy, with coarse black hair and copper-coloured skins. The women wear headbands to which silver coins are attached. They wrap their long plaits of hair in silver braid, and in various other ways adorn themselves with silver. A woollen girdle of different colours completes their picturesque appearance. These people dwell in scattered villages of grass huts or frame houses.

Before we take leave of Chile and the Andes, there is one little spot in the great republic which, under another name, is familiar to every British child. Away in the Pacific, about three hundred and sixty miles from the coast, lie the mountainous and wooded Juan Fernandez Islands. On one of these the sailor Alexander Selkirk lived alone for over four years. His adventures on the island supplied the material for Defoe's "Robinson Crusoe."

ROUNDING UP HORSES IN THE FOOTHILLS OF THE ANDES

In the fertile central zone of Chile there are many large estates on which fruit, flowers, vegetables, wheat and maize are grown and where herds of cattle and horses graze. The water for the land comes down from the Andes, so that though the local rainfall may be scanty, water is always obtainable. The country is noted for its fine breed of horses.

The Vikings of To-Day

NORWAY AND ITS PEOPLE OF FJELD AND FJORD

In the days of long ago a seafaring and warlike race lived along the winding, rockbound coast of Norway. Their famous ships braved the Atlantic storms and voyaged far and wide—even as far as America it is thought—enabling the Vikings to make themselves a scourge to the people of the coast-lands of Europe. They raided the coasts of Britain and many of them settled there, so that the British and the Norwegians resemble one another in many ways. The Norwegians are still bold adventurers, and hardy pioneers still go forth from Norway to all parts of the earth, urged forward by the dauntless spirit that made their forefathers a race of conquerors.

THREE countries in northern Europe —Norway, Sweden and Denmark— are like three brothers. Their people are of the same Gothic race and their languages are so closely allied that a man of one country can easily understand what the people of the other countries say, and can read their books and newspapers. They are all people of similar habits, of simple straightforwardness and happy, healthy ways.

For a long time Norway and Sweden had the same king. Then the people of Norway said that they did not want the King of Sweden to rule over them any longer. They were going to have their own government. The Swedes did not like this, and for a time people thought that the two countries would go to war. The Swedish and Norwegian armies gathered at the frontier between the two lands, waiting to begin fighting.

Independence Won without Fighting

One night some Norwegian officers went to their leaders and asked permission to attack the Swedish troops. "The Swedes are stronger than we are," they said, "they have many more soldiers. But if we attack them first, before they expect us, we can drive them back." The very wise man who was guiding the Norwegians, Mr. Michelsen, would not let them begin. On the next day he and the Swedish leaders met the King of Sweden, who said that he did not want to rule the Norwegians if it were against their wish, and the two nations agreed to separate.

So, in 1905, Norway became an independent country. The Norwegians chose a Danish prince, Charles, to be their king and he ascended the throne as Haakon VII. He married Princess Maud, a sister of King George V. of England. To-day the Norwegians, Swedes and Danes are much better friends than ever before. It is as though three brothers, who once all lived together, have now separate homes of their own, but have them close together so that they can constantly visit one another.

Home of our Viking Ancestors

When English people go to Norway for the first time they say: "Aren't these people very much like us?" They are. Many hundreds of years ago the Vikings, the sailors and sea-kings of the north, came in their warships to the coasts of England and Scotland. They fought battles there, and some of them remained in Britain. Many people, especially from Scotland, crossed the North Sea and settled in Norway. So it is not surprising that in many ways we are so much alike.

Norway, as a map shows, is a long strip of country facing the North Sea, the Atlantic and the Arctic Ocean. It is broadest at the south, where it is nearest to Denmark and Scotland, narrow in the middle and wider again towards the north. Most of the country is mountainous, with vast forests and many streams that are famous for their salmon. Norway has long winters, especially in the north, which is in the Arctic Circle, and for several months the country lies under deep snow.

The cold climate has made the Norwegians a very hardy people. They are

McLeish

OLD STABBUR, OR STOREHOUSE, ON THE HILLS OF HALLINGDAL

As all buildings in Norway were formerly built of wood, it is rather unusual to find one of any great age, because they were unable to withstand the severe northern winters. This stabbur is over one hundred years old, and has been built high up in the mountain pastures, where the cattle, tended by the girls from the farm, graze during the summer.

skilled in all kinds of outdoor sports. Every child in Norway learns to ski (pronounced *she*) almost before it can run. In ski-ing one travels over the snow on long, narrow, slightly-curved strips of wood which are attached to the boots. The Norwegian baby learns to balance himself almost before he knows how to talk. Everyone learns to skate as a matter of course. It is necessary to do so in order to travel over the frozen fjords in winter. Sledging is universal, and the rich fisheries off the coast have encouraged the youths to be good sailors and fishermen.

Living as they do a hardy, open air life, the Norwegians are still, as their Viking ancestors were, a nation of adventurers and explorers. Dr. Nansen, who did such great work as an Arctic explorer, is a Norwegian and lives just outside Oslo, the capital. The first men to reach the South Pole were five Norwegians, headed by Captain Roald Amundsen. This same Captain Amundsen was, as everyone knows, leader of the first party that crossed the North Pole in an airship.

There is an old proverb, " The Danes are tradesmen, the Swedes are aristocrats and the Norwegians are peasants." This is still true. Norway is not and never has been very rich. In the south there are many prosperous old farms where the same families have lived for hundreds of

years, owning their own homes. But when the sons grow up there is often nothing for them to do at home. In the forests and mountains of the north it is often still more difficult to earn a living. That is why, many years ago, the Norwegians started emigrating to the United States and Canada.

This has made a vast difference to the country itself. The people in America send many presents, especially at Christmas, to help the folk at home. Most people, even in country parts, can now speak at least a little English. Dress is becoming more and more like that of the American and the British.

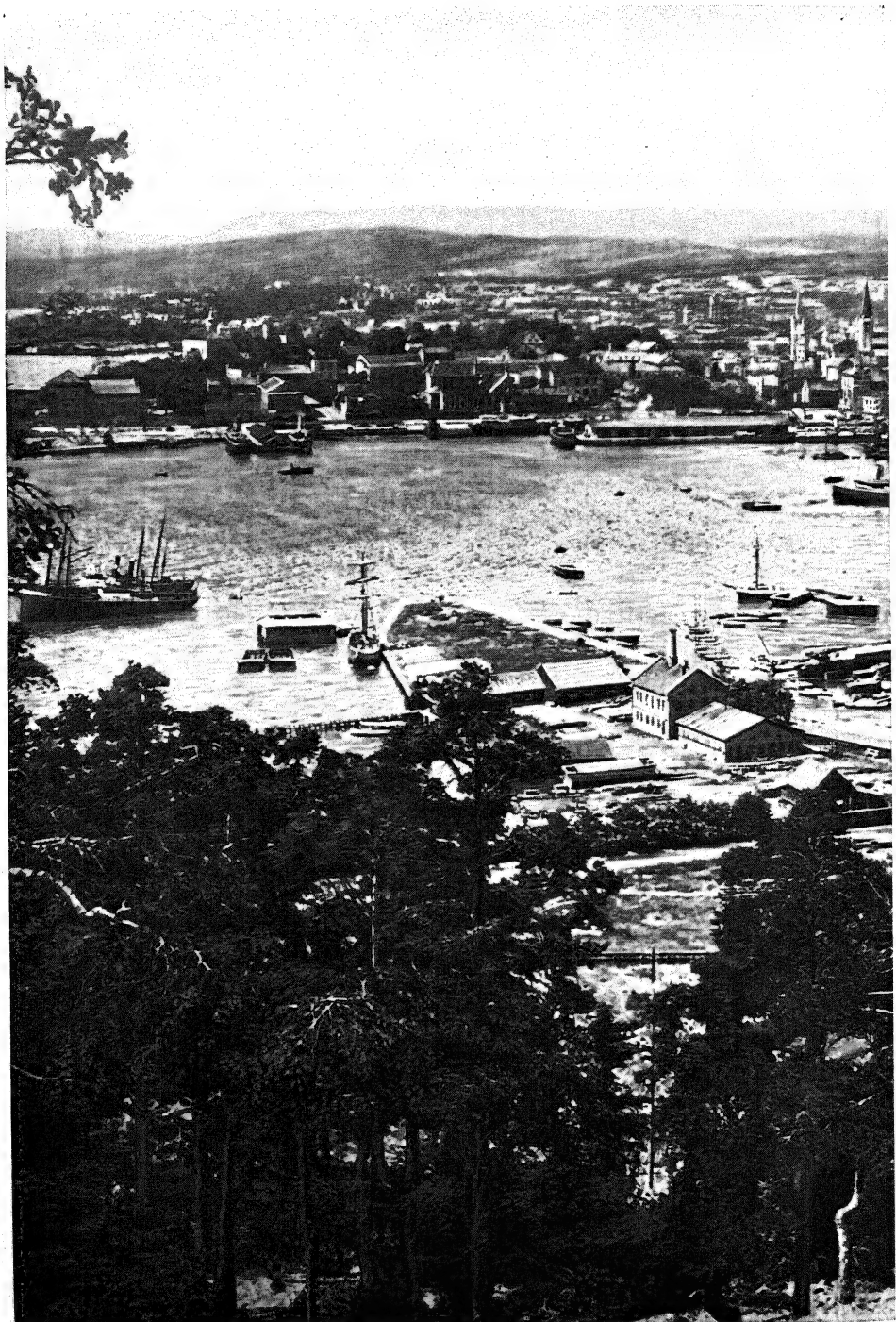
In the olden days the Norwegian peasant's dress was rich, picturesque and full of colour. One rarely sees these costumes now, except on Sundays and at national festivals. The young men then wear knee-breeches, red waistcoats and short, smart, braided jackets, and the girls, with their long, flaxen hair coiled on the tops of their heads, with their white, full-sleeved bodices, thick skirts and embroidered jackets, seem to be true daughters of the ancient Vikings.

Norway is very beautiful, whether we see it in winter or summer. In winter the long clean stretches of snow, the frozen waters and the clear, stimulating air make people love the land. In summer, when the seas are open, thousands of visitors come to travel along the coast and to visit the fjords. These are sheltered channels running far into the land, often with precipitous cliffs walling them in on either side. These cliffs are sometimes covered not only with trees, but with wonderful flowers of all kinds. As though to atone for the long winter, the summer is very lovely.

The capital was long called Christiania, but it was re-named Oslo in January, 1925. The city is approached by a long and very beautiful fjord, usually full of shipping of all sizes. In the fjord are numerous little islands, to which the people come in summer time and live in

McLeish

OFF FOR A DRIVE IN A HEAVILY LADEN STOLKJAERRE

Throughout Norway, especially in the country districts, the stolkjaerre is the vehicle used by everybody. We should not enjoy a ride in one very much, for the springing is poor and the roads are rough and narrow, often winding high up above a fjord. The little pony trots along at a brisk pace, and a fall into the fjord often seems to be imminent.

Underwood

OSLO, THE CAPITAL OF NORWAY, SEEN ACROSS THE FJORD

Oslo stands at the north end of the Oslo Fjord and on the Akers River. Until about 1850 all the buildings were of wood, so that the city was frequently devastated by fire. In the photograph we can see the two harbours, which are separated by a peninsula. Oslo is the chief seaport of Norway, but ice hinders navigation during the winter.

McLeish

HAPPY PARTY UPON THE PEACEFUL WATERS OF THE NAEROFJORD

The Naeröfjord is an arm of Aurlandsfjord, which is a branch of the Sognefjord, the longest of the Norwegian fjords. Since the Norwegians are the descendants of the Vikings, it is only natural that we should find them to be splendid sailors. The boy in this photograph is able to manage his boat in rough water as well as in the sheltered fjord.

McLeish

GIRL OF HALLINGDAL DAY-DREAMING AT HER WORK

In the summer many of the girls in the country districts go to live in tiny wooden cottages among the mountain pastures. Though the life is somewhat lonely, they have to work hard, for the cows must be milked and cheese and butter made. Now and then men from the farms come up with horses to take away the produce.

the open air in the simplest fashion. The Norwegians believe that the summer sun is a great healer and health-giver and that it is impossible to have too much of it.

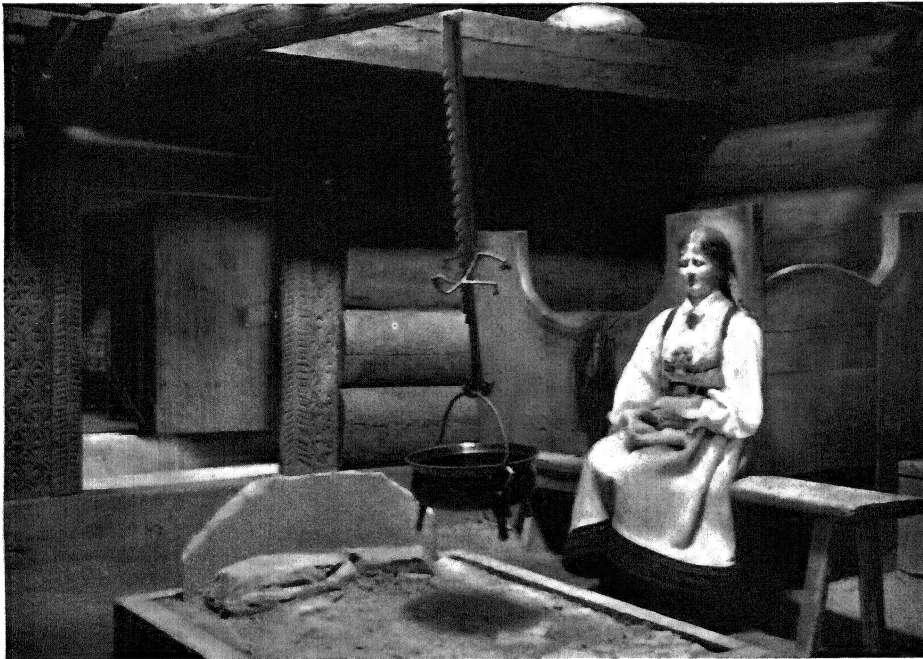
Oslo, at first sight, is rather disappointing. It has very few old buildings. It formerly consisted mostly of wooden houses, and great fires destroyed many of these. The centre of Oslo to-day is largely built of brick and stone. The palace of the king is like a smaller Buckingham Palace and there is nothing very attractive about the buildings or shops. One of the most interesting sights in the capital is a wonderful Viking ship, which is more than eleven hundred years old and seventy-seven feet long, with one end shaped like a dragon's head and the

other like its tail. This was the kind of vessel in which the Viking warriors sailed, capturing or destroying all they met.

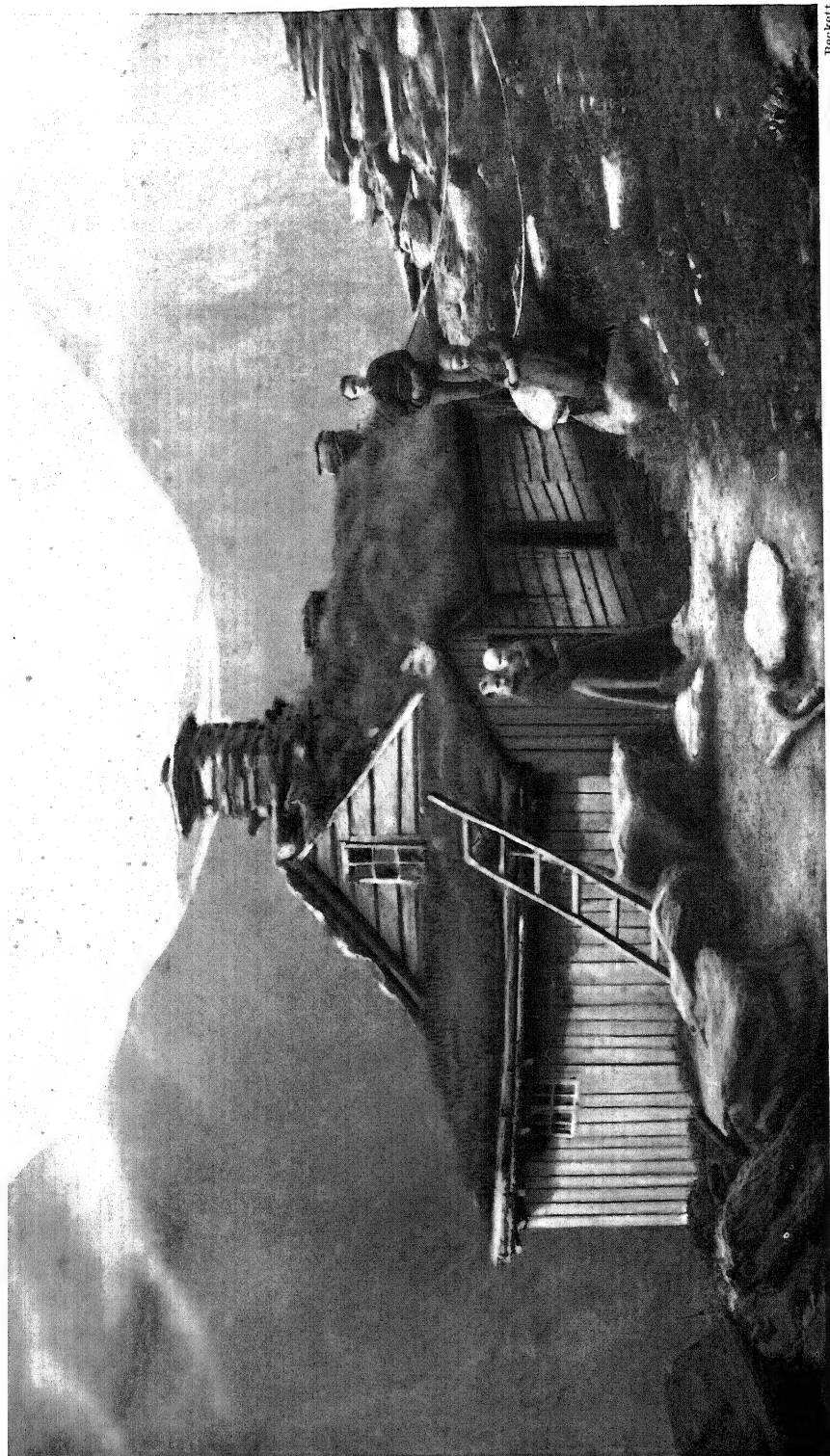
The real charm of Oslo is found not in the city but around it. The fjord is a delight. Behind Oslo is a line of high hills, and here there is a popular resort called Holmenkollen. There is no need to walk up to this place if we do not wish to do so, for the tramway, winding through the woods and mounting the hills, will easily take us. It is surely the most picturesque tramway in the world, with wooden bridges over chasms and flowers and fine trees on every side.

Here the city folk come at week-ends. In winter time they enjoy sledge drives down steep slopes and all manner of winter sports. From the rocks we see, stretched out below amid the trees, Oslo itself, with its shining waters and the cliffs still farther behind.

Above all, Holmenkollen is the headquarters of Norway's chief winter sport, ski-jumping. The ski is not cnly used in sport, but also as a means of travelling through the snow. The ski-er moves along, pushing himself with one or two long bamboo poles, which are mounted at one end with a disk and a spike so that they will get a grip in the snow but will not sink too far. As his wooden runners gather speed, the ski-er's body moves in sympathy. He rushes down every little slope and so keeps himself going.

Ski-jumping is much more serious than this. Long steep slopes are prepared on hillsides and at the top is a shorter slope, very steep. The ski-er, dressed in sweater, knickers and woollen cap, starts down the first slope, working every muscle to the utmost to gain momentum. He comes to a slightly flatter stretch, and from there, without a fraction of a second's delay, keeping his legs straight and his arms stretched up and forward, he leaps into space. We see him high up in the

McLeish

WATCHING THE POT IN A QUAINT SAETERSDAL HOME

Saetersdal is a long valley about fifty miles to the north of Christiansand, and its inhabitants still cling to their old costumes and habits. There are no windows in this wooden home, the light entering through a hole in the roof, by which the smoke escapes. Behind the woman is a stout wooden bedstead, and in front is the raised hearth.

Beckett

TINY HOME PERCHED UPON THE EDGE OF A PRECIPICE ABOVE THE GEIRANGER FJORD

Many beautiful waterfalls fling themselves down the sides of the huge cliffs that wall in the Geiranger Fjord. From a boat upon the water we might espy a dwelling that looks as though it must be glued to the side of the cliffs. Only people of a hardy race would build their home in such a place. They are well aware of the dangers to which they are exposed, because the children are tethered, like goats and donkeys in England, by a rope to a post or rock so that they may play in safety. It is curious how thickly the grass has grown on the turf roof.

air and almost before we have had time to see, he has landed on the slope below, has balanced himself and is ski-ing along at a tremendous speed to the valley, possibly hundreds of feet below. In page 1422 we see a man ski-jumping.

Champion ski-ers will jump over 170 feet. If the ski-er is careless, if he omits to keep his feet straight or fails to land properly, he may seriously injure himself. Ski-jumping is one of the most thrilling sports in the world, and in 1926, at the famous Northern Games in Stockholm, the Norwegians proved themselves to be the champions of the north.

These people have also brought skating to a wonderful state of perfection. The champion male skater of the world is a Norwegian. He can travel so fast that he seems to have an electric motor driving him forward. The Norwegian women skaters can dance on the ice, turn around like tops a score of times, until they look like confused whirling balls, and can skim along as though they were flying.

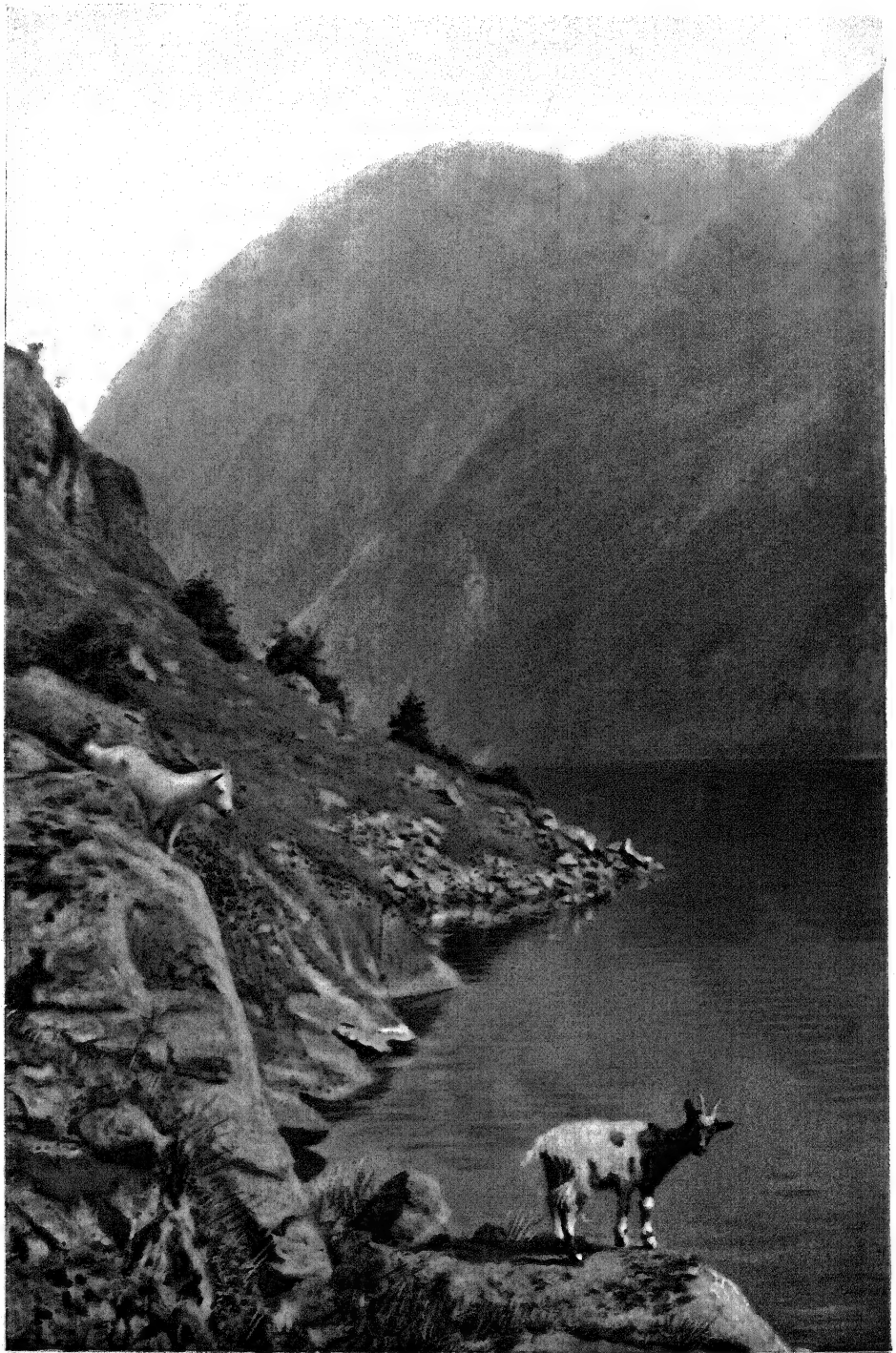
Beckett

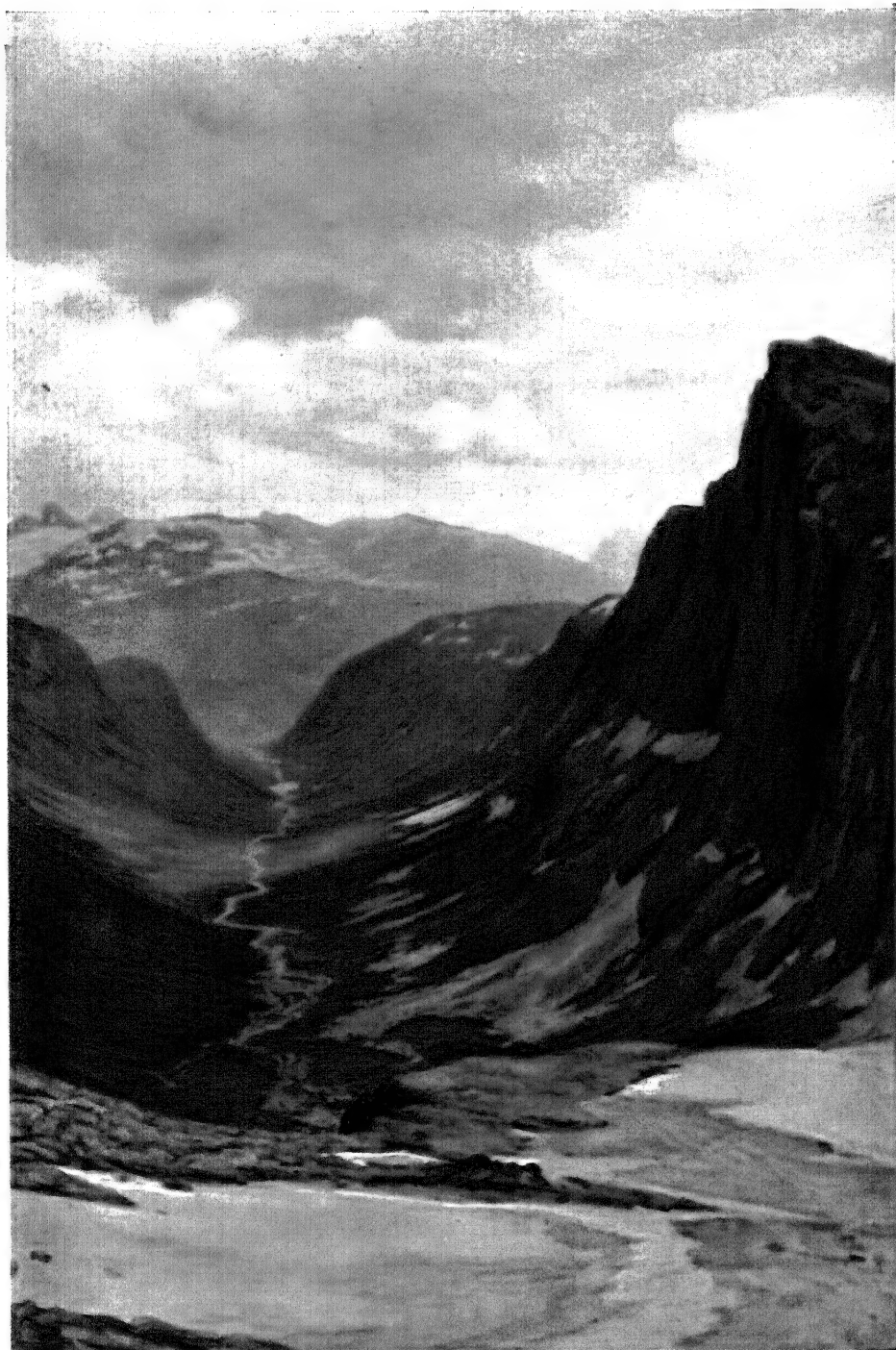
FINE MEMBERS OF A STURDY RACE

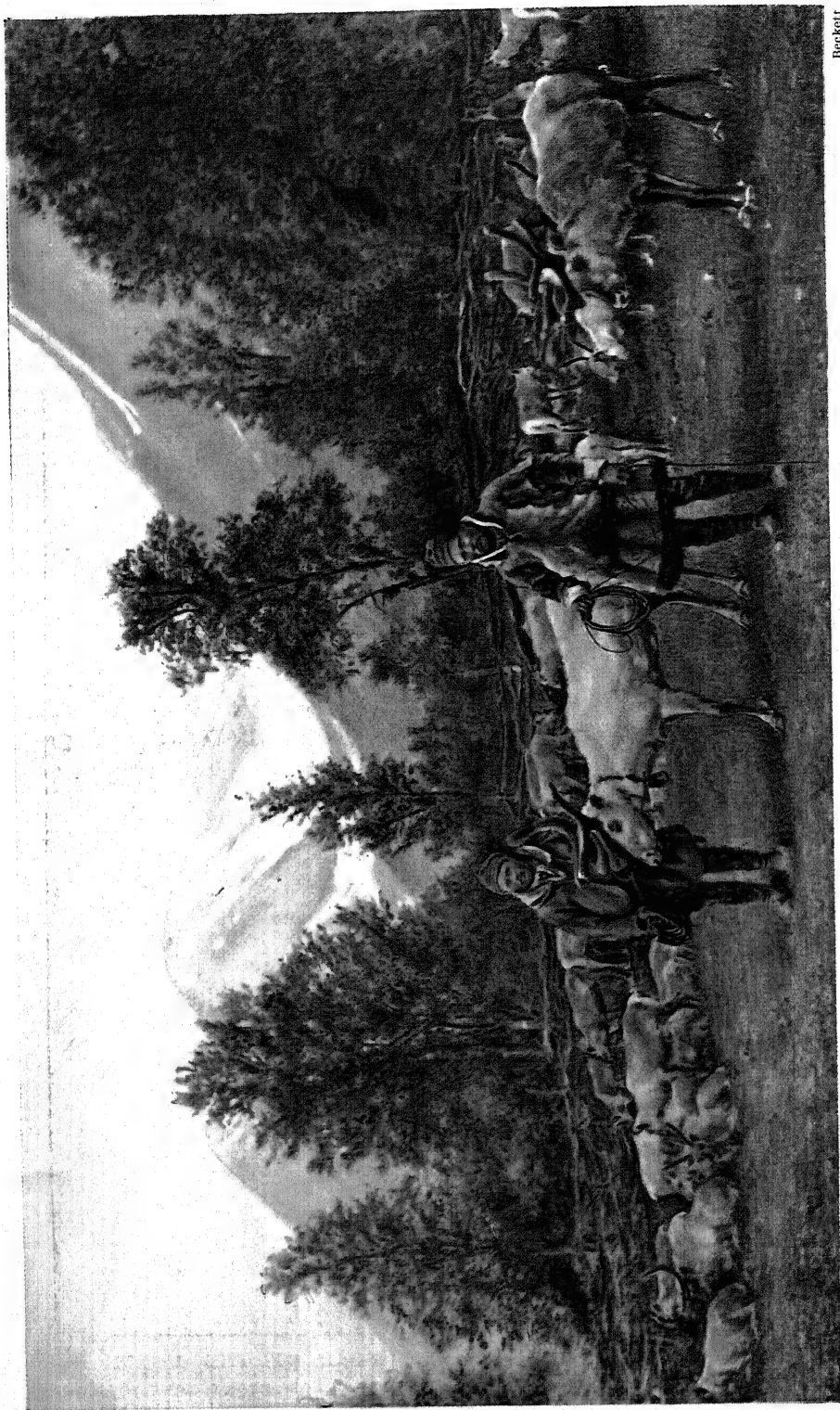
Lined and weather-beaten, the old man's face might be that of a Viking home from the sea. The bright, healthy, flaxen-haired youngster, who seems to be rather shy, is a splendid example of young Norway.

Bergen, the second city in Norway, is famous everywhere as the cleanest place in the world. Everything in it looks as though it were scrubbed every day. The reason is that more rain falls in Bergen than almost anywhere on earth. It is said to have rain every day and sometimes rain all day, the clouds coming from the Atlantic and breaking just over this spot. The Bergen folk do not let the rain depress them, for they are known as the jolliest, happiest and most cheerful people in Norway.

To many people, the most interesting part of Norway is not the fertile country or the busy cities of the south, nor the picturesque forests and fjords of central Norway, but the Far North, with its Lapps and reindeer, its long winter months of darkness and its long summer, when, for weeks together, the sun never sets. Hammerfest, not far from the North Cape, is the world's most northerly town.

Here the sun is never seen from November 18th to January 23rd, and for eleven weeks in summer the sun never sets. The town, with its beautiful harbour and quaint wooden houses, is the great fishing-centre for the northern seas. Here

McLeish

IN THE NAERÖFJORD some of the cliffs fall so steeply to the water's edge that only goats can scale them. The Norwegian fjords run inland for many miles, and though in some places they may be only two hundred yards wide, the water is so deep that ocean liners can steam right up them amid some of the finest scenery in the world.

Underwood

IMMENSE GLACIERS, such as the one of which we see the edge in this photograph, wind down the sides of some of the mountains in the Horunger group, lying near the eastern end of the Sognefjord. These enormous U-shaped valleys of Norway were carved out by the vanished glaciers of the Ice Age, which cut many thousands along the coast.

Beckett

NORWEGIAN LAPPS number about 20,000, and live in the north under the protection of the government. The Lapps are the most primitive of all the European races, and those of Norway can be divided into the Mountain Lapps, who wander about with their huge herds of reindeer; the Coast or River Lapps, who are fishermen and sailors; and the cattle-breeding Lapps. The Mountain Lapps are almost completely dependent on their reindeer, which supply them with food, clothing, household utensils and means of transport.

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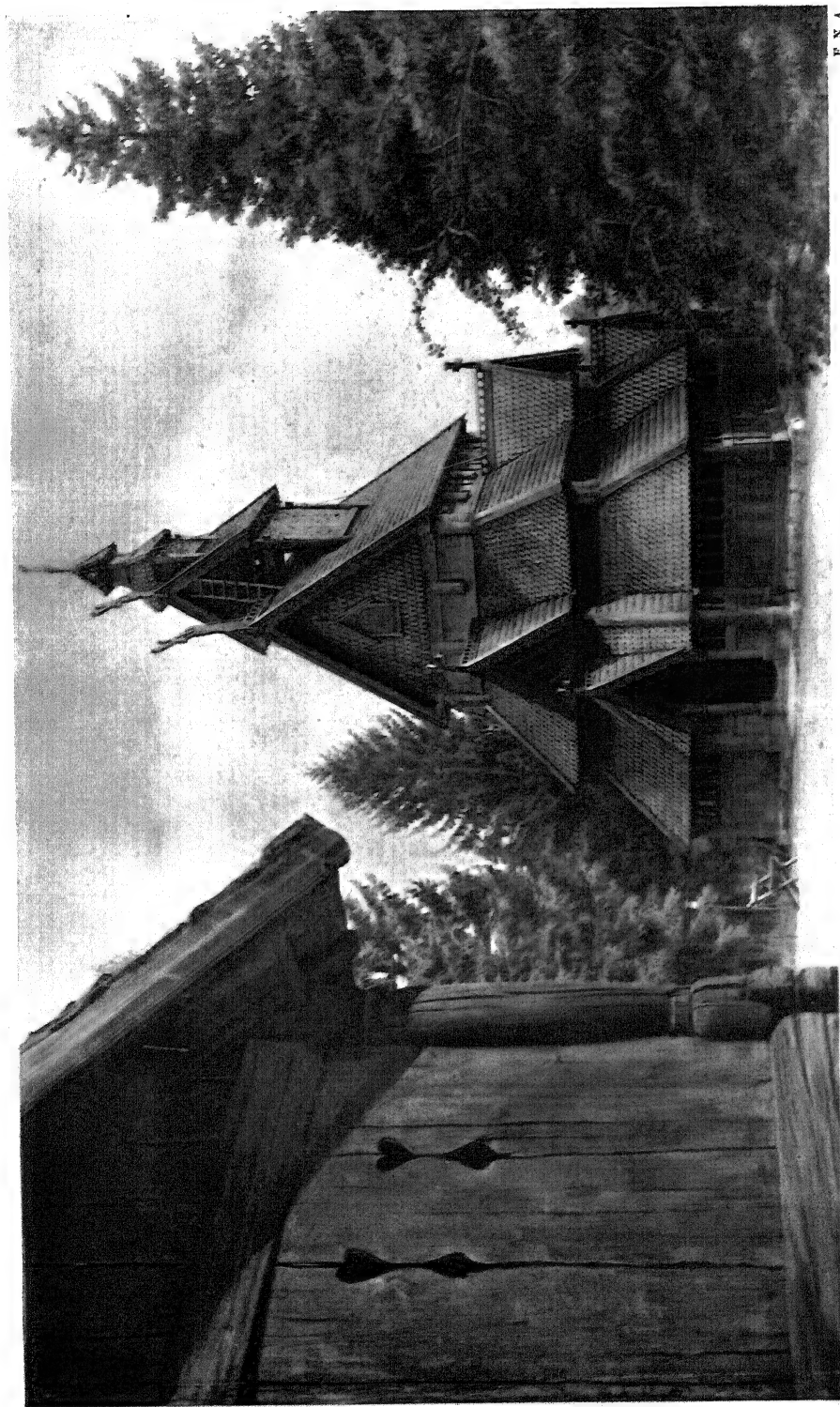

IN THE FOLKES MUSEUM at Oslo is an old wooden Stave church which is believed to have been built in the 13th century. The church was placed in this outdoor museum in 1884 among other exhibits that show us how the people of Norway lived before modern times. These churches are considered to be the most remarkable timber buildings in Europe and, though they were built centuries ago, there are about twenty in existence. The many roofs give them an Oriental appearance, that is enhanced by the dragon-like terminals to the gables.

Owens

HARDY LAPP CHILDREN OF THE BLEAK NORTHERN REGIONS

Lapp children may not lead such luxurious lives as other children, but they are almost spoilt by the kindness of their parents, who hardly ever speak to them sternly. Formerly the Lapps wore clothes that were made chiefly from reindeer hides, but as they become more civilized woollen garments are used more widely.

come whalers and seal hunters, and from here many fishing expeditions set forth towards the Polar seas.

In the Arctic country the Lapps gain a living from land that is constantly frozen a foot below the surface, by keeping vast herds of reindeer, which thrive where nothing else could find enough food to live. The reindeer can supply most of men's needs in the north, and are used to draw travellers along in sleighs. These sleighs are usually very light, and as the team bounds along nobody ever seems to dream of grumbling if they are occasionally turned out on to the snow. The reindeer skins supply the Lapps not only with their tents, but with boots and clothing. The flesh of the reindeer can be eaten, fresh or preserved. People in the north prefer it to beef or mutton.

The climate of these northern regions is not so cold as that of some lands farther south. The Gulf Stream brings a current of warm water that tempers the cold and helps to keep the harbours open. But it is quite cold enough, and the stranger often finds the winter weather hard to bear.

In the Norwegian Arctic regions, especially in the country districts, ordinary clothing would be useless in winter. In place of leather boots, high boots made from felt or reindeer skins are worn

by the Lapps. The boots come right over the knees and up the thighs. For coats, people have garments of double reindeer skin, which are pulled over the head and shoulders and which reach well below the knees. They cover the head, leaving an opening for the face, and there is no opening at the shoulders or down the front.

In the coldest parts a fringe of long white fur is sewn around the edge of the face-opening, so as to give further protection for the features against the cold. This fur is specially chosen, so that it will not gather the moisture from the breath and allow it to turn into ice; otherwise before long a block of ice is formed by the breath. Gloves are very big and thickly lined, sometimes with hay. If we look at page 848 we shall get a very clear impression of the Lapps of Norway, of their clothes and of the kind of house in which they live during the winter.

Over the edge of the high cliffs that rise each side of the Norwegian fjords many waterfalls plunge down into the water. These are very beautiful, as we can see if we glance at pages 156 and 157, and they are also very useful. For electricity is widely used in Norway and this is largely due to the natural power supplied by the falls. Even remote towns like Hammerfest are bright in winter with electric light.

Wireless is Welcome in the Arctic

In the Arctic country, life was once very dreary during the long months of darkness. Now the people have a much more pleasant time. More and more of them are procuring wireless sets, so that even in the loneliest village, cut off by deep snow from all neighbours, they can listen to music, songs and talks sent through the air from Oslo or Aberdeen.

The people of Norway are very proud, as they have a right to be, of all they do for the education of their children. They are so honest that the visitor is inclined after a time to cease to trouble about taking care of his things. If we leave our home in the country there is no need to lock our door, for no one would think of coming in to take our goods.

The Norwegians do not have so many public holidays as the people in some southern lands, but Christmas is a time of great feasting, which often lasts for several days. Another feast is held on Midsummer Eve. Tradition says that this feast was kept thousands of years ago by the now-forgotten people who lived in Norway before the Vikings came. On Midsummer Eve the country folk dress themselves gaily and hang branches of birch in their homes to symbolise the driving away of evil spirits. Bonfires are lit and the young people come out and dance around the fires. As we read in page 953, almost the same celebrations are held by their neighbours the Swedes.

Rich Norwegian Fare

In olden days the people of the cold north were great eaters and drinkers. Much has been done by law to stop too much drinking and the meals of to-day would probably be thought poor by the old Vikings, but to visitors from the south Scandinavian food seems very rich. People drink much coffee, and breakfast consists often only of coffee, with plenty of cream, and rolls. For the midday meal smörgasbord is served first as in Sweden. This may consist only of a few trifles, like sardines, radishes, dried fish or the like. But a full course of smörgasbord will often include over twenty dishes, starting with hard-boiled eggs in sour cream and ending with several kinds of salad, sardines, herrings, ham, reindeer meat and olives. After this come soup, very fine fish, meat and sweets.

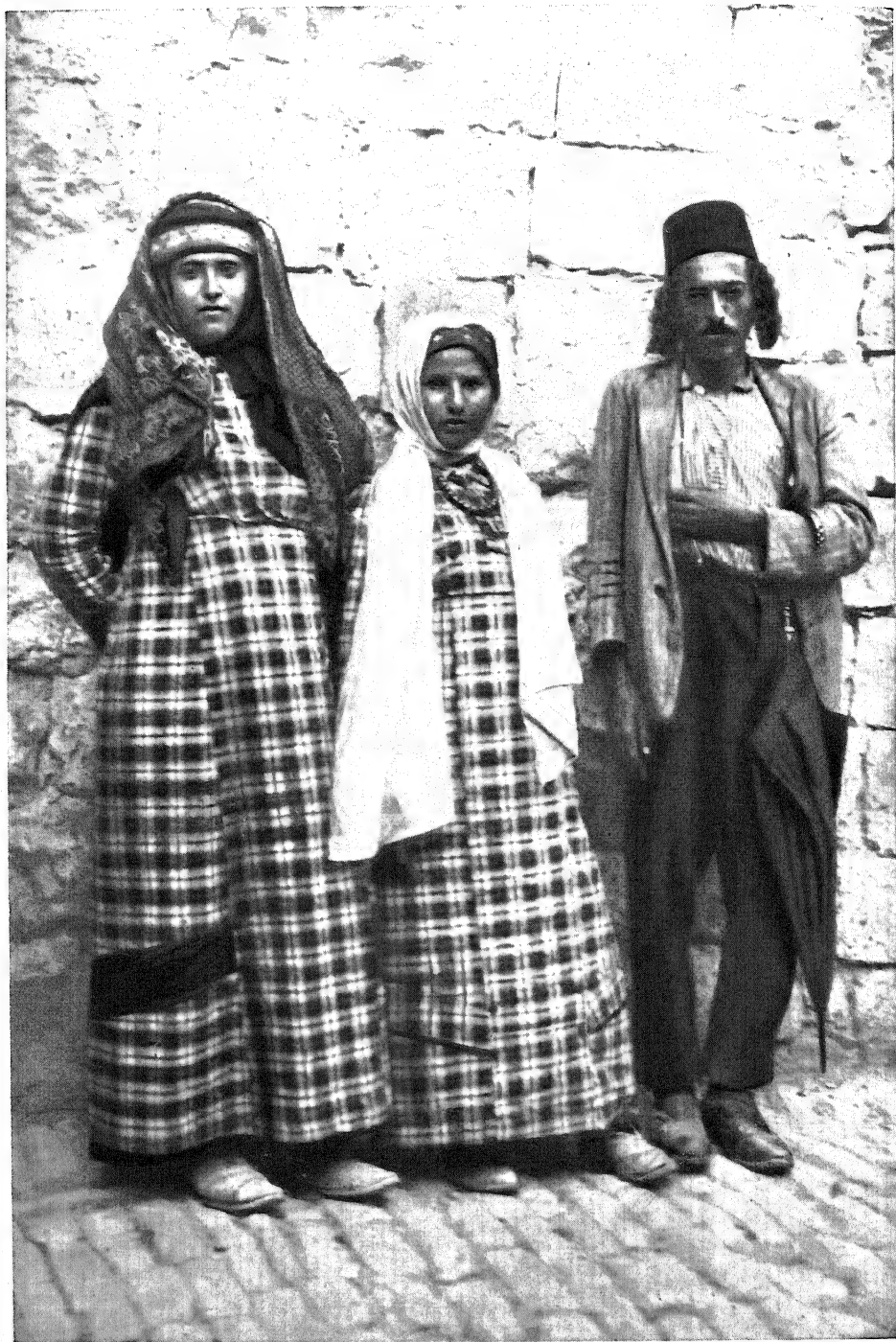
Land of Happy, Open-hearted People

The Norwegians are a very determined people. Some of their friends call them obstinate. They make up their minds and hold to their decision; but they are so open-hearted, their homes are so clean, their children so happy, and they have such a delightful land that everyone who visits them once is sure to want to go back to them again and again.

Wilse

WINTER SPORTS in Norway are enjoyed by everyone. The country is buried beneath the snow for several months, and only games that can be played on the snow or ice are possible. The Norwegians are so skilful at ski-ing that they are said to be born with skis on their feet. The horse in the photograph is harnessed to a sleigh.

Beckett

HARDANGER WOMEN wear a very becoming head-dress called a "skaut," which is of white linen. The bodice is beautifully trimmed with beads, and the buckles of the belt are often silver. This charming costume is rarely worn now save on Sundays. The Hardanger folk are noted for their love of their old customs and costumes.

McLeish

JEWISH FAMILY WITHIN THE WALLS OF OLD JERUSALEM

Since the British drove the Turks from Palestine during the Great War, Jews have come from all over the world to settle in their homeland. There are, however, more Mahomedans in the country than Jews, so that it may be many years before Palestine is really governed by them. The features of the girl in this photograph plainly show her Jewish ancestry.

The World's Most Scattered Race

WITH THE JEWS IN THEIR LANDS OF EXILE

The Wandering Jew! When we hear these words we think of a figure, solitary and friendless, condemned to roam over the face of the earth until the second coming of Christ. This legendary character personifies the Jewish nation after they had been driven out of Palestine by the Romans. Hated and persecuted, they fled from one country to another, but still retained their racial pride, customs and traditions. The end of the Great War found Palestine freed from the Turks, and a movement was started to make the country a national home for the Jewish people. It will be many years—if ever—before this can be accomplished, for though some Jews are returning home again after long centuries of exile, the immense majority are more comfortable in foreign lands than they could ever hope to be in Palestine.

IN the thirteenth century a new story began to be passed from town to town, and soon the little children of medieval Europe were listening to the tale of "The Wandering Jew." Pious monks, taking their little boxes of reed-pens, colours and gold-leaf, inscribed it on parchment for kings to read, and wandering minstrels added it to their stock of stories to awe their audiences.

There are several versions of this tale, but this is how the German one ran. When Jesus was being led to the place of crucifixion, He sank beneath the burden of His cross and stopped to rest. A Jewish shoe-maker named Ahasuerus turned Him from his doorstep with blows and jeers. Then the weary Christ turned to him and said:

"I will stand here and rest, but thou shalt go on until the Last Day!"

Immediately Ahasuerus knew that he could no longer stay with his family, and putting away the implements of his craft, he wandered out of Jerusalem and away across the desert—never to return. The legend of Ahasuerus limping from land to land, from continent to continent, till he thrice circles the globe, is symbolical of the whole Jewish race.

Persecutors of the Chosen People

Though the Jews have not wandered from choice, the tale of Israel's migrations would fill a hundred volumes. The history of the Chosen People, as the Jews call themselves, has been one of continuous bull-baiting—the Jews being the bull and the other nations the fierce dogs.

The Egyptians, the Babylonians, the Assyrians and the Romans were, in turn, oppressors of the Jews, and after their final dispersal the whole world joined in the persecution of this homeless people. Nevertheless we must not forget that the old Jews were as fierce as any of their persecutors, and only weakness of numbers prevented them fulfilling their own law of "An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth."

The Enslavement of a Nation

The most marvellous thing is that despite all this persecution the Jews have maintained their purity of race and religion. They have refused to become absorbed by their conquerors and are to-day nearly as pure blooded as they were three thousand years ago.

We may read in the Old Testament of the hardships they suffered at the hands of the Egyptians, of the first part of their wanderings in the wilderness and their enslavement by the Babylonian Empire, in the course of which the entire nation was carried off to Babylon, but for an account of the Great Dispersal we must go elsewhere.

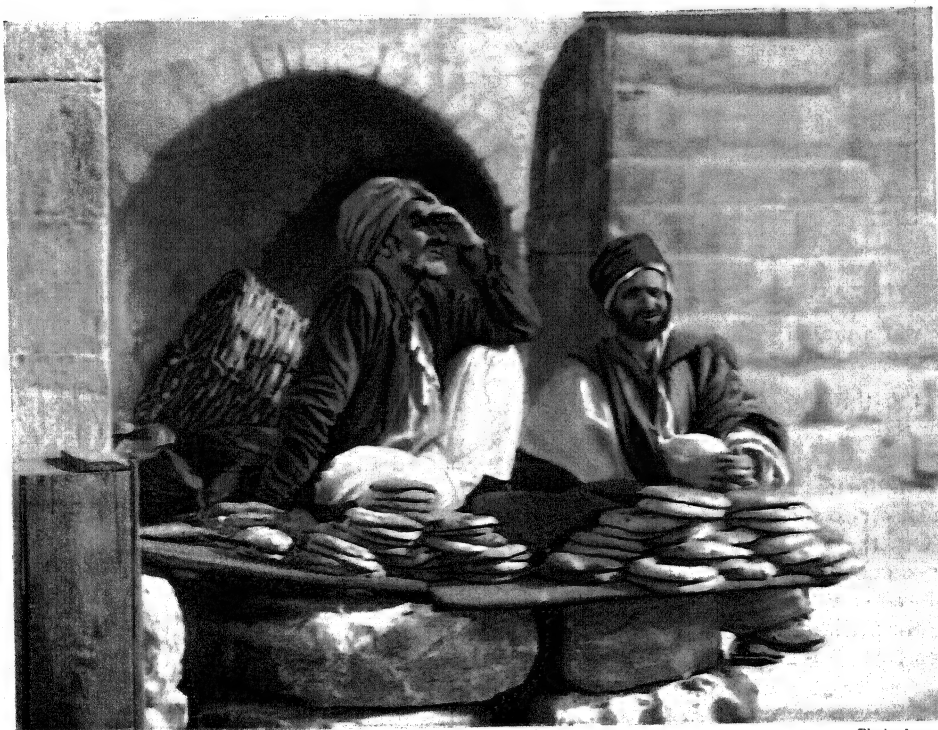
Even in the time of Christ the Jews hated their Roman masters, and the oppressions of tyrannical governors at last caused the smouldering fires of rebellion to blaze. In the works of Josephus, a Jewish historian of the time, we read of the sieges, the battles and the desperate Eastern fanaticism that spent itself vainly against the Roman armies.

Seventy years after the birth of Christ, the Roman catapults broke down the last

McLeish

THE WAILING PLACE of the Jews in Jerusalem is a long wall, the lower portion of which consists of huge stones. The wall stands on part of the site of Solomon's Temple, and hither come Jews from many countries. They kiss the stones and weep, lamenting the destruction of the Temple and praying for the return of their people to the Promised Land. The first Temple of Solomon was burned by the Babylonians; a second Temple was erected, but this was destroyed by fire when the Roman legions captured Jerusalem in A.D. 70.

Farmborough

ORTHODOX HEBREW SCHOLARS study the ancient laws of their people, which were given to Moses at Sinai, wearing the arm thongs, shawl and phylactery. The phylactery is usually a small leather case containing a piece of parchment upon which are inscribed certain texts from the Old Testament.

Photochrom

UNLEAVENED BREAD for sale in a street of Jerusalem. Flat cakes or biscuits made without yeast are eaten, in obedience to the Mosaic Law, during the feast of unleavened bread, which is celebrated for seven days after the Passover. All leaven is removed from the houses at the time of the feast. This bread is also eaten during the Passover.

JEWS OUTSIDE ONE OF THEIR SYNAGOGUES IN LONDON

Synagogues are the Jewish places of worship, and on a Saturday, which is the Jewish Sabbath, we may see the worshippers gathered together, some of them wearing the white praying-shawls such as we see here. The Jews are a devout race and centuries of persecution have only served to make them cling more closely to their faith.

of the three great walls that surrounded Jerusalem, and the town was almost destroyed by fire. At Masada, a very strong fortress, the starving garrison slew themselves rather than surrender.

Of the Jews, says Josephus, over 1,000,000 were slain and 97,000 were sold as slaves. Jerusalem was absolutely destroyed and Palestine itself was divided into lots and sold to the highest bidders. The slave-markets of the world were filled with Jews.

At this crisis in their national life the Jews did not wholly despair. Their country was gone, their property was lost and their religion in danger. Only the Law of Moses remained to them. The Temple in Jerusalem was ashes, so there arose the Synagogue.

Soon the forces of persecution were driving them hither and thither. The nations among whom they settled debarred them from holding official positions, from owning lands or practising handicrafts, so they took to commerce and moneylending. At the beginning of the Middle Ages we find them absorbed in trade and living peaceably enough; but always they were liable to be accused of sacrificing children or poisoning wells.

In 1380 a great plague, called the Black Death, swept Europe, and in Germany

this was declared to be the work of the Jews. The whole German population rose against the unfortunate Hebrews, whose superior cleanliness had secured them a certain immunity from the plague.

Their early history in Spain was happier, for Spain, conquered by the Moors in the eighth century A.D., was not intolerant of the Jews. When the Spaniards wrested back their country from the waning power of the Moors, the Jews were still left largely in peace. But evil times were ahead.

Fitful persecution began to arise and in the fifteenth century the Pope allowed the Inquisition to be introduced into Spain. This Inquisition, a court of bigoted and cruel priests, soon gained enormous power. The Jews were denounced, tortured and burnt for refusing to abjure their faith, and were driven out of the country.

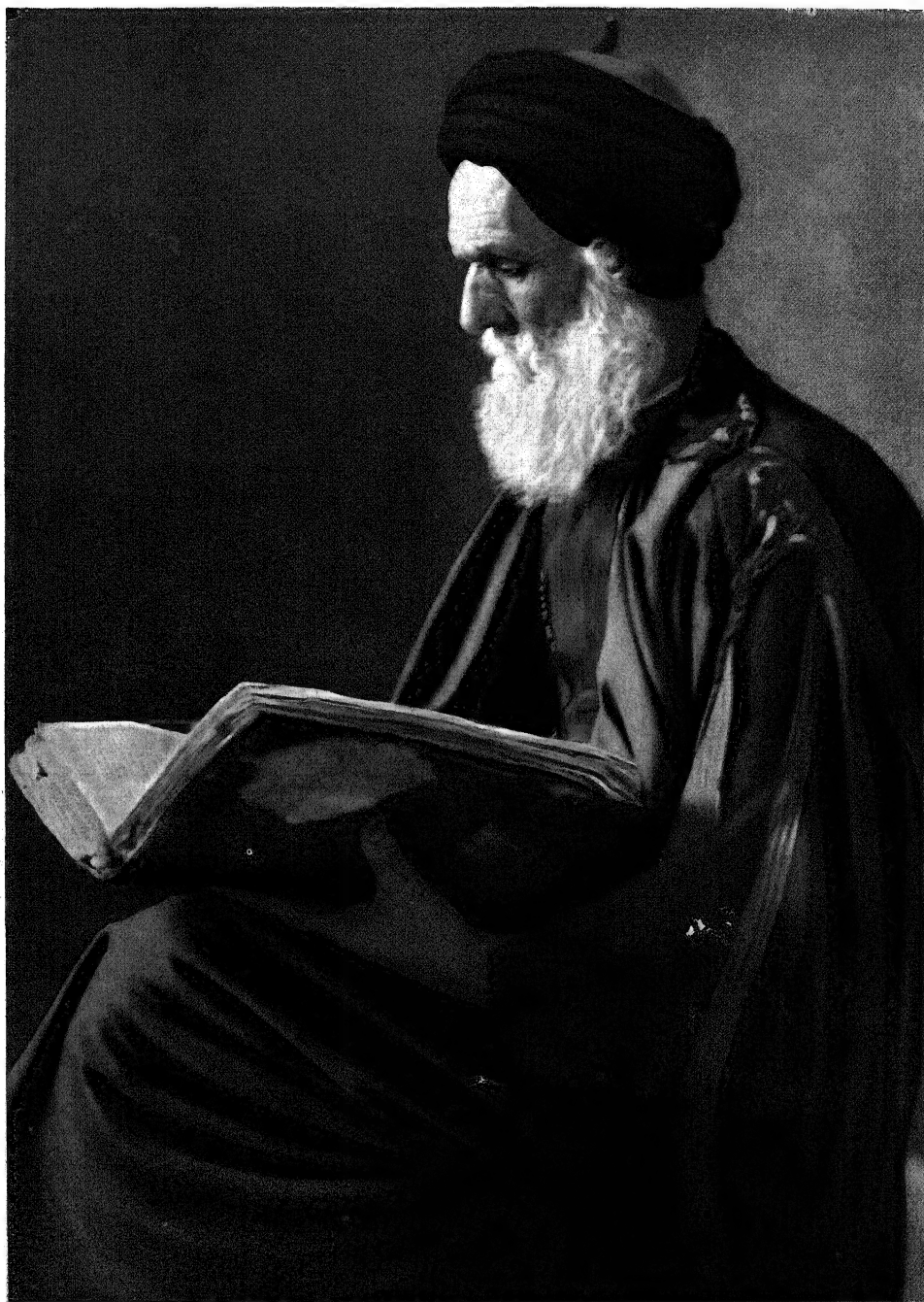
Very pitiful must have been their pilgrimage, for they had lived in Spain so long that they had come to regard it as their home. Stuffing their saddles with gold and bearing with them the tombstones of their ancestors, they fled to the ports, where ships conveyed them to Italy and Morocco. Some fled to Portugal, but here their persecutors soon followed them, and once again the "Chosen People" set out on their endless quest for peace. The same spirit of religious bigotry that helped to destroy Spain was still in evidence two hundred years after. The Inquisition, though dying, was still a force.

It is significant that the Jews, except for a few brilliant exceptions, have contributed little to the Arts. Though the sweeping prohibition of Moses against the making of images of "anything in the heavens or on the earth, or in the waters beneath the earth" helped to quell any outburst of Jewish artistic energy, it is an historical truth that Art flourishes only in periods of peace, prosperity and religious tolerance; and where is such a period to be found in the history of the Jews?

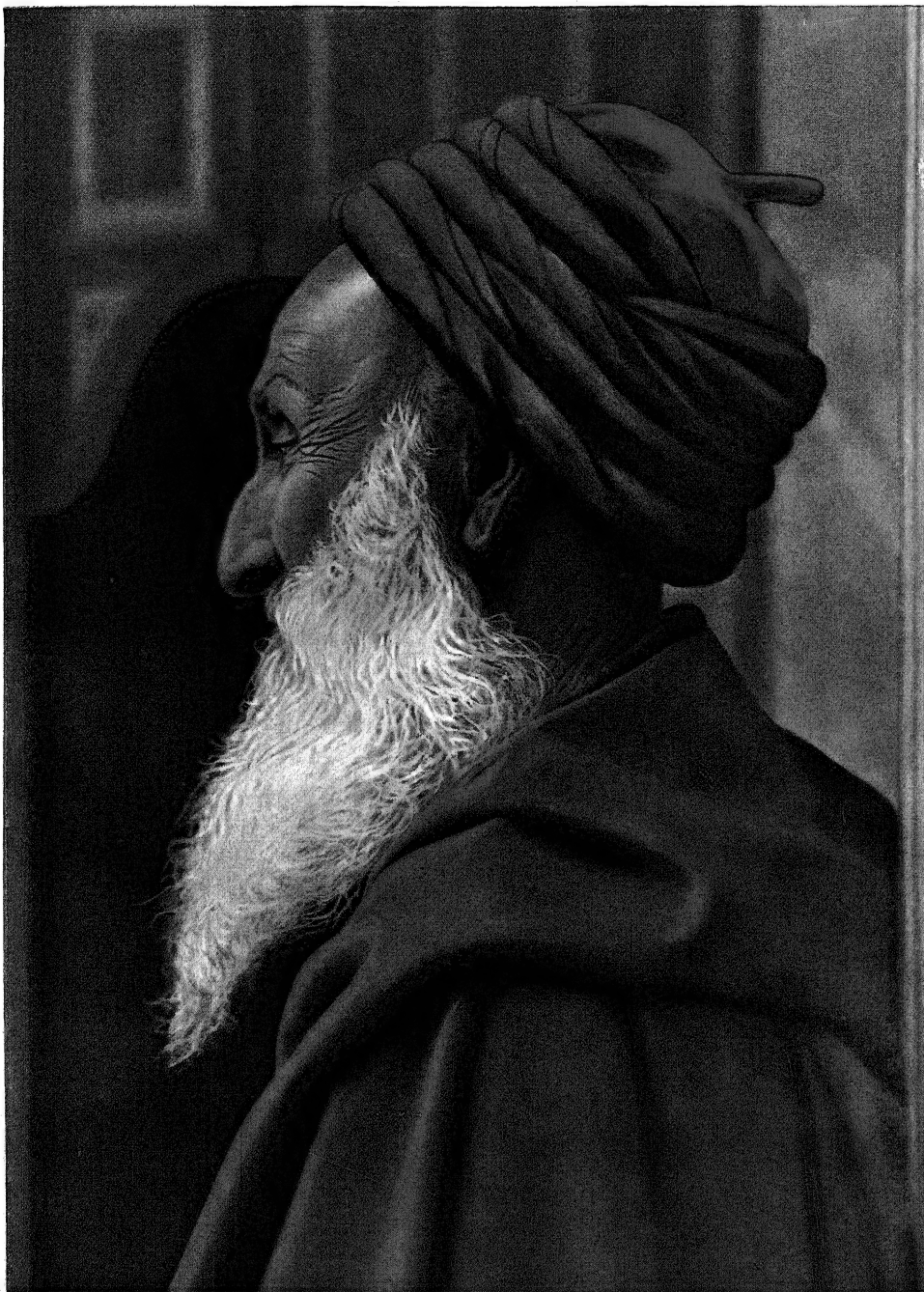
In America, as in England, there are now large numbers of Jews, and the

Farnborough

JEWS IN POLAND, THE "JEW'S PARADISE" OF THE MIDDLE AGES

The Jews could live peaceably in Poland during the Middle Ages, while elsewhere they were persecuted most shamefully. Five of the men are wearing the gabardine cloak and fur-rimmed felt hat that have been worn by members of their race in Poland for many generations. The Polish Jews live chiefly in the towns, especially in Warsaw.

E. N. A.

THE LAWS OF HIS PEOPLE are studied daily by this dignified rabbi of Tunis, where, as in many other towns of North Africa, there is a large Jewish colony. The Mahomedans, though they forced them to live in separate quarters of the towns, have always been more kindly disposed towards the Jews than have the other Gentiles. In the French protectorate of Tunisia there are about 48,000 Jews, nearly 20,000 dwelling in the city of Tunis. The French have provided private schools for the Jewish children.

E. N. A.

IN THE STREETS OF TUNIS we may see all kinds and conditions of Jews, but few more attractive than this aged rabbi, with his kindly face. As in other lands of exile, the Tunisian Jews have a firm hold upon the commerce of the country, and they also act as money-lenders. This occupation has caused them to be despised by the Mahomedans, who are forbidden by the Koran to lend money at interest. " Rabbi " is a Hebrew word meaning " my master," and is a term commonly applied to the Jewish clergy.

E. N. A.

SONGS OF PRAISE AT A JEWISH WEDDING IN TRIPOLI

Jews of Italian Libya have much racial pride and never marry members of another race. At a wedding the bride goes to the synagogue enveloped in a large shawl which completely hides her face. She is attended by two friends, who sing her praises and those of the bridegroom, while the children of the two families clap their hands.

clothing trade of New York is practically a Jewish monopoly. At present the Jewish population of America is over 3,000,000, and of these, half are residents of New York. It has been stated that Jews form one-third of the total population of New York, which is, perhaps, the biggest Jewish centre in the world.

The business instincts of the Jews find ready outlet in America, and thither have flocked Jews from all over Europe. City dwellers for countless ages, they have not penetrated far inland, but have settled in the coastal towns where they prosper. Nevertheless, even in America, an anti-Jewish feeling is growing among certain classes.

But Zion, as the Jews call Palestine, is now open to them, and the Zionist Movement, which aims at re-establishing the Jews in Palestine, is a growing force. The traditional love of the Jews for the cradle of their race, their mystical belief in the final gathering together of the Chosen People, expresses itself in this movement, and to-day Jews from all over the world are settling once again in the lands of their forefathers.

Arabia the Mysterious

ITS ARABS OF THE DESERT AND ITS HOLY CITIES

Arabistan, the "Land of the Arabs," is so well guarded by immense deserts and fanatical tribesmen that large portions of it still remain unexplored. Though we think of it as a land of desolate, sandy wastes shimmering beneath a pitiless sun, it contains many fertile valleys and beautiful oases. Arabia was the birthplace of the Mahomedan religion—thousands of pilgrims visit the holy cities of Mecca and Medina annually—and from this land, more than a thousand years ago, came the hordes that victoriously carried the banner of Islam across the north of Africa and even into Spain. The Arabs of the desert still live as their forefathers did thousands of years ago, and here we shall read of them from the pen of one who has enjoyed the unbounded hospitality of the sheiks.

THE country of Arabia is familiar to us as being the birthplace of the Mahomedan religion and the home of perhaps the most fanatical Mahomedans. We imagine it to be a land of oases, of deserts of sand and of great heat, for our knowledge of Arabia is largely derived from a view of the coastal regions as our ship passes down the Red Sea, or along the coast on its voyage from Aden to Bombay.

The boundaries of Arabia are the Red Sea on the west, the Indian Ocean on the south, and the Persian Gulf on the east, with Syria and Mesopotamia along the north and north-east. From whatever side we view it the impression is the same—an arid land of sand stretching away as far as the eye can see, burnt up by excessive heat and without any visible signs of life to relieve the monotony.

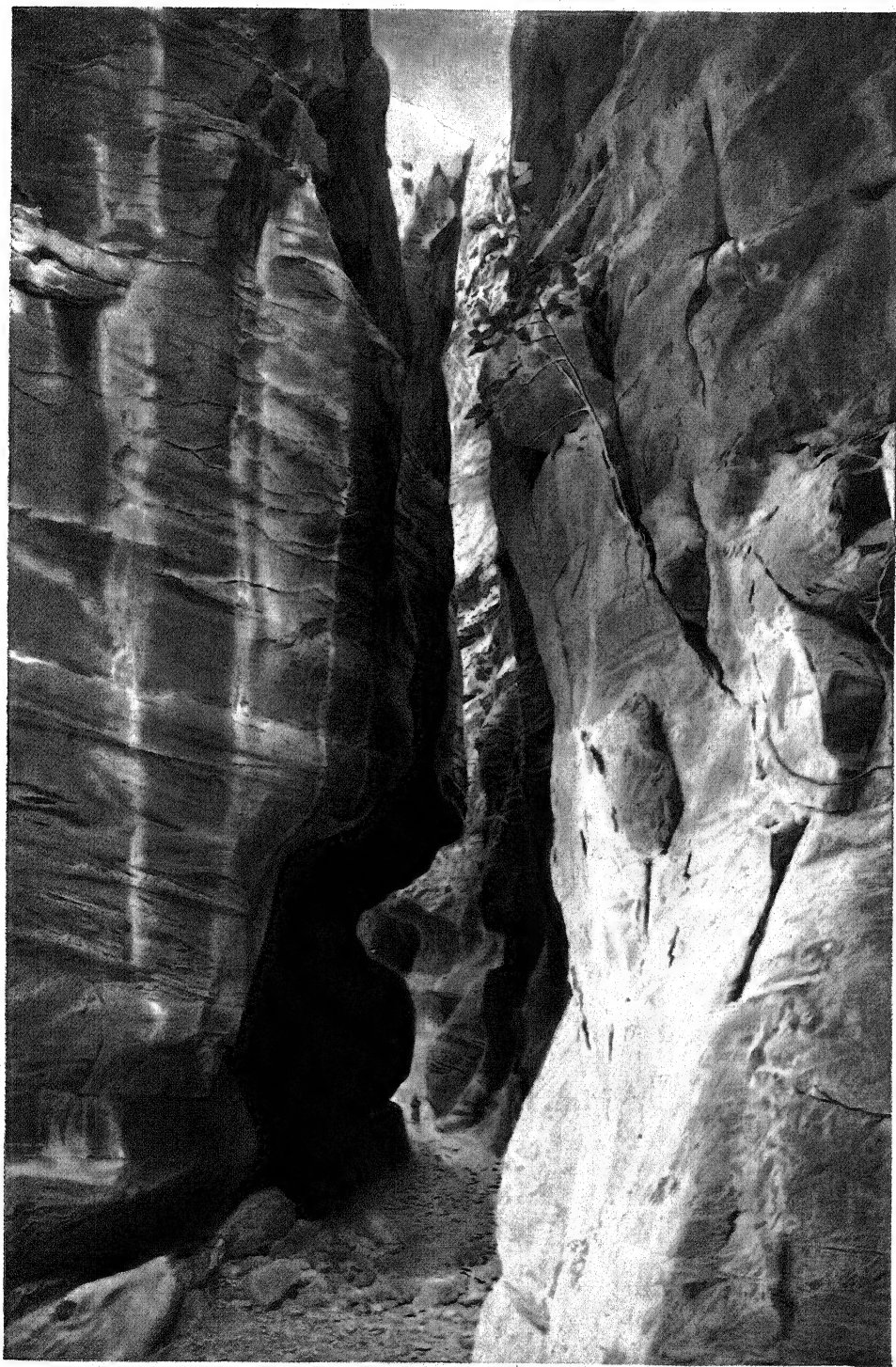
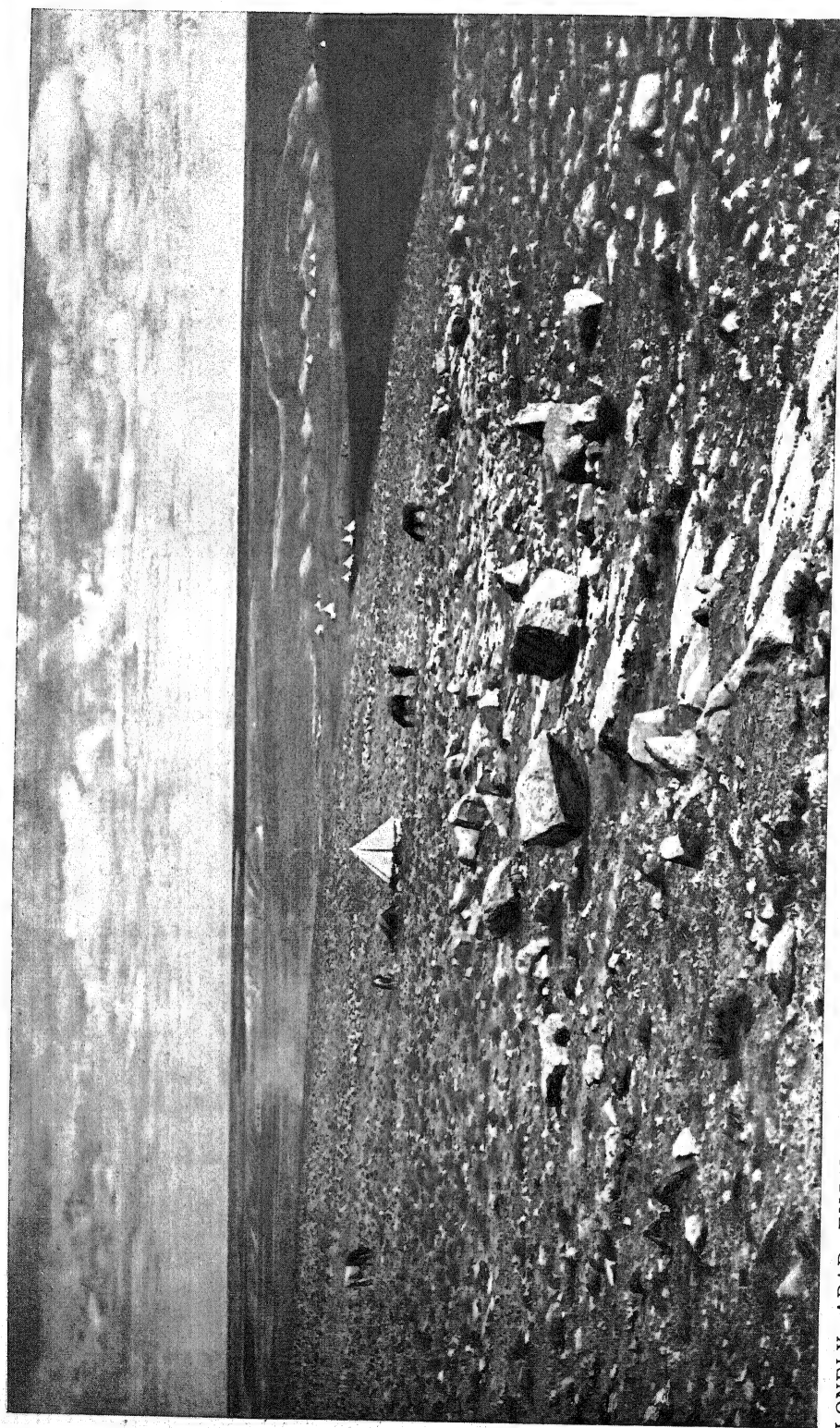
Arabia has, indeed, many desolate places and there are undoubtedly vast stretches of land which are arid wastes of stone and gravel, with only occasional patches of grass and stunted bush. The whole of Arabia, however, is not like this, for there are oases of palm groves and expanses of green fertility amid the general desolation, with here and there broad, green valleys dotted with bushes, where the Arabs and the wandering tribes of Beduins graze their herds of cattle, sheep and camels.

Meek

NOMAD BREEDER OF CAMELS
The Aboosiyah tribesmen, a vigorous and warlike people who live in the Tehama desert, are celebrated for breeding the best camels in Arabia.

It is extraordinary how the landscape changes; for days we may travel over a sandy wilderness, with desert grass and patches of acacia bush, then we enter plains of fine white sand with the merest covering of grass but no bushes, and then we come to red sand and limestone rock, with gentle rolling downs much like those in the south of England, only on a smaller scale.

The history of Arabia dates from the birth of man, for Jeddah, on the shores of the Red Sea and one of the principal Arabian ports, is said by the Arabs to have been the birthplace of Eve. The country has for many years been divided into petty principalities ruled over by

CARVEN BALCONIES, many of them beautifully painted and decorated with Arabic scrolls, overhang the narrow, winding streets of Jeddah, a Red Sea port. The construction of the railway from Damascus to Medina has very considerably diminished the importance of Jeddah as a trading-centre and landing place for pilgrims on their way to Mecca.

AN ANCIENT TRADE-ROUTE between Palestine and Arabia runs through this dark, narrow gorge, but caravans are not nearly so frequent on it to-day as they were before the Hejaz railway was built. Many old-fashioned merchants and pilgrims, however, still prefer to travel by foot, or on horse or camel, and robbers still lie in wait for them.

LONELY ARAB ENCAMPMENT ON A BOULDER-STREWN STRETCH OF DESERT LAND IN NORTHERN HEJAZ

We imagine Arabia to consist of a sandy waste, but in this great land there are also barren mountains and fertile palm and coffee groves, grain fields and stony wildernesses like that shown here. These tents belong to a member of one of the noble Arab families that claim to be descended from Mahomet, the Prophet, through his daughter Fatima. They are pitched near Maan, a stopping place of the Hejaz railway. Although the country looks extremely bare to us, the sturdy Arab horses seem to find among the rocks some vegetation that they can crop.

rival chieftains, some of whom owed nominal allegiance to Turkey as the suzerain power before the Great War.

Others, helped by geographical conditions and by the impossibility of reaching them, successfully resisted the efforts to subdue them that were made in the past by the Turks. The nomad tribes of Arabia have ever been intensely independent and they still live the life that they have always led. Complete freedom is to them as the breath of life.

That the people of Arabia are now independent of Turkish rule is largely due to the efforts that were made during the war to free them from oppression, and they hope to set up a state, with a government and institutions of its own, which will be independent of foreign control or interference.

Sacred Cities of Moslem Faith

Mecca and Medina are the two most important towns in Arabia from a religious and political standpoint. Mahomet, the founder of the Moslem faith, was buried at Medina, and strictly orthodox Moslems regard the pilgrimage to Mecca, his birthplace, as the height of religious devotion. It is interesting to note that the religion is divided into two main factions, the Sunnis and the Shiites, this division arising from the fact that Mahomet died without leaving a successor as the temporal and spiritual head of the faith. For 22 years after his death Arabia was ruled by three successive Caliphs.

It was then that the two rival factions rose, the Sunnis claiming the right to nominate the Prophet's successor, while the Shiites contended that the divine right of succession lay with Ali, Mahomet's son-in-law and his descendants. Arising thus, the dispute assumed such proportions that the rival sects still have an undisguised dislike for each other. Certain sects of the Shiites say that they doubt the divine character of the Koran, the Mahomedan Bible, stating that it was given to the Angel Gabriel for transmission to Ali, the Prophet's son-in-law, but that by mistake he handed it on to Mahomet.

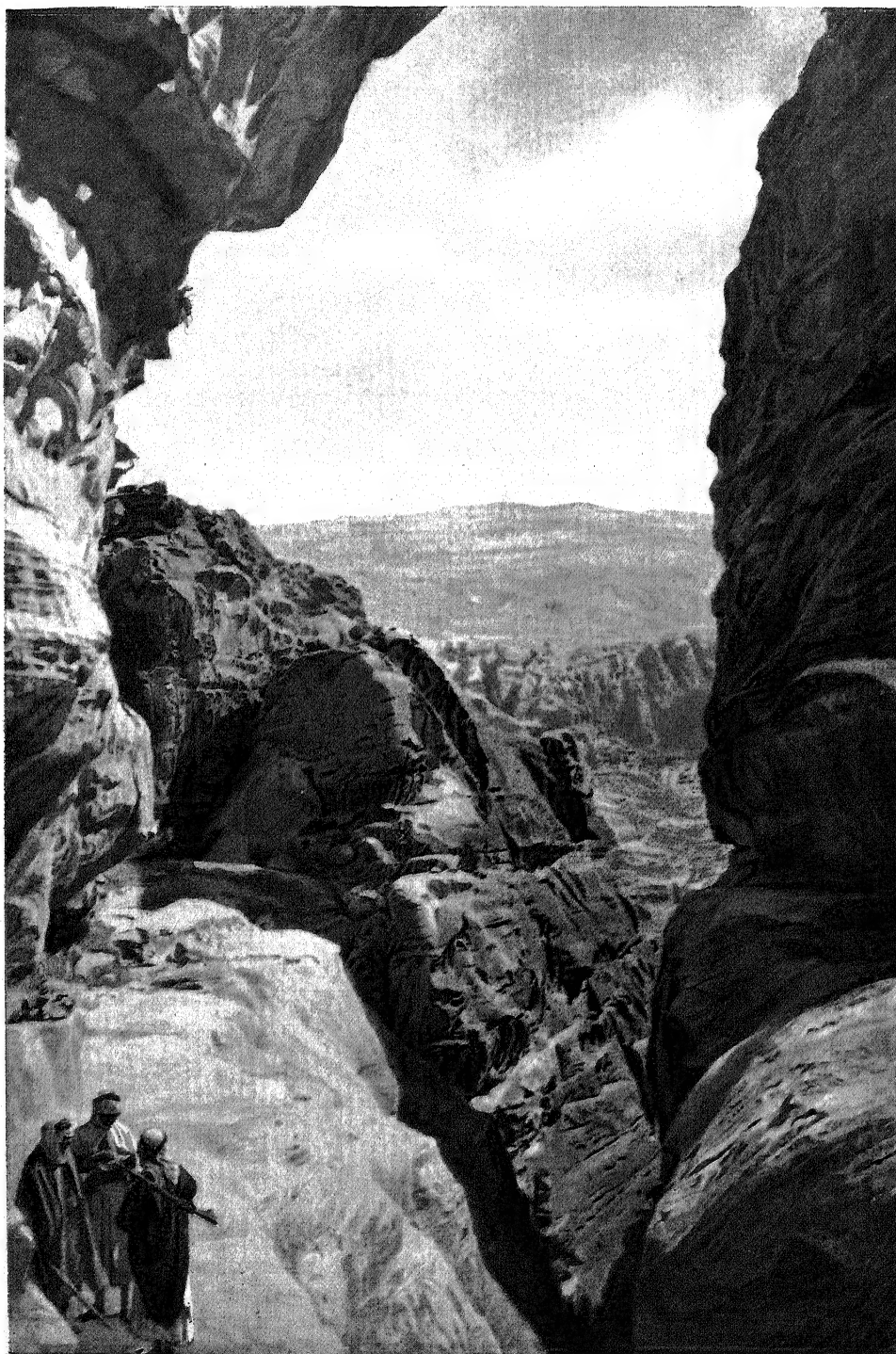
The population is more or less divided into the semi-permanent inhabitants of the coast and of the cities and towns, and the wandering tribes of the interior, who are constantly migrating, for their life is a pastoral one and they must move their encampments in order to find fresh pastures for their flocks and herds.

Men and Women Dress Alike

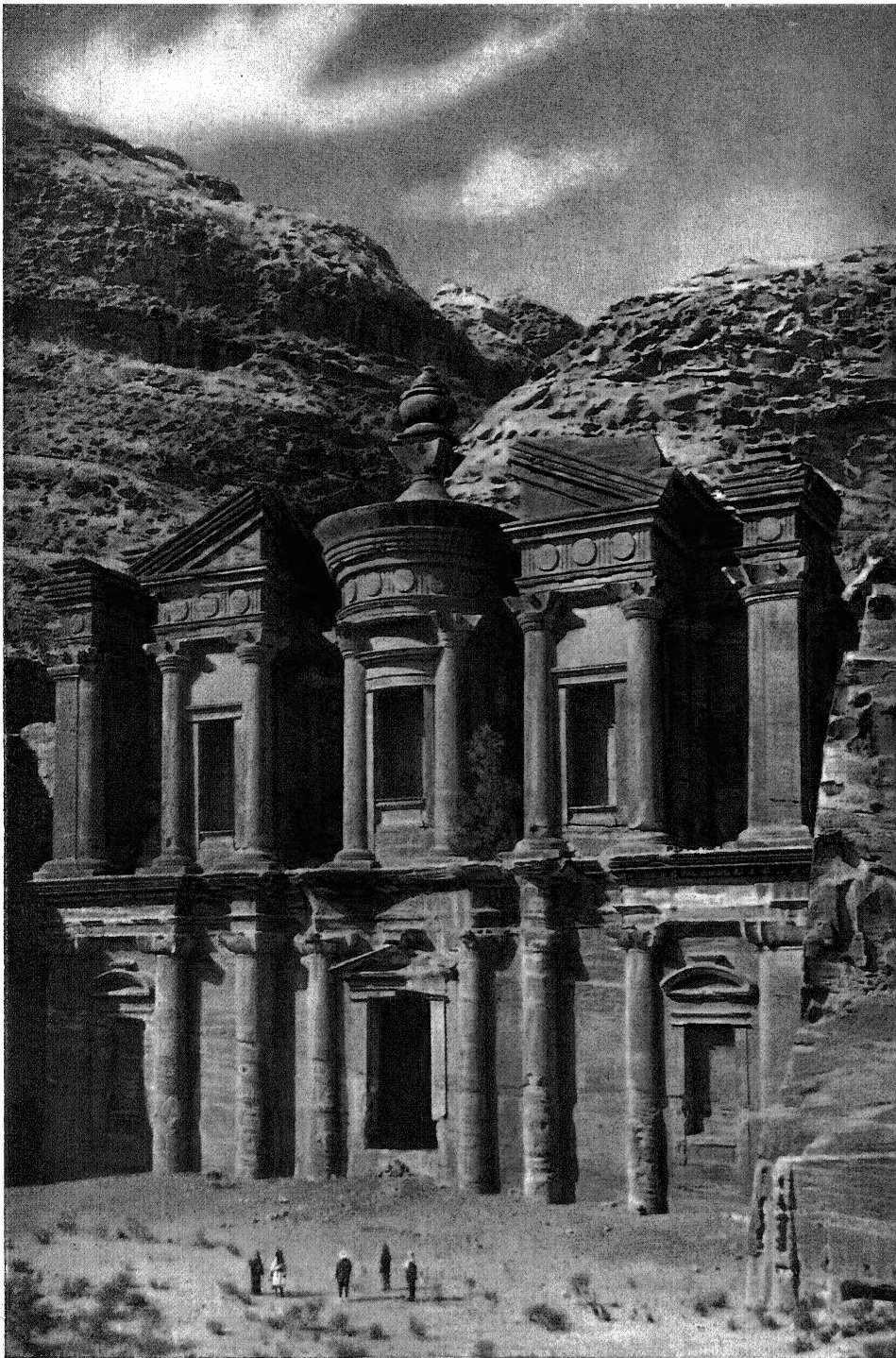
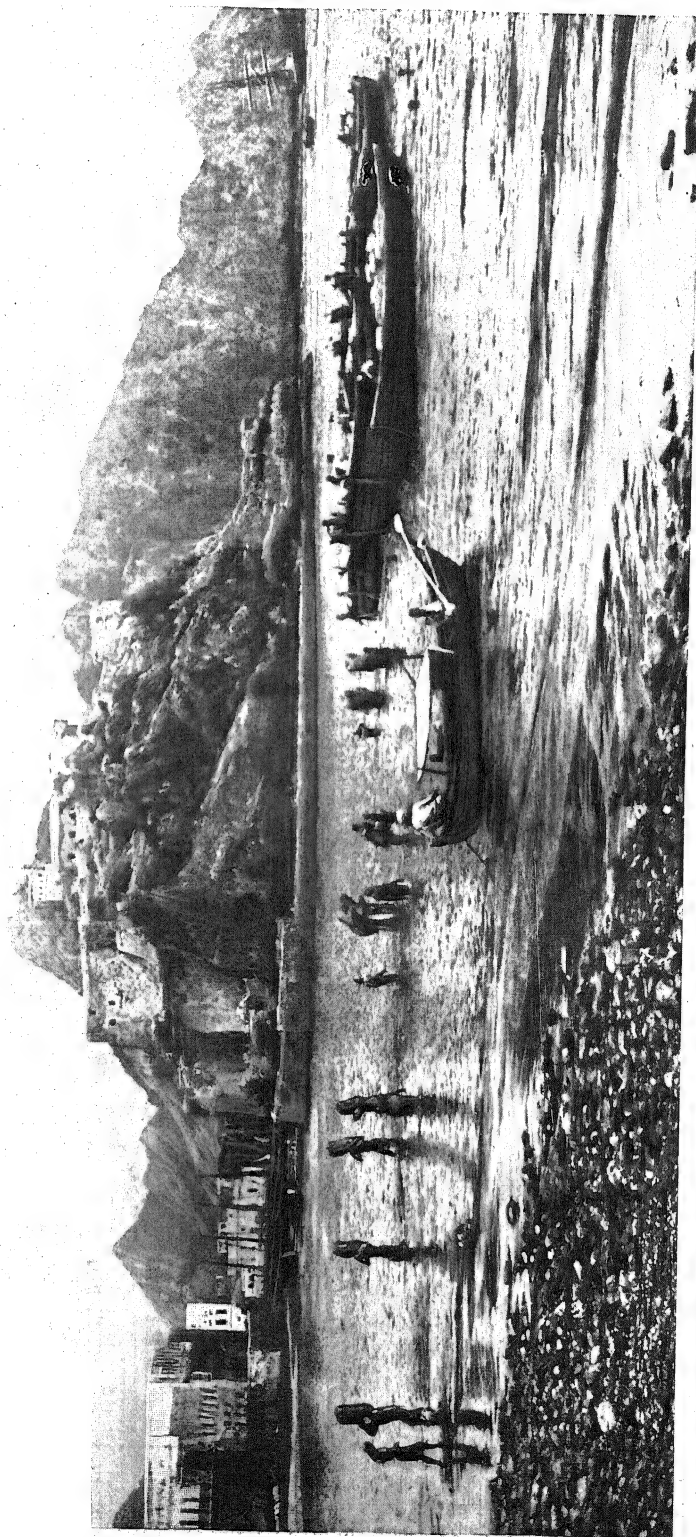
The dress of the men and women is very much the same. It is designed to give both ease and dignity, and consists of a long linen shirt, baggy trousers of linen that are fastened at the waist with a cord, and a cloak with ample sleeves, which in the cold weather can be used as gloves by being drawn over the hands. Over this cloak is worn a mantle of bright-coloured cloth with, perhaps, a collar of gold or silver work.

A coloured handkerchief covers the head and is secured by a woollen band worn in a double circle round the head. For footwear the Arab uses sandals. An Arab when mounted is an imposing sight, with his cartridge belt round his waist, his rifle slung across his shoulder or over the back part of the camel-saddle, with his dagger stuck in a belt and his cloak thrown back. Thus arrayed he looks the picture of romance and wild freedom. He has some curious customs regarding the cloak. When entering a town or village it must be worn properly and not thrown back, while when approaching a camp or caravan out in the open plains he waves it as a sign that he has no hostile intentions and that none need fear for their life or property.

Life in an Arabian Town

The houses vary according to the district. There are camps of tents and houses of limestone blocks quarried in the vicinity. Let us pay a visit to an ordinary city or town. It is a curious mixture of architecture. There are the dwellings of the rich, with solid walls and exquisite woodwork tracery and carving; houses of mud, with flat roofs; reed huts and, upon the outskirts of the town, the camps of

Forbes

THIS WILD RAVINE, the Wadi Musa, on a ledge of whose cliff-walls stand these men, leads to the valley in which are the ruins of the rock-city of Petra. In ancient times this city was extremely prosperous, although often captured and sacked by invading armies, but to-day little remains but a few of its temples and tombs cut in the rock.

McLeish

THIS RED STONE TEMPLE of El-Deir at Petra was not built up of blocks of stone but was hewn from the solid cliff ; it is to-day the most splendid of the remains that tell of the city's vanished glory. It was fashioned by the Romans when they captured Petra in the hope of securing for themselves the wealth and commerce of its inhabitants.

E. N. A.

MUSCAT'S BUSY HARBOUR IS SECURE UNDER THE PROTECTION OF THE LOFTY CITADEL

It is a sign of the unprogressive spirit of the Arabs that we should see boats being unloaded in this primitive fashion at Muscat, the capital of the Sultanate of Oman and a prosperous port on the Indian Ocean. Goods are brought from ocean-going ships and dhows in flat-bottomed lighters, which are moored in the harbour; labourers then wade to them and carry bundles of merchandise ashore on their shoulders. Oman is famous for its dates and Arab horses, and these, with pearls and gold and silver ware, are exported to India from Muscat Harbour.

McLeish

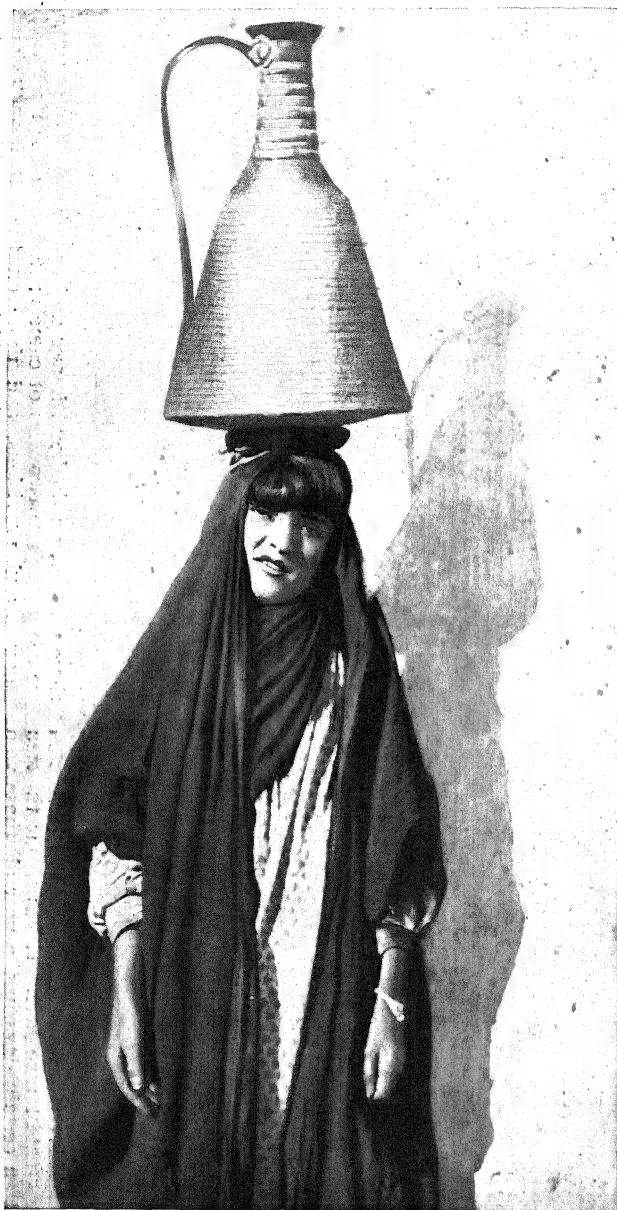
STERN SCHOOLMASTER OF SOUTHERN ARABIA INSTRUCTS HIS CLASS ASSEMBLED IN THE OPEN AIR

Only the boys go to school in Arabia, since, according to strict Mahomedan teaching, it would be a waste of time to educate girls, who spend their lives attending to household affairs. In most Arab schools, however, the boys only learn to read the Koran, their holy book, and to recite long passages of it from memory. Modern learning and even the scientific knowledge possessed by the Saracens, the forefathers of these boys, are considered to be wicked and worldly. The cane plays as important a part in Arabian as it does in English education.

Headley

MECCA'S GREAT MOSQUE is the holiest place on earth to a Mahomedan. He turns towards it when he prays, no matter in what part of the world he may be living. The black, cube-shaped erection in the centre of the courtyard of the mosque is the Ka'abah, the Holy House, which is covered with silk. Pilgrims visiting Mecca must, as their first duty, walk or run round the Ka'abah seven times, murmuring prayers the while. In the courtyard is also a well in which pious Mahomedans dip linen that is later made into shrouds.

Headley

THIS PILGRIM CARAVAN is on its way to the hill of Arafat, which Mahomedans hold in the greatest reverence. It lies about thirteen miles east of Mecca, and on certain days in the year all those who make the pilgrimage to the Holy City go to Arafat. They travel there on foot, on donkeys, horses and camels. In the caravan that we see above are two files of camels; those on the right carry the baggage and provisions, and those on the left bear "shugdufs," tents of carpets and curtains, which protect the riders from the sun.

E. N. A.

ARAB WOMAN BALANCES HER PITCHER

Like their sisters in many other Eastern lands, the women of Arabia carry their water-jars to and from the wells upon their heads. They usually wear clothes of a sombre hue, and very seldom appear in public unveiled.

those who have come in from outlying parts to barter and trade before returning to their desert home. Among the houses are mosques with tall white minarets, from the summits of which the "muezzin," or priest, will call the Faithful to prayer five times during the twenty-four hours.

There is a strange contrast of beauty and squalor. We may best see the life of Arabia on a bazaar, or market, day. Tents of matting are erected and are crowded with all kinds of marketable goods, from wool, cloth, reed mats, palm fibre and dates, to fruit of every description, cattle, sheep, implements and all that goes to make up commercial and pastoral existence in Arabia.

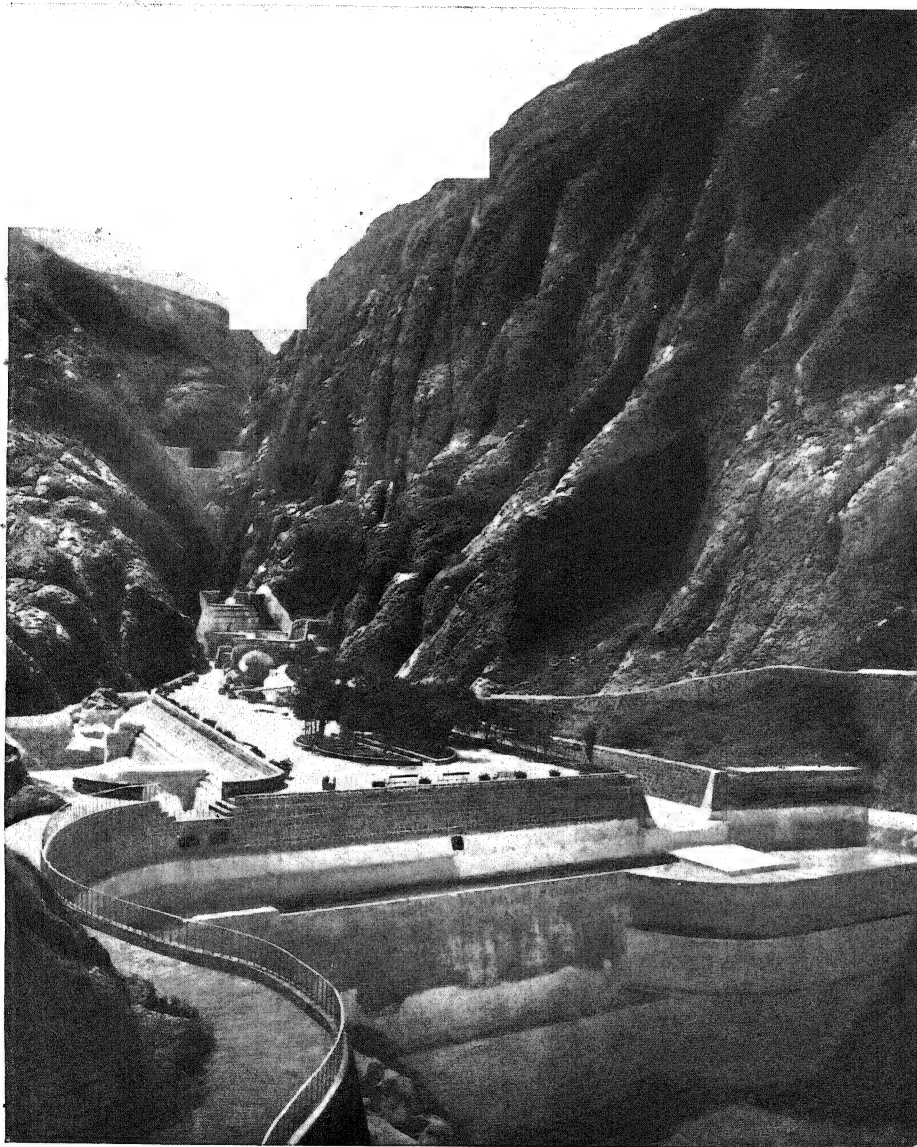
The people come in on foot or on camels or donkeys, and some carry their wares on their heads. Throughout it all there is a hum of excitement as the buying and selling proceeds, and all business is conducted in the harsh accents of the Arabian language.

Apart from the booths and tents, there are the permanent shops, which are roofed like arcades in England. In them we may see tailors, potters, metal-workers, jewellers, dress-makers, carpet-sellers and members of most other trades and professions, with crowds of people always seeking bargains. Every now and again donkeys will pass, heavily laden with merchandise; camels, with loads sticking out at dangerous angles, force a way through the crowd, often un-ceremoniously hurling the passers-by into shop-fronts and upsetting the shopkeeper's goods, but no one resents this treatment on the part of camels or donkeys.

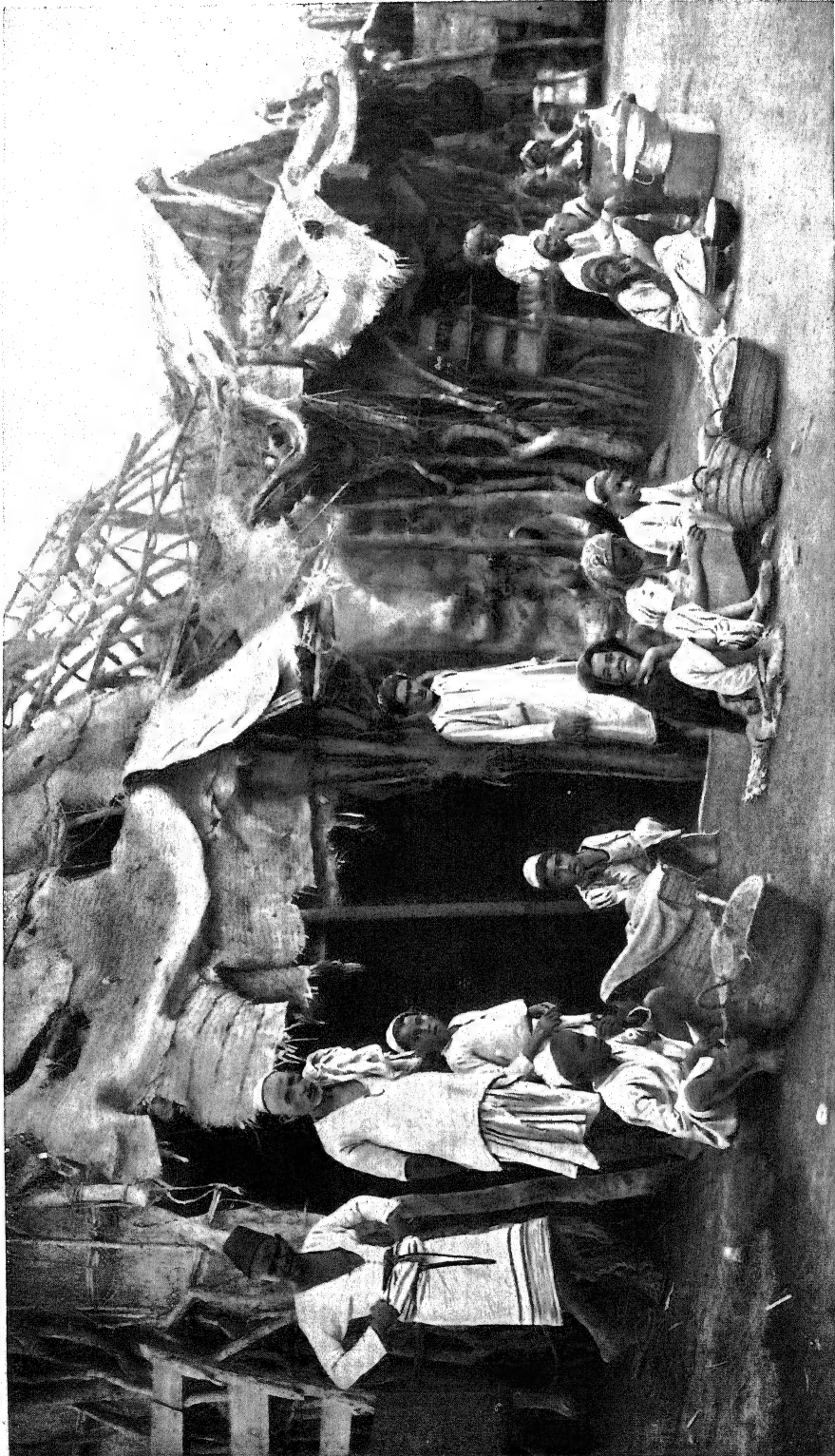
In Arabia, religion plays an important part in the daily life of the people, and when the priest gives the call to prayer from the towering minaret all business ceases for the moment and everyone turns

to wash their hands and feet before praying. At the conclusion of the prayer business is resumed and the clamour of buying and selling continued.

Marriage in Arabia is a simple affair, for it demands no more than the presence of a priest and four witnesses. In the interior of the country it is still further shorn of ceremony, for the legal necessities of the occasion are satisfied by the presence of witnesses from both families, and, a feast having been given, the marriage festivities are over.

The Arabs are noted for their hospitality, but when we are travelling in their country we must arrive fit and fresh to be

E. N. A.

WATER STORED IN TANKS FOR THE SUN-BAKED TOWN OF ADEN

Aden, a fortified British coaling-station, is ever faced with the difficult problem of securing an adequate water supply for its inhabitants. The cisterns that we see here were begun in the seventh century, A.D., and store eight million gallons of water. A greater quantity is obtained, however, by distilling sea-water, and from wells.

McLeish

DILAPIDATED HOUSES OF MATTING IN THE CROWDED TRADING-QUARTER AT LOHAYA IN YEMEN

Yemen, a district of south-western Arabia, was ruled by the Turks before the Great War, with the result that it was not developed. Parts of it are very fertile, however, and Yemen has since become a commercial centre and is growing prosperous. Lohaya, one of its half dozen moderate-sized ports on the Red Sea, is a place of some consequence owing to its export of coffee, but it is, on the whole, a mean and squalid town. The houses in the poorer quarters consist of a roughly constructed framework of wood to which matting is fastened.

NEGROES OF HEJAZ OUTSIDE THEIR MISERABLE HOME BUILT OF DIRTY RAGS AND ROPES

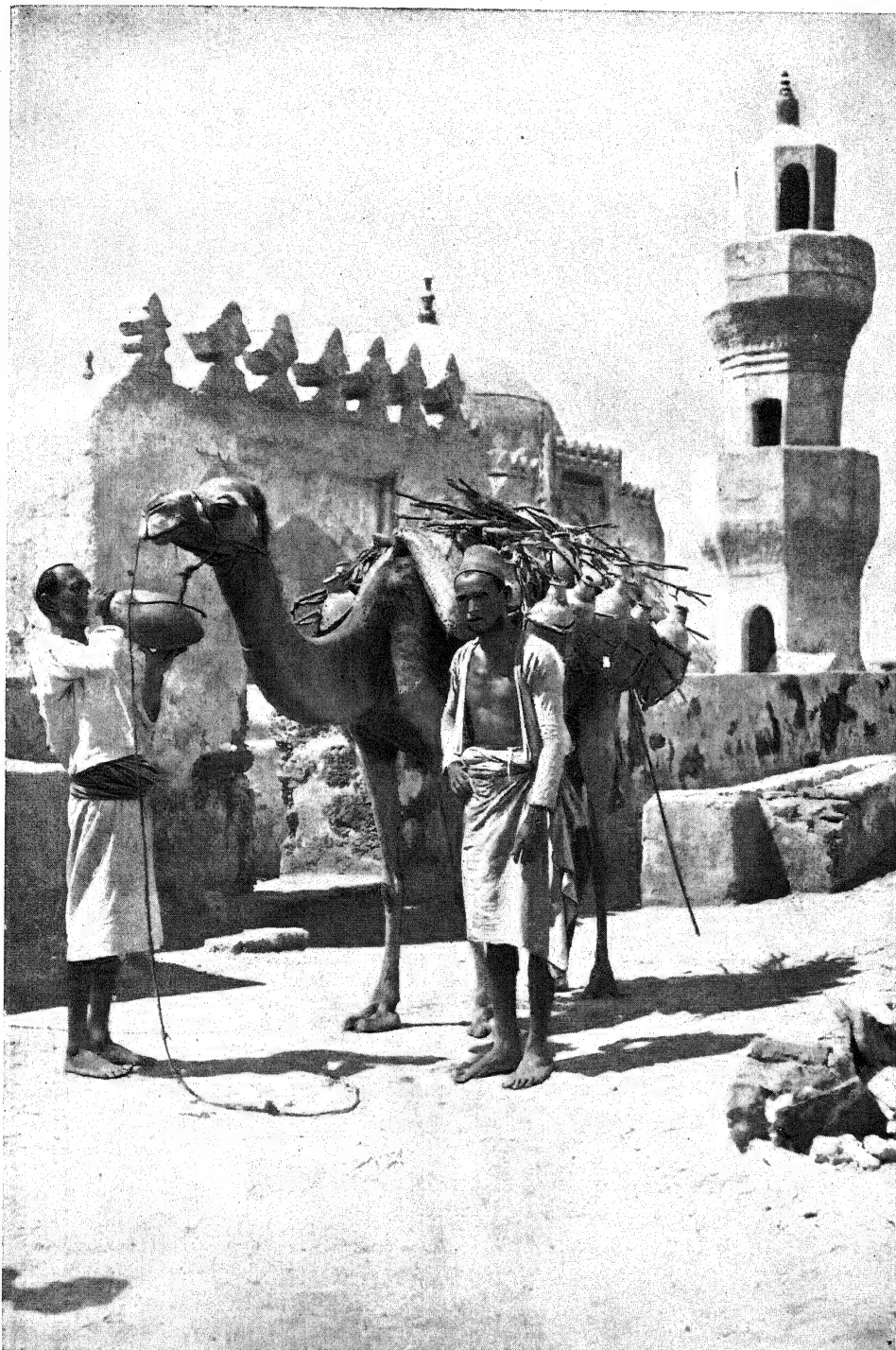
There are many negroes in Arabia, some of them being actually slaves, and most of them being the descendants of slaves brought in the past from the nearby African coast. When we compare this negro home, so untidy, so dark and airless within, with the lofty, substantial Arab houses beyond it, we understand how low is the degree of culture to which these people have attained. It is in the shape of the bee-hive huts that are so common in Africa, and its walls are formed of odd fragments of sacking and rags and felt pressed together and held by ropes.

McLeish

BUSY ARAB BARBER PLIES HIS TRADE BEFORE HIS BOOTH

Although the matting of his stall is tattered and shabby, this barber of the Red Sea coast does not want for customers, for whose benefit he provides a water-pipe that they may smoke while awaiting their turn. The Arab barber does not only cut hair and shave, but occasionally he acts as physician and surgeon.

entertained and in the morning rather than in the evening, which would be a transgression of the Arab rules of etiquette in this respect.

From the romantic aspect, the Arabs of the desert are the most interesting to us, for they are the riders of the plains and are for ever on the move. The internal decoration of an Arab tent is often carried out on artistic lines if the owner be moderately wealthy. The floor is covered with carpets, and on one side will be a divan formed of carpets and cushions for the host and his guests. The walls are hung with embroideries worked by the women, who are as clever with the needle as they are at rounding-up cattle and camels. Suspended along the walls will be guns,

McLeish

WATER-CARRIER OF YEMEN WITH HIS WELL-LADEN CAMEL

The southern stretches of the great Tehama desert lie in Yemen, and are occupied mainly by camel-breeders. There is very little water in the Tehama, so that a water-carrier and his camel are very important figures in any expedition, whether warlike or peaceful, made by the desert Arabs. This man has filled his empty jars from the well by the mosque.

ARMED WANDERERS OF THE GREAT DESERTS AND MOUNTAINS OF HEJAZ ON THEIR WAY TO A TOWN

Hejaz is a land of wide deserts and wild mountains, in which live the bands of Beduins, who, until recently, made travelling in the country a matter of real danger by preying upon the caravans of merchants and pilgrims to Mecca. Each man of this seemingly peaceable and harmless party that we see above travelling towards the township of Akabah is armed with a very efficient rifle and other weapons. All would welcome the chance of despoiling a caravan, although their present errand is innocent. This form of brigandage is, however, being checked.

harness and clothes, and on the floor stand the numerous coffee pots and cups.

The Arab diet is mainly mutton, rice and bread, with small cakes made from milk and a form of vermicelli. If the camp is near the coast, fish will be eaten, prawns served dry being very popular. Camel's milk is largely drunk, and the first thing a thirsty traveller does in Arabia is to drain a bowl of it.

On the occasion of a big feast, such as the marriage of an important person or some political event, the meat and rice are cooked in a form of steamer raised a few inches above the ground and are served with bread, cakes, fruit, dates, milk and sundry other dishes. The company disposes of the food without the aid of knives and forks, for the fingers are used. At the end of the repast brass and copper bowls are handed round, in which the guests wash their hands.

An Arab Tribe on the March

When on trek the Arabs have some interesting customs in connexion with their camping grounds. They send one of their number ahead, and he reserves the site of the proposed camp by spreading a mantle over a bush in the centre of the chosen ground. Although there may be others moving in the same direction, no one will interfere with the selection, however good the pasturage or attractive its other qualities.

The tribe marches in a long cavalcade, with possibly several thousand head of camels, sheep, goats and cattle. The men are distributed along the convoy directing the line of march. The women and children and all the paraphernalia of the camp are on camels and donkeys, and at the head of the tribe rides the sheik, or chief.

The women are veiled and ride on camels in a sort of huge pannier—a basket-carriage placed on the camel's back—with two large wooden crescents at front and rear, the horns of which stand out on either side of the pannier. From them hang the long tassels and the gaudy embroidery of this queer carriage. These are its most attractive feature, for the pannier is very uncomfortable, and the unfortunate occupants are like hens cooped up in a form of rocking carriage, the motion of which varies in accordance with the ground over which the caravan is passing.

Unchanging Ways of the Desert

The camp is always pitched by a well. Water is scarce in Arabia, and the site of a well is usually marked by cairns of stones erected on the surrounding heights, so that the weary traveller may know that water is at hand and he is near his goal. The camels are watered once in every four or five days, but they can exist much longer in cases of dire necessity. The loading and unloading are done by the women, whilst the men watch the process and drink coffee.

As an Arab caravan leaves its camp in the morning it is a sight that reminds us of the stories of biblical days. Even as the patriarchs and their followers marched across the desert, so in our time do the Arab tribes move across the deserts, their banner leading them on by day and a lamp at night.

Thus do the ways of the desert remain the same, for time has not changed the order of things that was in vogue three thousand years ago. Not only in this respect is the life unchanged, for even the drawing of water at the wells is done the same way as in the days of Abraham. A rope is attached to the leathern bucket, which is lowered and drawn up by a camel descending and ascending an inclined plane. It is picturesque, but laborious, yet the Arab will not change it for any more modern and rapid system, for it is sanctified by time and a recognised institution of pastoral life.

Swiftness of the Hunting Leopard

Among the wild life of Arabia is the ostrich, but it is only met with in certain parts; it is in Africa that the feathers are made a source of income and the birds regarded as of great value. There are also gazelles and hares and a variety of bustard. The cheetah, or hunting leopard, is found in those parts of the desert

E. N. A.

MUSCAT WOMEN PACKING DATES FOR EXPORT

Oman is one of the most fertile Arab states and has exquisite gardens and rich orchards. Grain, oranges, peaches, grapes, apricots and especially dates are grown in great quantities. The dates are dried and exported.

frequented by gazelles, its principal prey. Its speed is almost incredible when it gives chase. It covers the ground in a rush that must be seen to be realized. A cheetah that the writer knew brought down an antelope in a run of six hundred yards, the quarry having a start of two hundred yards.

The Beduins, the true children of the desert, have changed least of all in Arabia. They are the wild freemen who harassed the caravans of pilgrims a thousand years ago and they still keep their old wild habits. As they ride along they note every fold in the ground, for it may serve them in case of an attack or a raid by other tribesmen, and they notice every tuft of grass and every bush as possible fodder for their herds or for some sign of foes in the neighbourhood.

They guard their flocks and herds like the tribesmen of old; in the heat of the day they recline in the shade of a palm tree, if there be one, or beneath reed matting stuck up on poles. They know the ways of their sheep and goats, and during the noonday siesta we may see a mantle arranged upon sticks so that it resembles a man and serves as a substitute for the shepherd. From time immemorial the goats and sheep have grazed quite placidly round the dummy under the impression that it is their master, and so they do not stray, while the shepherd is enjoying his sleep in peace.

One of the chief occupations of the Arabs is that of camel-breeding, and they understand this animal better than any other race. From its hair they make blankets, tents, ropes and even clothing. They drink its milk, eat its flesh and tan its hide for leather; but they have no affection for the beast that gives them so much. Without the camels the Arab would scarcely be able to live in the desert, but all his affection, if he has any, is lavished upon his horse, which is looked upon as a family pet.

There is much of interest throughout Arabia; there are tribes whose origin is veiled in the mists of antiquity, quaint customs of social life and fertile corners that the Arabs tell us have yet to be explored. There are no rivers, only "wadis," or valleys that are dry during most of the year but are sometimes occupied by streams. There are high mountains, stretches of bleak, arid desert that become fresh green pastures in the months of spring, and wonderful ruins of ancient, deserted cities. It is a fascinating country, for there we seem to be back in early days and amid biblical scenes.

The Island Continent

IN THE "BUSH" AND CITIES OF AUSTRALIA

Though Australia is larger than the United States of America, it has a population of less than 6,000,000, so that there are immense tracts without any inhabitants at all; that is why it has been called "The Empty Continent." This lack of population has seriously hampered the development of the land, with its vast reserves of unexploited wealth. In our earlier chapter on Australia's Magic-Makers we have read about the primitive natives of the country and their strange customs. How people live on the farms in Australia we have seen in the chapter "How Man Grows His Food," and here we shall learn what an important part these farms play in providing Great Britain with food. The delightful island of Tasmania forms part of the Commonwealth of Australia, and it has received such nicknames as "Appleland" and "The Playground of Australia."

WHEN some of the first explorers who reached Australia sent back descriptions of what they had seen, people thought that they could not be speaking the truth. This continent, nearly twelve thousand miles away, at the other end of the earth and almost right under our feet, seemed like a wonderland.

It had animals and birds that were to be found nowhere else in the world. There was one big, strong animal—the kangaroo—that had a pocket, or pouch, into which it tucked its young and that went along in huge leaps. There was a strange kind of kingfisher, the laughing jackass, which startled the explorers by hiding itself in woods near them and laughing loud and long, so making them believe that men must be there.

There were many strange features like these, and Christmas in this strange land was in midsummer, instead of in mid-winter as in Britain. The very skies were different, with stars greater and brighter than any we ever see.

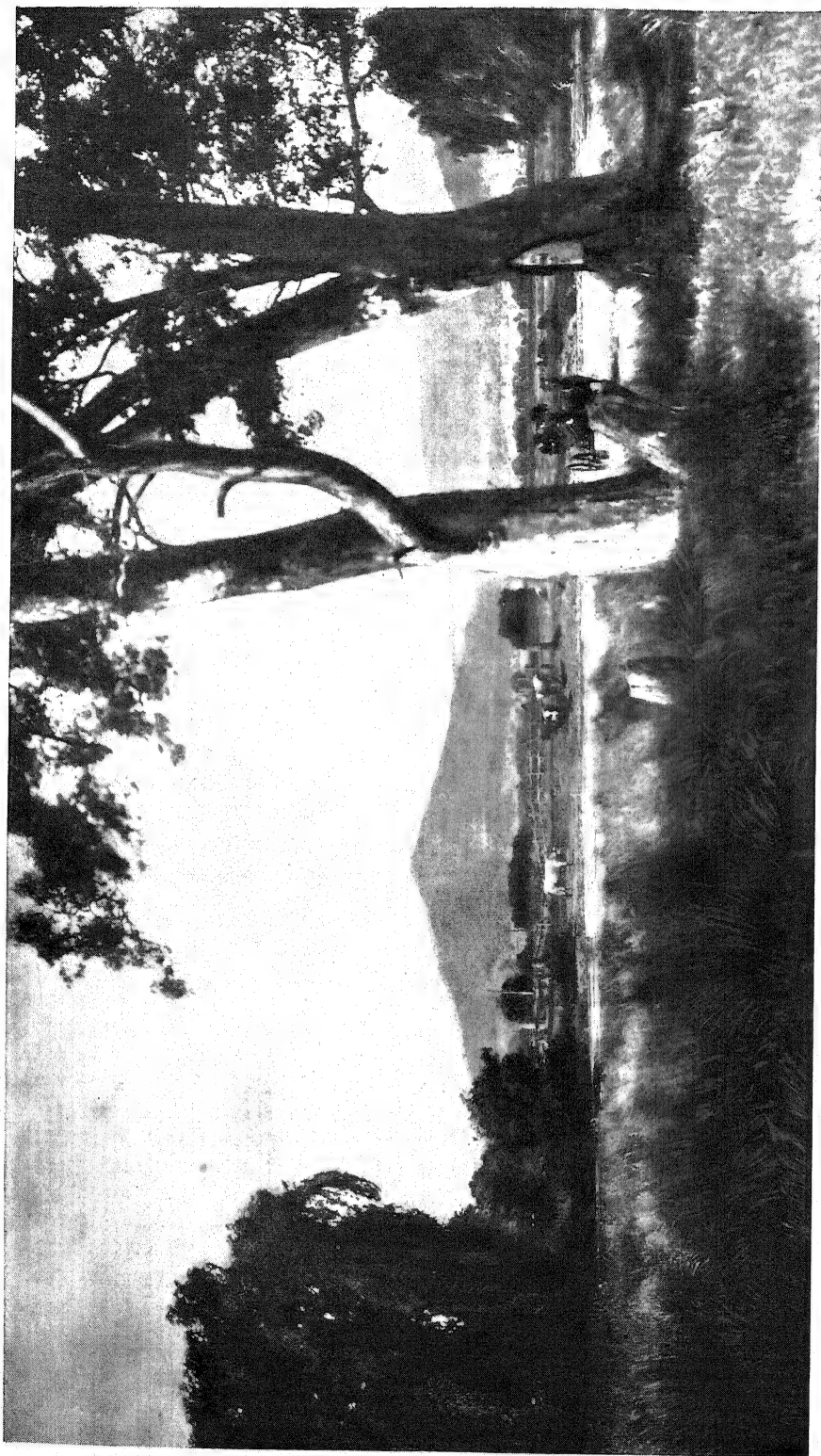
A Land of Sunshine

To-day, when we think of Australia, we scarcely remember these things. We think of the big southern Commonwealth as a land of sunshine, the home of several million British men, women and children, a land of wonderful forests and great farm lands, rich gold-fields and splendid cities. This new Britain of the south is a land of infinite promise.

Australia provides Great Britain with many things in return for British exports thither. Many of our streets are paved with the hard wood of Western Australia, the wonderful jarrah. Much of the cloth manufactured in England is made from Australian wool, for Australia produces more wool than any other country. Every year ships bring us more and more Australian butter and fruits—apples and peaches, grapes and oranges.

Discovery of the Real Australia

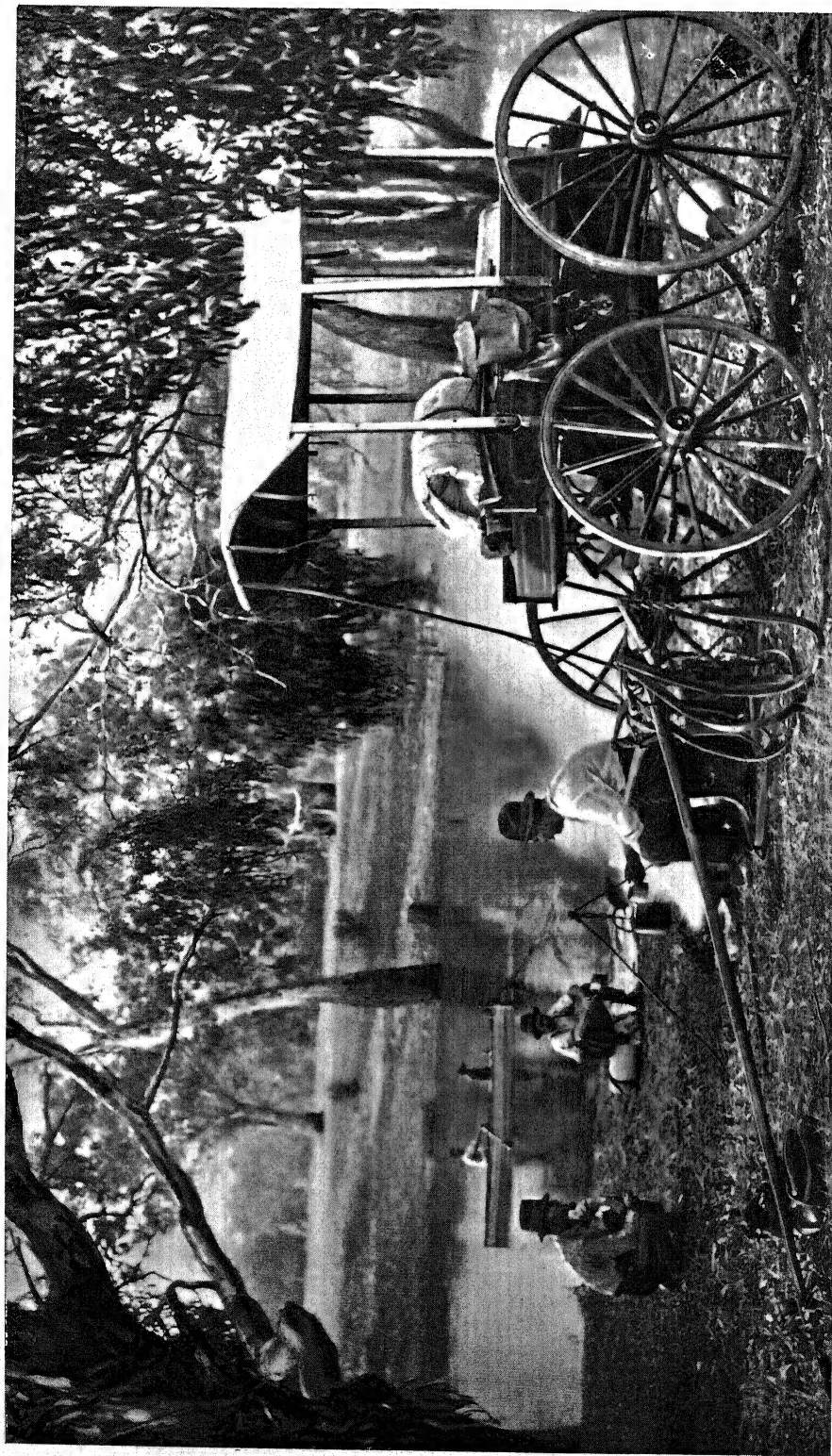
Australia is nearly 3,000,000 square miles in area. It was only discovered a little over three hundred years ago, and the first Englishman to reach here was William Dampier, who landed at Roebuck Bay in 1688. The accounts that he and the earlier Dutch explorers and others gave of this southern continent were not very favourable. People thought of the country as a dangerous, miserable, hot, sandy desert. The journey from Europe took many months, whether one travelled around the Cape of Good Hope or took the perilous route around Cape Horn.

Captain Cook, one of the greatest explorers England has ever had, was the first to discover something of the real Australia. He set out on an expedition to investigate the islands of the Pacific, and in 1770 reached a spot near where Sydney now stands. Here he saw something very different from what earlier voyagers had described. There was a spacious and safe harbour and a country rich in flowers, with a fine soil and a splendid climate. He named the spot Botany Bay and claimed it for England.

WELL-WATERED PASTURE LANDS AND PLEASANT GROVES IN THE FERTILE MURRAY RIVER COUNTRY

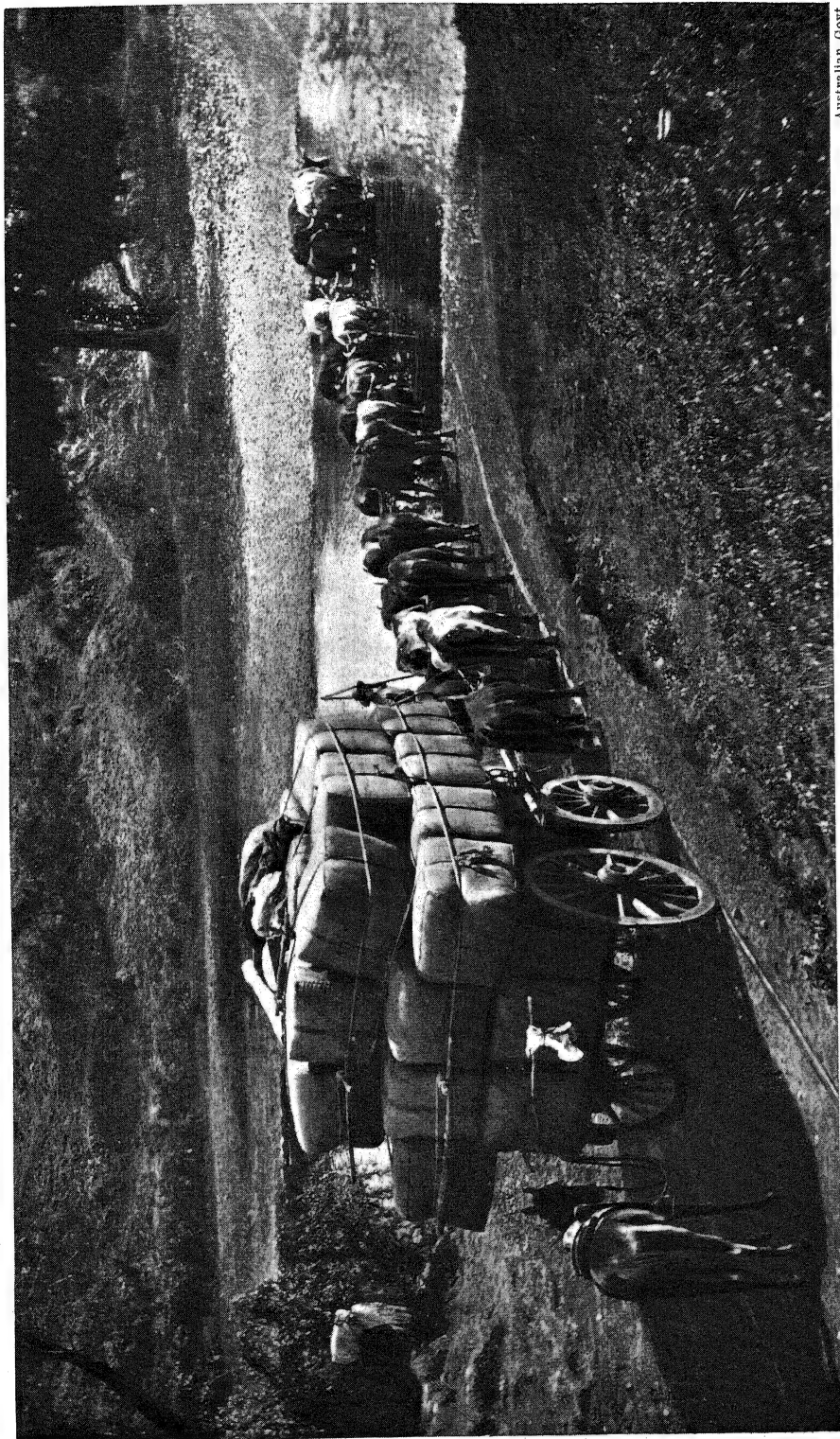
Those districts through which the Murray River flows afford excellent farming land, since scientific systems of irrigation have made it possible for farmers to obtain a constant supply of water from the river. Wide areas have accordingly been brought under cultivation, and grain and fruit are grown in great quantities. Sheep and cattle are also reared. The Murray basin affords very many varieties of landscape. Few can equal in beauty this expanse of undulating, well-wooded meadow-land, ending in forest-clad mountains, that lies in New South Wales.

Australian Govt.

OX-TEAMS DRAW HEAVY LOADS OF THE MERINO WOOL THAT IS AUSTRALIA'S PRINCIPAL PRODUCT

Over rolling hills, across broad plains, through the bush, travelling sometimes by a rough road, sometimes by no road at all, the teams of sturdy oxen bring wool from the outlying sheep-farms to the nearest railway, or to the great cities. The grasslands of the northern, western and eastern parts of Australia are particularly suitable for the rearing of merino sheep, whose wool is the finest in the world. The wool is packed, according to quality, in bales like those seen here, and is thus sent to the markets, the greater part being ultimately exported to Britain.

Australian Govt.

DROVERS HALT FOR REST BESIDE A PLACID STREAM THAT FLOWS THROUGH PARK-LIKE COUNTRY

All Australians are extremely fond of tea, which, being easily portable, is the staple drink of those who work in the wild bush or on the great farms far from any town. It is usually made in a tin "billy," like the one that these men are boiling, and the wanderer seldom has much trouble in collecting sticks with which to make a fire. Outside the populous districts near the great cities, sheep drovers may travel for days without arriving at a store or dwelling house, or without even meeting a human being, so they have to carry plenty of provisions.

Australian Govt.

WOOL-WAGON CROSSING A FORD ON A DIFFICULT ROAD TO THE RAILWAY IN NEW SOUTH WALES

The best wool in Australia comes from the Riverina, a well-watered district in New South Wales. Wheat is grown here with great success, but the main occupation of the inhabitants is the rearing of merino sheep. These are largely the descendants of a few Spanish rams and ewes brought to Australia more than a hundred years ago, but their fleeces are thicker and longer and the wool fibres from them very much finer than those obtained from European sheep. In page 1496 we see one of these flocks—the one, maybe, whose fleeces fill these bales.

Mitchell

CAMELS AID THE PROSPECTOR IN THE RICH DESERT-LANDS

The barren, sun-baked wilderness of north-west Australia is rich in gold, but water is scarce and the population scanty. For the purposes of transport in this desert camels were brought from Afghanistan and have thriven surprisingly. Like these two, they are much used in districts where heat and thirst would kill other pack-animals.

This discovery came at a time when England was very much in need of a new country. It was the custom in those days to send people who had broken the law far away from England—to transport them. Many convicts had formerly been sent to Virginia and to the West Indies, but the American colonies had revolted and they could no longer be sent there.

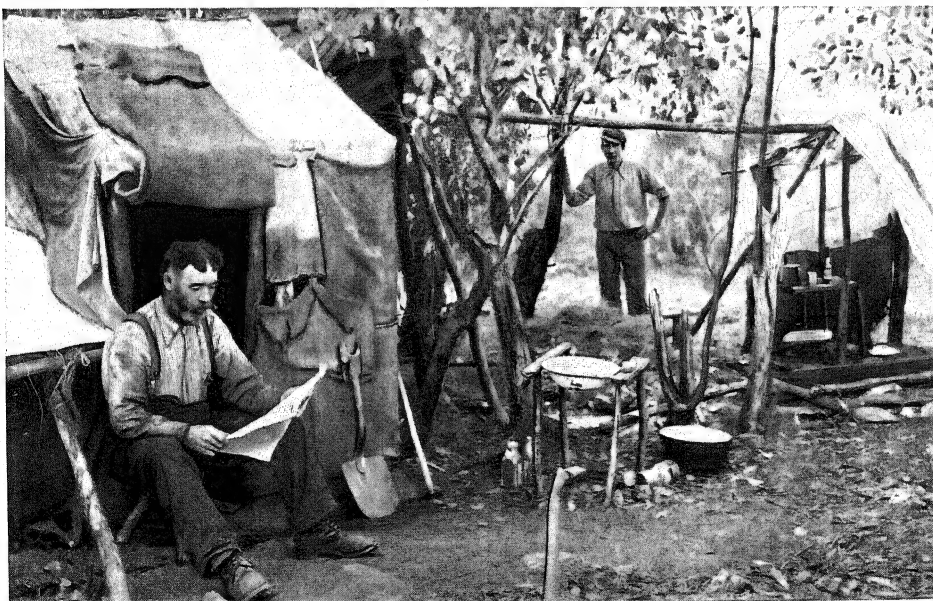
It was decided to send the English convicts to this new place, Botany Bay. As there were no animals, seeds or foods of the kind needed, they had to take everything with them, from cows and horses, to seed wheat and saws. The first party of convicts landed at Botany Bay on January 28th, 1788. This date is now observed as the birthday of Australia. Many more followed, and Botany Bay soon became a name of terror everywhere.

News also came that this southern continent, which had been thought to be all desert, had great tracts containing some of the most fertile land in the globe. Free men set out for Australia and made their homes there. After a time, they said that they did not want any more convicts, and the last convicts were sent to Australia from England in 1840.

Australia, however, needed more people, hundreds of thousands of them. How were they to be drawn there ? Two things helped to do this. Firstly it was discovered that sheep flourished on the Australian grass, producing vast quantities of wool. To raise many sheep, men must have much land, so pioneers pushed up beyond the mountain ranges of New South Wales to the regions beyond. It was thought that these, like the centre of Australia, would be desert. They found, however, a rich country awaiting them, and this started the period of sheep-breeding. Land was easily obtained, and some of the sheep stations became as big as whole countries in Europe. The sale of the wool brought prosperity to the new towns. Warehouses had to be built to store the wool, harbours to be made for the ships that carried it.

One day a shepherd out with his flocks picked up a nugget of gold. He brought

PREPARING TO SHIFT CAMP ON AN AUSTRALIAN SHEEP-FARM

The horses have been loaded with the bedding, food and dishes, and their masters, whose job it is to look after the sheep-fences and repair the damaged sections, are ready for another long day's riding. Many of the sheep runs are so large that men thus employed have to travel on horseback for days at a time in the course of their work.

Australian Govt.

STALWART GOLD-MINERS ENCAMPED IN THE DESOLATE BUSH

To-day most of the gold produced in Australia is obtained by great companies and the work is done by means of machinery. It is still possible, however, in Western Australia, for independent miners to make a good living by using the primitive methods of their grandfathers. They work in small parties, living in encampments such as this.

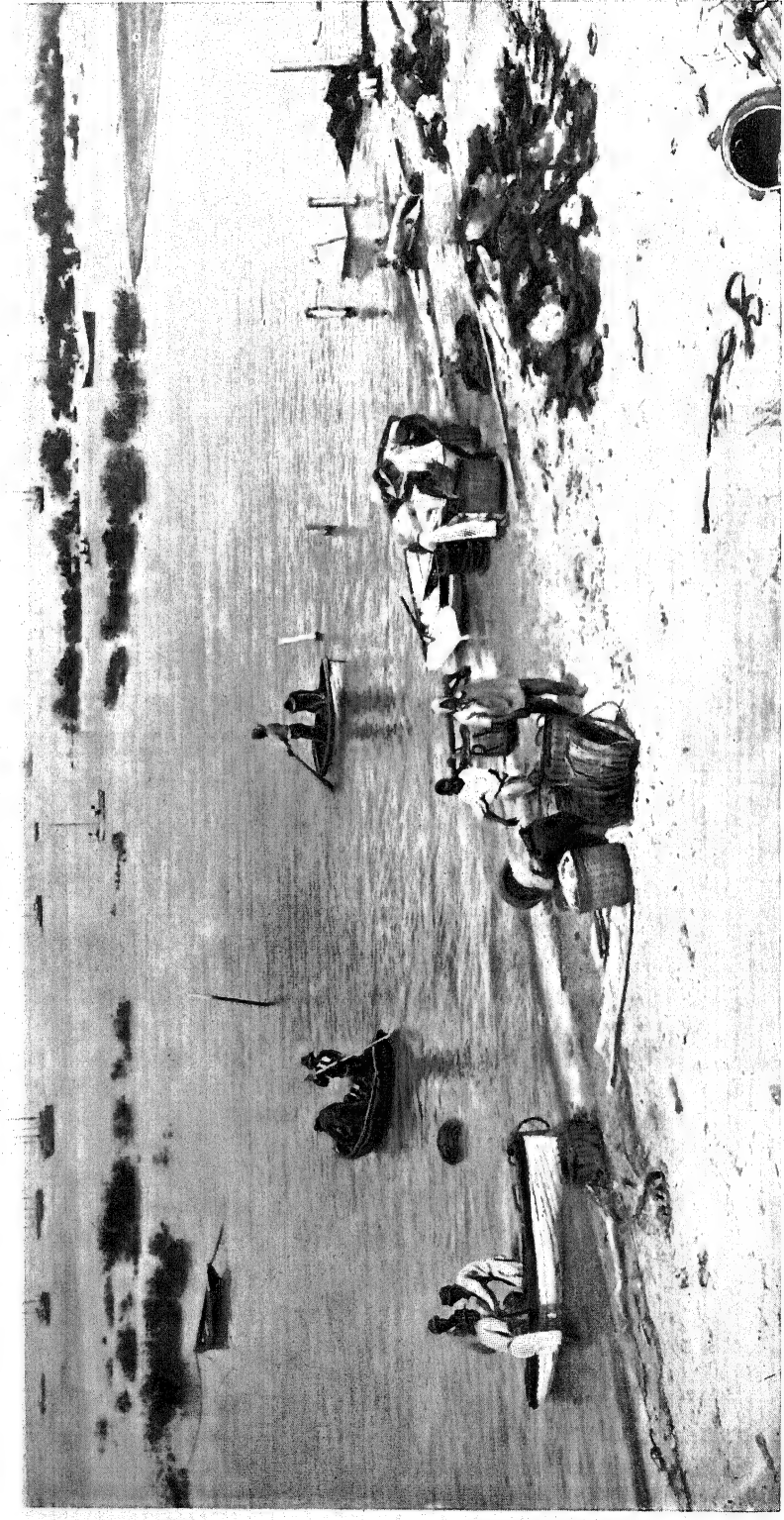
Australian Govt.

WELL MOUNTED COWBOYS ROUND UP A FINE HERD OF CATTLE

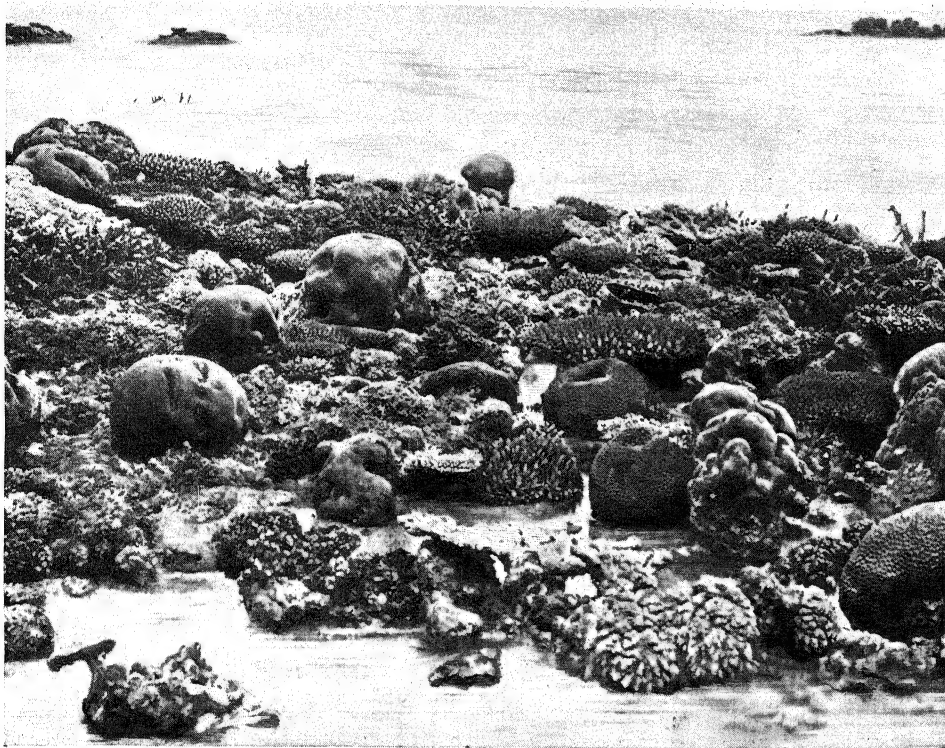
Although sheep-rearing is the more important industry, cattle-breeding has been so well developed in Australia that much dairy produce and frozen meat is now exported. The grasslands of New South Wales and parts of Queensland are the most suitable districts for stock-rearing, and, like the prairies of North America, support huge herds of cattle.

Australian Govt.

BACKWOODSMEN LUMBERING IN AN AUSTRALIAN HARDWOOD FOREST

Very many valuable timber trees, such as red gum and eucalyptus, grow in the dense forests which extend over wide areas of Australia. Among the most important is the jarrah, from the wood of which the blocks that pave London's streets are manufactured, and also harbour piles and other objects to be exposed to the effects of sea-water.

Australian Govt.

BOATS FROM THE PEARL-FISHING FLEET LAND THEIR PRECIOUS FINDS IN WESTERN AUSTRALIA

Pearl-fishers reap a good harvest each year from the pearl-oyster-beds that abound in the tropic waters off the northern coasts of Australia. Although the pearls themselves are extremely valuable—a single one has been worth as much as £3,000—comparatively few are found, so that they do not bring as much profit to the fishers as do the vast quantities of oyster shells obtained. These yield the beautiful mother-of-pearl. In the centre of this photograph we see two men carrying ashore from the small boats a load of precious pearl-oysters in a tub.

E. N. A.

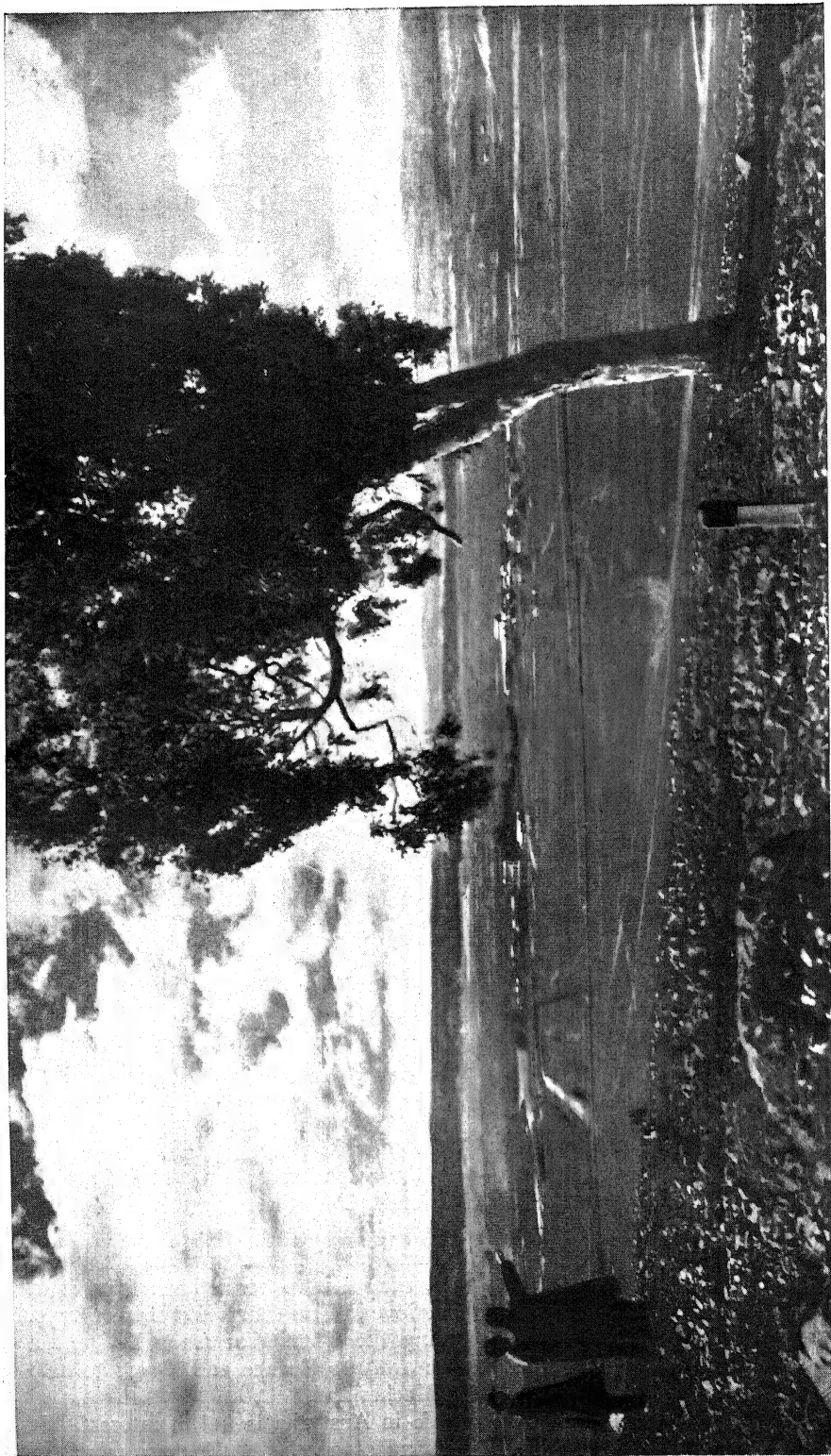
CORAL GROWTHS THAT HAVE BUILT THE GREAT BARRIER REEF
Stretching for 1,200 miles off the east coast of Australia, the Great Barrier Reef acts as a stout breakwater against the furious storms of the South Pacific. It has been raised from the ocean bed in the course of thousands upon thousands of years by the continuous growth of such fantastic masses of coral as we see in this photograph of the Skull Reef.

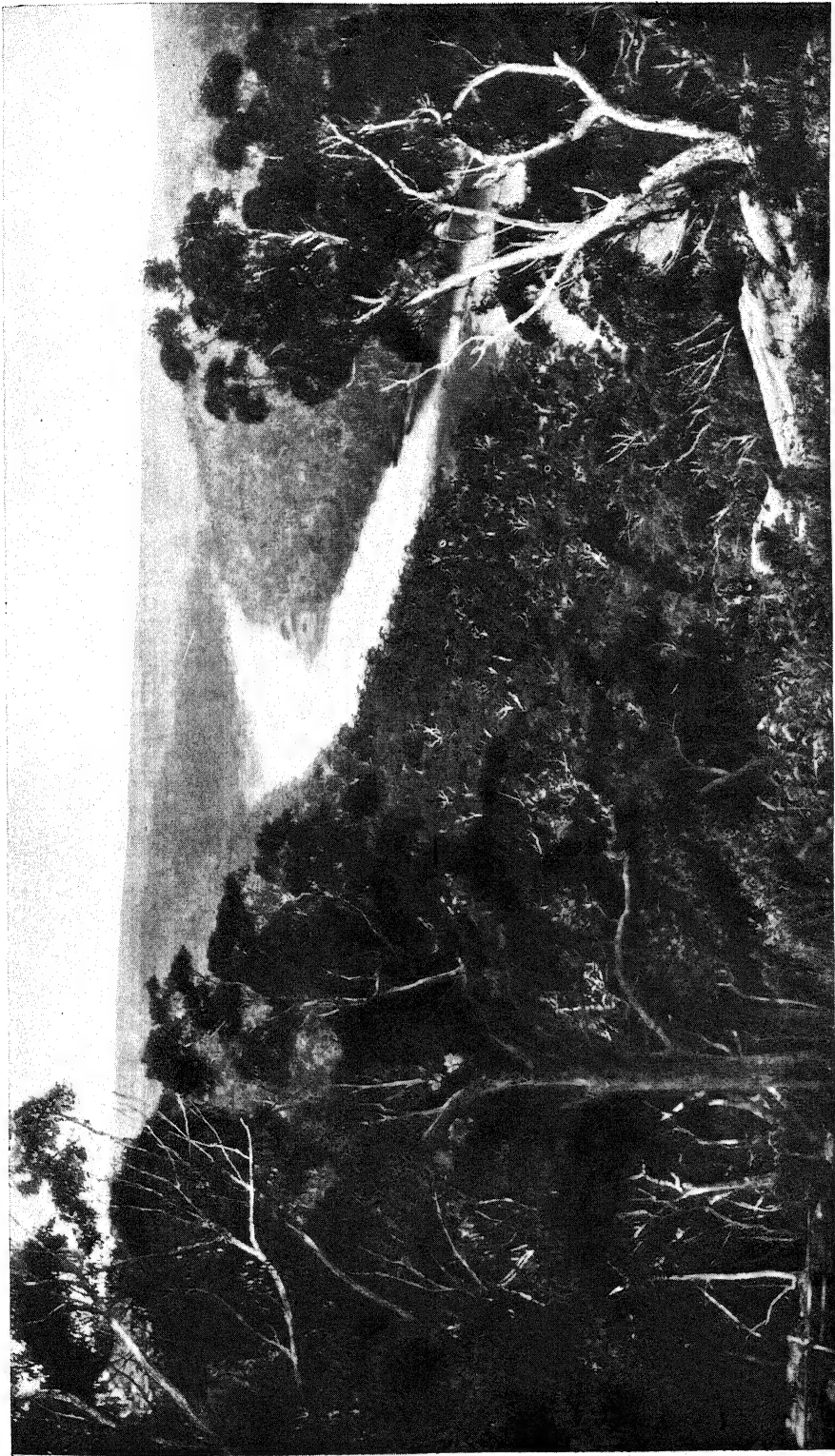
it to Melbourne, then a very small town, and soon word went all over the earth that gold was to be found in Australia, to be picked up in the fields by the first men who reached there. Then came a "gold-rush" which has seldom been equalled in history.

Many people died on the way to the gold-fields, perishing of hunger and thirst, and many made money. Some found enough gold to make themselves rich, and by the time the rush was over Victoria had grown to a big, flourishing state. The rush had given it what it most urgently wanted—people.

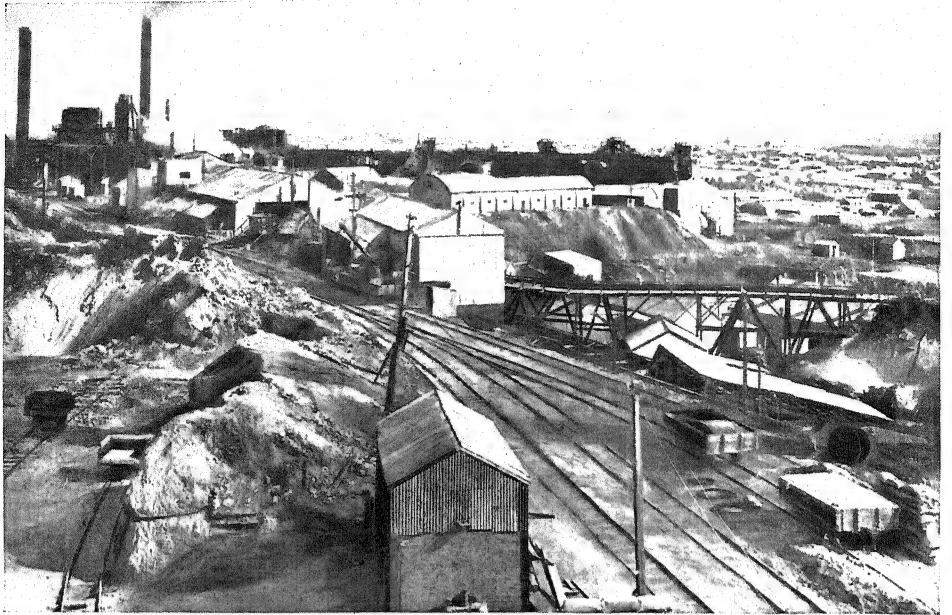
Sheep-farmers and gold-miners do not make a nation; but when these people came to Australia, they began to see what they could do there. The Australians began to build their own factories. Coal mines were discovered, as in New South Wales, and fresh gold-fields in the west. It was found that there was rich land only waiting to be developed. In the north were vast areas suitable for growing cotton and sugar-cane. Off the north and west coasts were rich beds of pearl-oysters.

One thing that everyone notices about the Australian people is their love of England. Though they are nearly twelve thousand miles away, still they think of England as "home." When they are able, they like to come back to visit it. They love British things and British ways. During the Great War Australia sent a large army to Europe and Egypt to help the Motherland.

Life in Australia is full of interest. It is a land of sunshine. The summers are long and the days hot, and in winter the

ON THIS HILL-ENCIRCLED PLAIN HAS BEEN BUILT CANBERRA, THE NEW CAPITAL OF AUSTRALIA

The six great states that united to form the Australian Commonwealth in 1901 have each a separate capital, but to prevent jealousy it was decided that the seat of the Commonwealth Government should not be in any of these, but in a new capital, Canberra. The Federal territory is in New South Wales. Opened in 1927, the city was officially founded in 1913 on the plain that we see here, watered by the River Molonglo. It has a wonderful situation, sheltered by hills and having the distant snow-capped Australian Alps for a background.

E. N. A.

BETWEEN THE TREE-COVERED HILLS OF NATIONAL PARK FLOWS THE BEAUTIFUL RIVER HACKING

National Park lies in the very fertile coastal belt of New South Wales and is within fifty miles of Sydney. It encloses a large area which is maintained in its primitive wildness for the benefit of students and Nature lovers. Most of the trees and plants that grow naturally in the more temperate regions of eastern Australia flourish in New South Wales, and in National Park they are found in rich variety. Eucalyptus trees, many species of which have brightly-coloured flowers, acacias, called wattles in Australia, and several kinds of pine are very common.

Australian Govt.

MINES IN WHICH THE WEALTH OF BROKEN HILL IS SOUGHT

The land on which Broken Hill is built is one great treasure-house, for here are found valuable metals in abundance—silver, gold, lead, copper and tin. Mining is, therefore, the town's chief industry. Here is the Proprietary Mine, the largest silver mine in the world. Broken Hill is also the centre of a prosperous sheep and cattle rearing district.

temperature rarely falls below freezing-point, even in the south. The beautiful rivers, the long, sandy sea coasts and the open country give plenty of opportunity for picnics, and the Australians do not waste their opportunities. Near the capitals, especially Sydney and Melbourne, are very fine bathing-centres, like Manly Beach, which are crowded month after month. The Australians are fond, too, of all kinds of outdoor games.

One of the great problems of Australian life is that, while there is much land waiting to be cultivated, most people prefer to live in the towns. Two out of every five people in the whole of Australia live in one of the two largest cities, Sydney and Melbourne. Sydney, the capital of New South Wales, and Melbourne, the capital of Victoria, are keen rivals, seeking at every turn to outrival each another.

When Australia was first settled, each state had its own government, the King of England being represented by a governor-general or a governor. So there were six separate states, New South Wales, Victoria, South Australia, Queensland, Western Australia and Tasmania, all quite independent of one another. But as the people grew in numbers, they found that it would be to their advantage if they could work together and help one another. So, in 1901, they all united as the Commonwealth of Australia, which is now divided into five states, two territories and the island of Tasmania.

There were many disputes over the problem of where the Commonwealth capital was to be. The site finally chosen had an area of nine hundred square miles, almost half-way between Melbourne and Sydney. Here, on what was formerly a great sheep-station, in a picturesque valley on the banks of a branch of the Murrumbidgee River, the Federal capital, Canberra, was built.

A splendid Commonwealth Parliament House and the Capitol buildings form the centre, and from these structures radiate streets and avenues. The avenues and the grounds around the Capitol are already rich in flowering shrubs and rare trees.

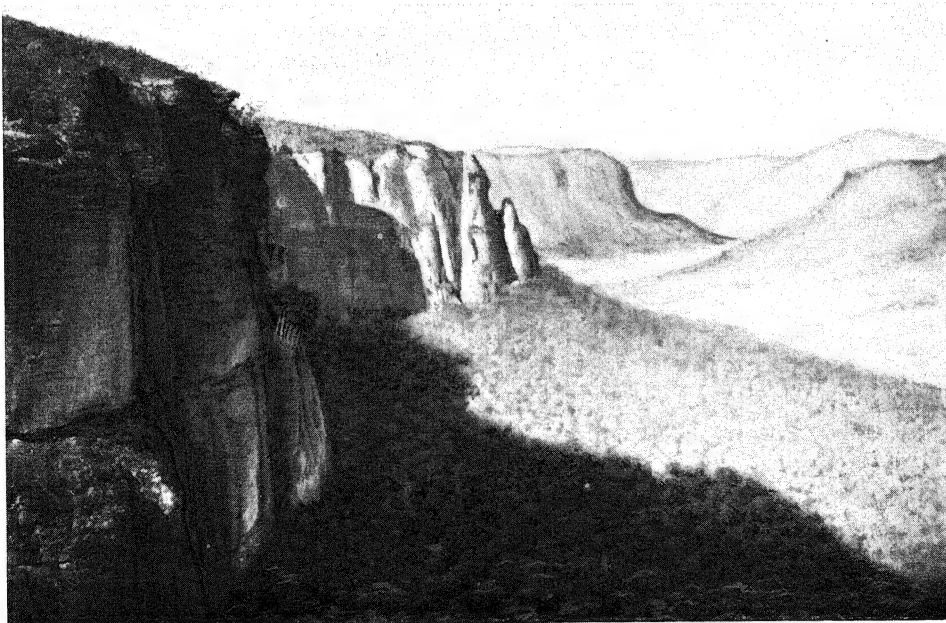
Canberra is a city of to-morrow. Sydney, the largest and oldest centre in

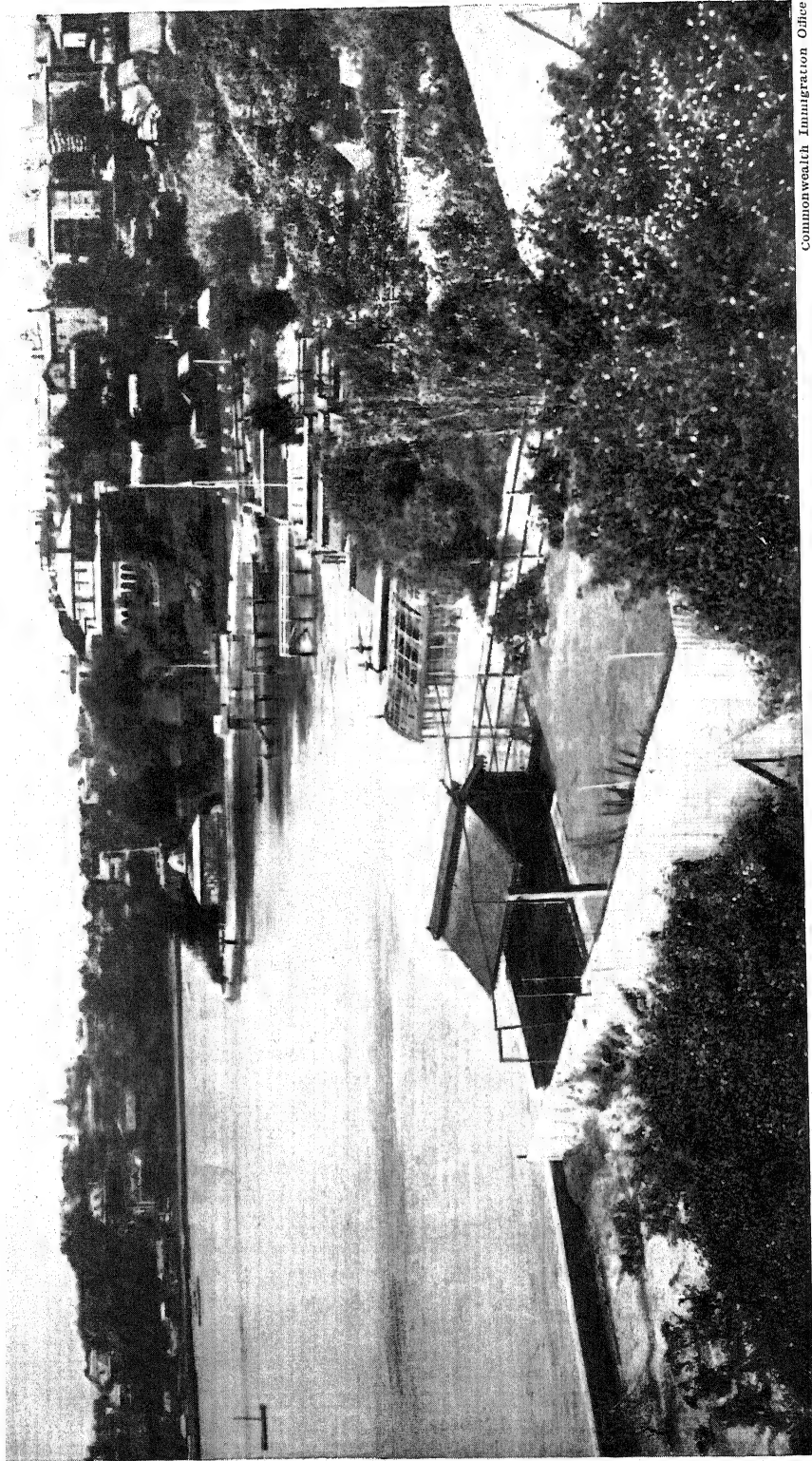
the south, is a city of to-day. Its wonderful and beautiful harbour is one of the finest in the world. As we enter it from the Pacific Ocean between two outstanding points, the Bluffs, we find ourselves in a big, sheltered waterway, with innumerable creeks and channels running out from it. Some of these creeks seem like little glimpses of fairyland.

Sydney itself is a big, prosperous place, the headquarters of much Australian business, full of shipping, active with trade and imbued with the spirit of progress. But the Sydney folk are the first to admit that they do not give all their time to work; they sometimes call their town the "holiday city." The Blue Mountains, which are within an easy train ride, with their entrancing heights, sharp precipices and rich, abundant vegetation, are among the world's finest playgrounds.

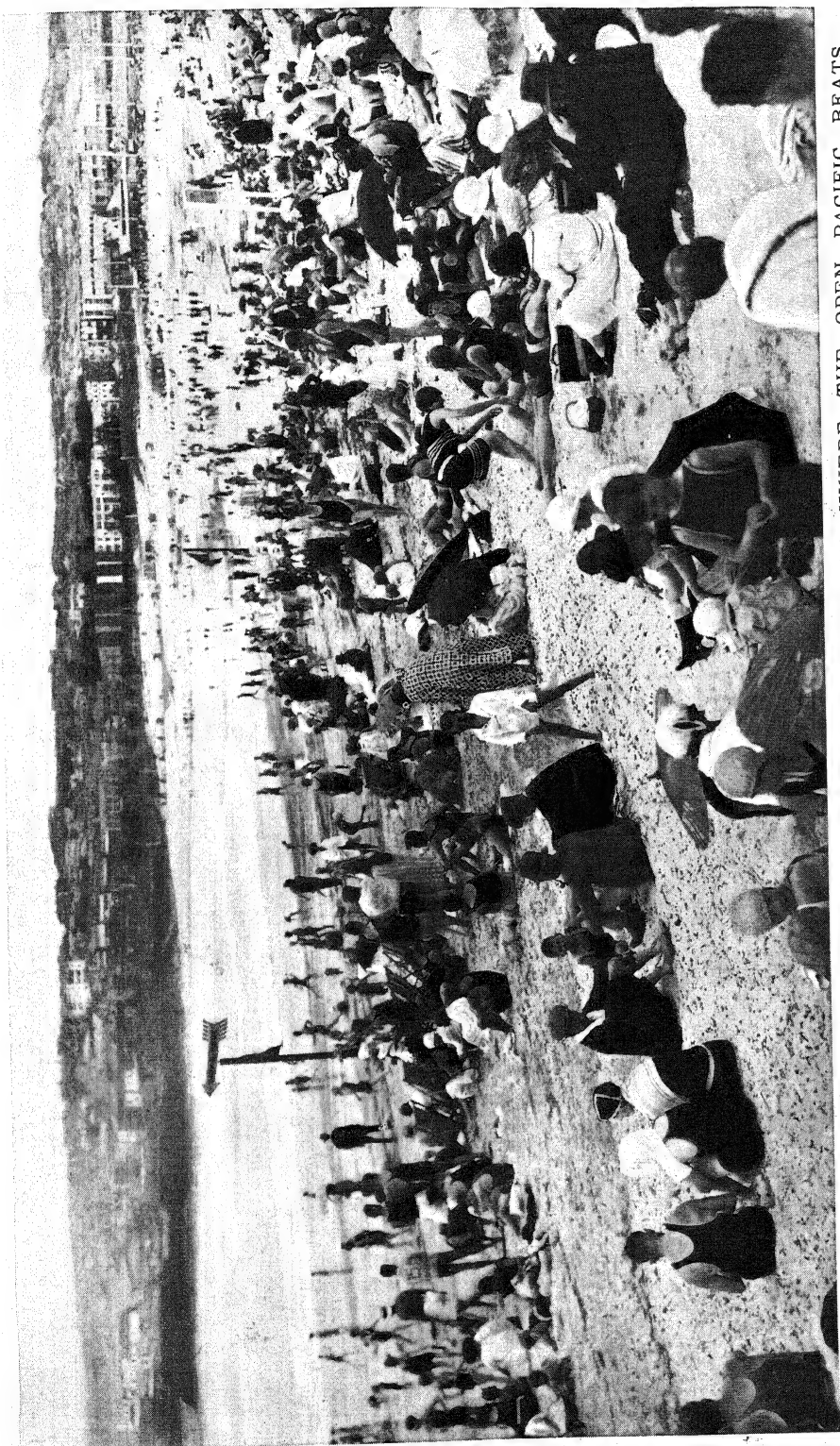
Sydney had, in 1911, nearly a million people. Its population to-day is probably over a million, and it is nearly as large as Glasgow and about the same size as Hamburg. Its rival, Melbourne, was, in 1835, a hamlet containing fifty people; it has now over eight hundred thousand people, and is well laid out, well built, with wide straight streets and cheerful people.

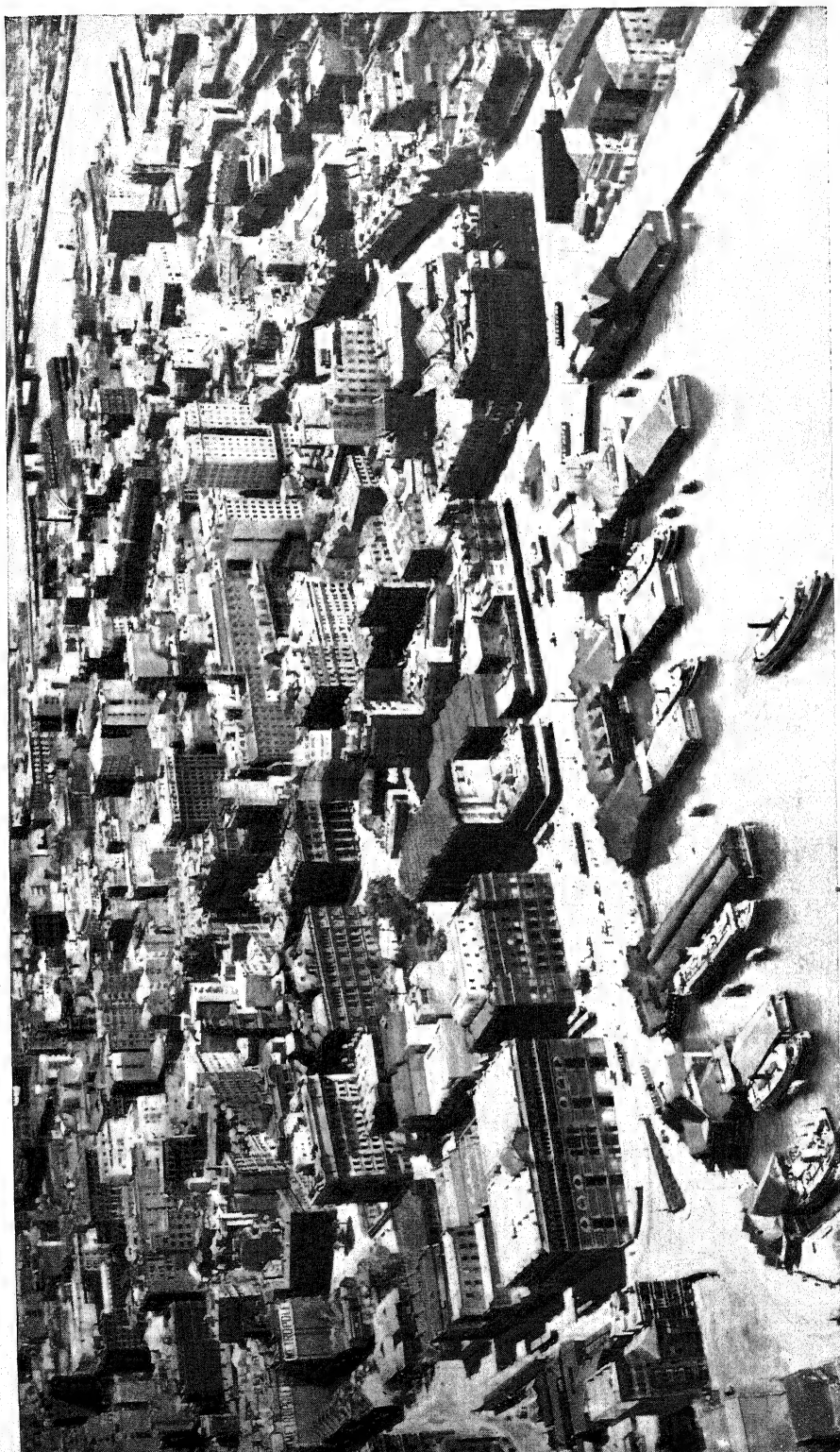
Melbourne is the entrance to the rich lands of Victoria. It was from here that the old gold-rush started, and much gold is still mined in the state. The work is now done not so much by individual miners working by hand, but by big companies, with elaborate and costly machinery. Victoria was at one time largely covered with sheep-stations. There are still many thousands of sheep-stations in Victoria and many more in other states; but nowadays the stations are being broken up and divided into farms.

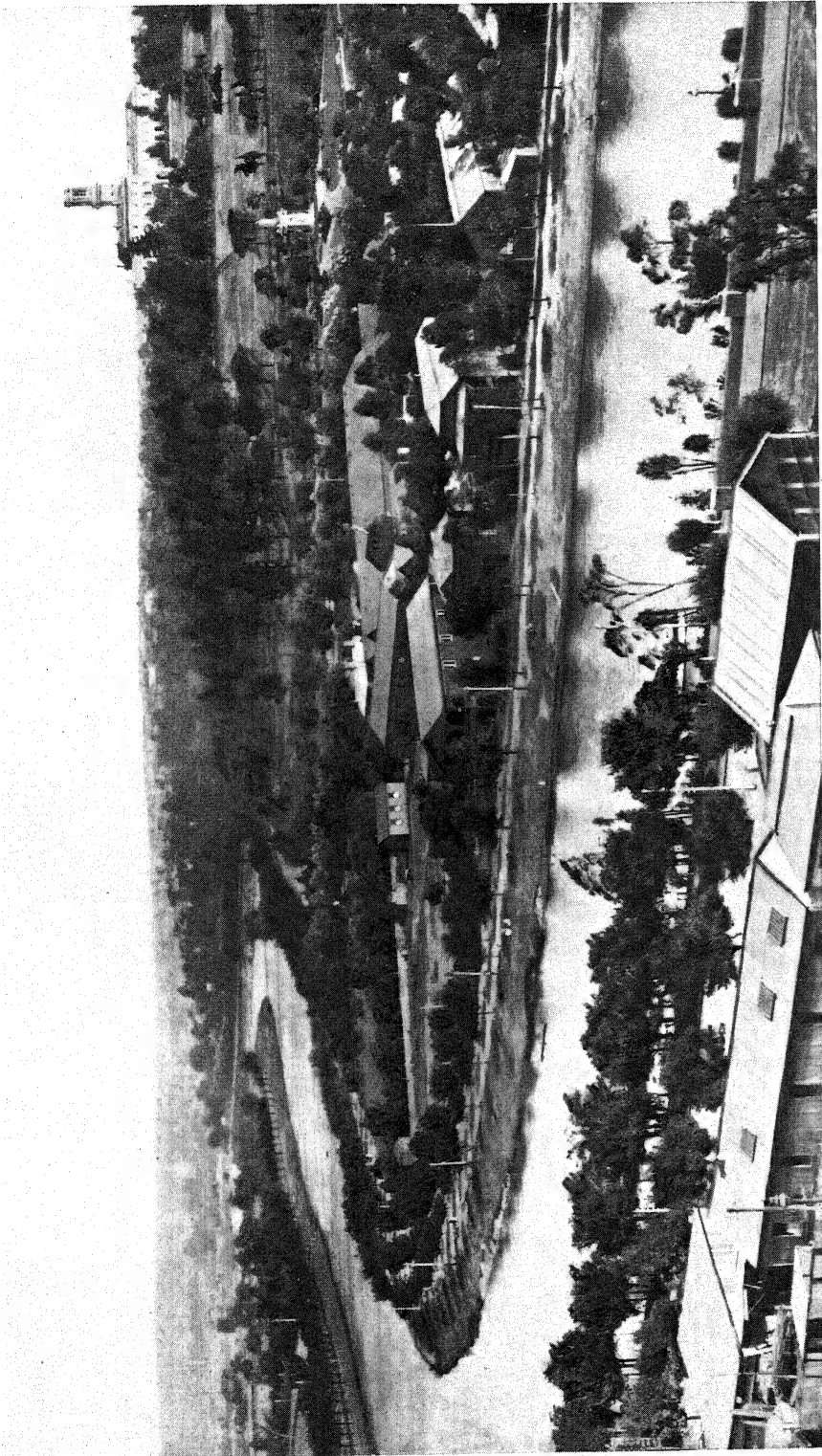
Travelling through Victoria we come to the beautiful state of South Australia, with its capital, Adelaide. There is an interesting story of how this city was established. A number of Englishmen felt that they would like to try to establish a new settlement where life would be more prosperous and happy for everybody; so they set out together. Their first plans

NATURE'S WILD GRANDEUR AMONG THE BLUE MOUNTAINS

Bare, sombre cliffs rise steeply skyward, a dense eucalyptus forest on the slopes at their base, and beyond are hills, gullies and peaks as far as the eye can see. These are only a few among the majestic and unspoilt beauties of the Blue Mountains, a branch of the Dividing Range in New South Wales, and the great health resort of Sydney folk.

Commonwealth Immigration Office

WOODED SLOPES, DOTTED WITH STATELY MANSIONS, SWEEP DOWN TO THE WATERS OF ELIZABETH BAY

Sydney, the capital of New South Wales, has an extraordinarily fine position to the south of its great harbour, along the shores of which are beautiful houses and gardens such as we see here. Elizabeth Bay is a small indentation of Rushcutter Bay, on the south side of the harbour; and it takes very little time to reach the city from here, so that many people can live in this charming spot and travel daily to and from their business. One of the sports that those who live in Sydney can enjoy is yachting, the centre for which is Rushcutter Bay.

CROWDS OF HAPPY BATHERS FROM SYDNEY ON BONDI BEACH, WHERE THE OPEN PACIFIC BEATS

Within a very short distance of even the busiest parts of Sydney, Bondi Beach provides ample opportunities for everybody to indulge in surf-bathing. It is almost always thronged with a great crowd of bathers of all ages, who tumble among the great, creaming breakers at points indicated by large arrows. A body of amateur life-savers is always ready to render assistance, and a very careful watch must be kept for lurking sharks. Manly Beach, which is less than an hour's journey by ferry boat from Sydney, is even more popular than Bondi.

FERRY BOAT LEAVING CIRCULAR QUAY, WHERE THE ORIGINAL COLONIZERS OF SYDNEY LANDED

The central port of Sydney is built on a three-armed peninsula, and Sydney Cove, on which is Circular Quay, lies between two of these arms. From it run many of the most important streets in Sydney, lined with busy offices, wonderful shops and great sky-scrapers. Ferry boats ply between the covered landing stages on the quay and many of the business quarters, suburbs and pleasure resorts in the harbour, which is said to be the finest in the world. In the top right-hand corner of this aerial photograph we see a stretch of Darling Harbour.

Australian Govt.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE ON THE CREST OF A WOODED SLOPE ABOVE THE RIVER YARRA AT MELBOURNE

The capital of the State of Victoria and the seat of the Australian Government before the opening of Canberra, Melbourne is a very beautiful city. It has broad streets, many of them fringed with trees, very handsome buildings and extensive parks. Its university is a great centre of education. Melbourne is also important commercially, and the quays and wharves at the mouth of the Yarra and in the harbour are always very busy. Adjoining the grounds that surround Government House, with its tower, are the Botanical Gardens.

Australia. Here, also, are the big forests of monster jarrah trees. As in some other parts of Australia, the population is very scattered; one may be sixty miles from one's doctor and a dozen miles from one's neighbour.

Perth, though it is not so large as the other capitals, is one of the most pleasant cities on the continent. It is beautifully situated, with a most enjoyable climate, and every

Australian Govt.

AUSTRALIAN ANIMAL THAT HAS A BEAK

The duck-billed platypus, which is found in Australia and nowhere else in the world, is surely the most grotesque of beasts, being a mammal, yet laying eggs and having web feet and a bill like a duck's, as we see in these two photographs. It lives in burrows near streams.

did not altogether succeed, but that their aim succeeded in the end is best seen by the fine city that they founded. South Australia is a land of riches—splendid vineyards, fine farms and beautiful rivers.

Western Australia, the newest of the Australian States, and the first that travellers reach when coming to Australia from the West, was long looked upon by the other states as their poor brother. Few people settled there, and its capital, Perth, was so far away from the others that it seemed isolated. Then gold was discovered away in the interior, and men rushed to mine it.

There was very little water in this desert land, and a glass of fresh water was sometimes more precious than a nugget of gold. There came one very bad time when the lack of water helped to start an epidemic of fever from which many died. The West Australian Government then built a great conduit from the Westralian rivers to the goldfields, and water is now more abundant there.

People came to this region for gold and then found that it had treasures richer than gold. It is a state which before many years have passed will have become much greater. In the south it has fine farm lands which never suffer from drought—one of the curses of

evening there is a cool breeze which makes no one mind the heat of the day. In the interior of the state there are towns in the midst of the bush that are reached by stage coach and are almost as isolated as islands in the midst of ocean. The "bush," the seemingly endless stretch of scrub which covers so much of the interior of Australia, is their ocean.

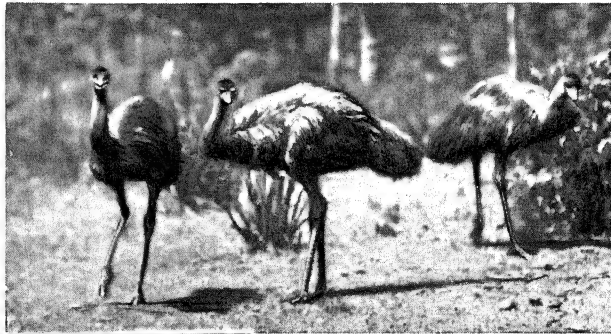
Just as in places near the sea children are told to be careful that they do not let themselves be caught by the tide and carried away, so the children in the bush towns are warned never to go out into the bush. A boy on his way to school may wander into the bush, attracted possibly

by some insect. He goes a little farther and suddenly discovers that he does not know which way to turn. Everything looks alike; there are no paths and the bush is high enough to prevent him from seeing over it.

Immediately the people of one of these towns find that someone is missing, they start hunting for them in the bush. They move out in groups, keeping in touch with one another lest they also should be lost. At night they light torches to attract attention. One party of three children was found, after they had been wandering for four days, lying exhausted and unable to move another step. They said that they had seen the torches at night, but had thought that these must be the lights of black men pursuing them and so had run away from their rescuers.

In the north of Australia is a great region, the Northern Territory, which still has very few people in it. Next to it comes the largest state in Australia, Queensland, with its capital, Brisbane. Queensland is five and a half times as big as the whole of Great Britain and Ireland. England would fit into a corner of it, but it has only about as many people as the city of Liverpool.

Much of it is very hot and Brisbane has houses with wide verandas like other semi-tropical cities or like a town on the Mediterranean. It is built on one of the most beautiful sites to be found anywhere. Its people describe it as a city of hills, with the river winding around it like a silver ribbon. Farther north in Queensland we find that the climate is still warmer. The northern point of Queensland faces New Guinea across Torres Strait.

Those who desire a milder climate can find it in the hills or on the Darling Downs, the land of the Golden Fleece, an amazingly rich sheep and farming belt. All Queensland abounds in natural beauty and rich resources, and its people indignantly protest when visitors remark that they must find the heat trying. They say that their fine climate makes their state the healthiest in Australia.

Australian Govt.

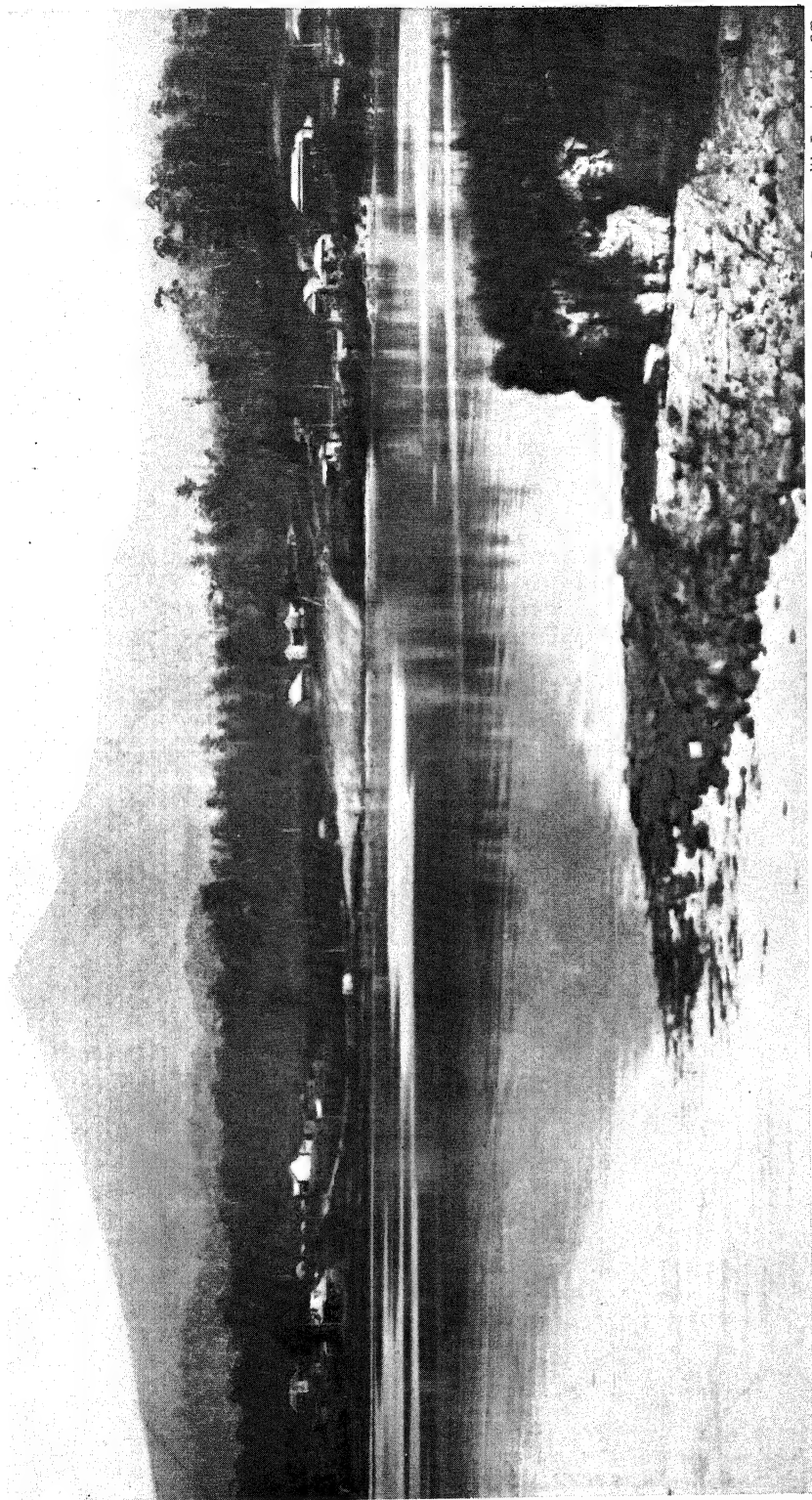
DIGNIFED EMUS AND SUSPICIOUS KANGAROOS

Like the platypus and the kangaroo, the emu is found only in Australia. It cannot fly, and is almost as large as the ostrich. There are many varieties of kangaroo; the red kangaroos are largest, being nine feet from nose to tail-tip.

Queensland has suffered at times, like most of the rest of Australia, from droughts. A great drought, which lasts possibly two or three years, happens very seldom, but when it comes it does much harm. The wells gradually become dry, the rivers dwindle and the stock dies. The last great drought came between twenty and thirty years ago. A little girl, seven years old, was brought from the north just when the drought was breaking.

E. N. A.

HOBART, TASMANIA'S CAPITAL, BACKED BY THE BLUE DERWENT RIVER AND LOVELY MOUNTAINS

Hobart lies on the Derwent River, about twelve miles from its mouth, and possesses a deep, sheltered harbour to which even great ocean-going steamers can come. With this advantage, the city has developed into an important commercial centre and a busy port. A great part of the products of the rich island of Tasmania—principally apples, preserved fruits, gold and tin—is shipped from it to the mainland of Australia and to Great Britain. The Tasmanians may well be proud of their capital, with its fine buildings and magnificent surroundings.

Commonwealth Immigration Office

PORT ESPERANCE NESTLES IN DENSE WOODS THAT STRETCH TO THE SLOPES OF ADAMSON'S PEAK

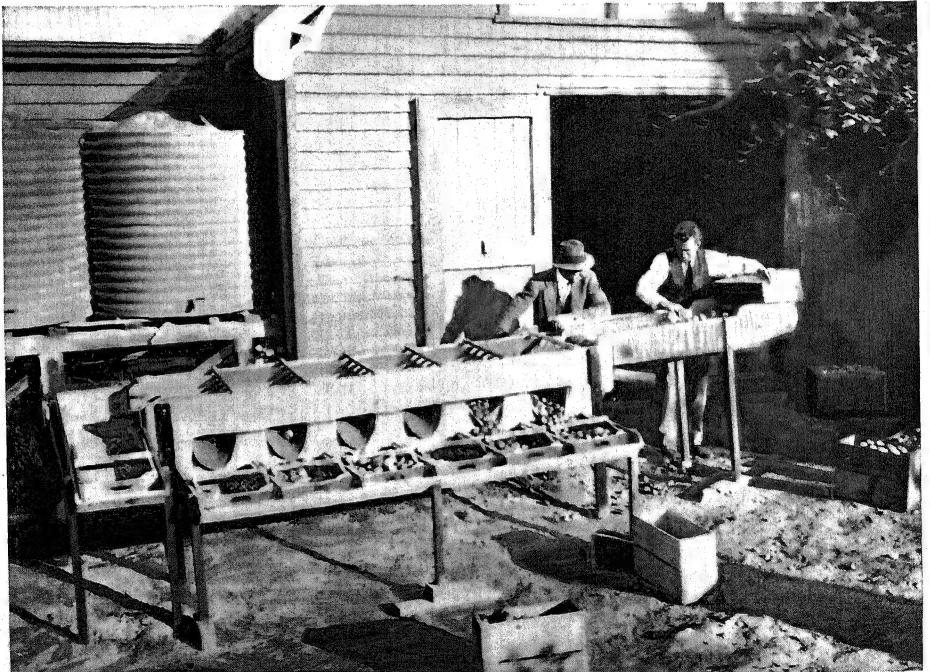
A small village on the south-east coast of Tasmania, not far from Hobart, Port Esperance is famous throughout Australia as a beauty spot. In summer, coastal steamers bring many visitors to this little port, to holiday in the woods, which are very extensive and filled with fine timber. The most prominent feature of the ever-varied landscape of this beautiful district is the shapely cone of Adamson's Peak, which is 4,017 feet high. The climate throughout Tasmania is very pleasant; in the south-east of the island it is like that of southern England.

She was travelling on a steamer when rain began to fall. She started crying loudly, and ran to hide herself. She had never seen rain before and thought that something terrible was about to happen!

All round the vast island we shall find only one part of the coast that is unattractive, the desolate, cliffless shore of the Great Bight on the south. The centre of Australia, however, is very different. It is an extensive plateau, almost rainless, almost uninhabited, without a river or a pond or a hill.

Tasmania, the island that lies off the south-east coast of Australia, has an extraordinary number of nicknames. Being so small—it is nearly as large as Scotland, but that is thought small in immense Australia—it is called "The Speck"; it is the "Playground of Australia," because of its attractions for holiday-makers, and also, curiously enough, "Australia's Workshop," because of its enormous possibilities; it is also the "Sanatorium of the South," and "Appleland," a name that explains itself.

Tasmania is more like England than any other part of the Commonwealth, only with a milder and more delightful climate. It is a land of mighty trees, of orchards and of beautiful farms, with mountainous country behind the coastal lowlands rising up into a vast plateau. It is free from droughts and is becoming one of the leading apple-growing and dairying-centres of the world. Its cities, however, are small, Hobart, its capital, having only a little over fifty thousand inhabitants.

Australia is a tremendous land with a very small population. It is very rich, with fertile soil, precious minerals in its mountains and fine rivers. Its people, who have come from Britain and found a more abundant life here, want many more people from Britain to come, too. They believe that many for whom there is little room and little opportunity at home could find all that they want with them.

La Voy

GRADING APPLES IN A SUN-LIT ORCHARD IN TASMANIA

The soil and climate of Tasmania are very suitable for fruit-growing, and a large quantity is grown in the sunny, well-watered orchards. The apples, in particular, are very fine and are largely exported. Before being packed, they must be sorted according to size; this is done by the ingenious but simple machine that we see here.

The Bulgars at Home

A PEASANT PEOPLE AND THEIR HISTORIC LAND

The story of the Bulgarians is one of centuries of continuous warfare, that began almost as soon as they arrived from Asia in A.D. 679 and occupied part of the Balkan Peninsula. For five centuries they endured Turkish misrule, then in 1915, barely forty years after they had regained their freedom, they entered into the terrible European conflict that ended, for them, in disaster and defeat. We can scarcely wonder that the people of this war-scarred land are hard and thrifty, endeavouring to win what they can from the soil during short intervals of peace. In this chapter we shall read of the peasants who are the backbone of the nation and of the new Bulgaria that is arising from the ruins of the old.

IF we glance at a map of Europe we shall see that Bulgaria forms a part of the Balkan Peninsula. It is wedged in between Greece and Rumania, with the new state of Yugo-Slavia on the west, the eastern boundary being formed by the Black Sea. Sofia, the capital, standing between two mountain ranges in the heart of the Balkans, is certainly not a city. Nevertheless, it is a fine town, with a huge, squat Byzantine cathedral, whose gilded domes, surmounted by crosses, flash back the rays of the sun. There are splendid public parks, trams, well-paved streets and fine shops and even cinemas. Sofia is quite a modern town, which was built on the ruins of a Turkish village. To-day, only one lonely minaret and a few hovels remain to remind us that not so long ago Bulgaria was merely the Turkish province of Roumelia.

It is pleasant to stroll along the streets of the city, noting the strange appearance of the people. The sheepskin coats, the flat astrakhan caps and the bright, semi-Oriental costumes of the peasantry are very interesting. In the cafés, which are such a feature of Balkan town-life, gypsy orchestras play haunting melodies on violins and guitars.

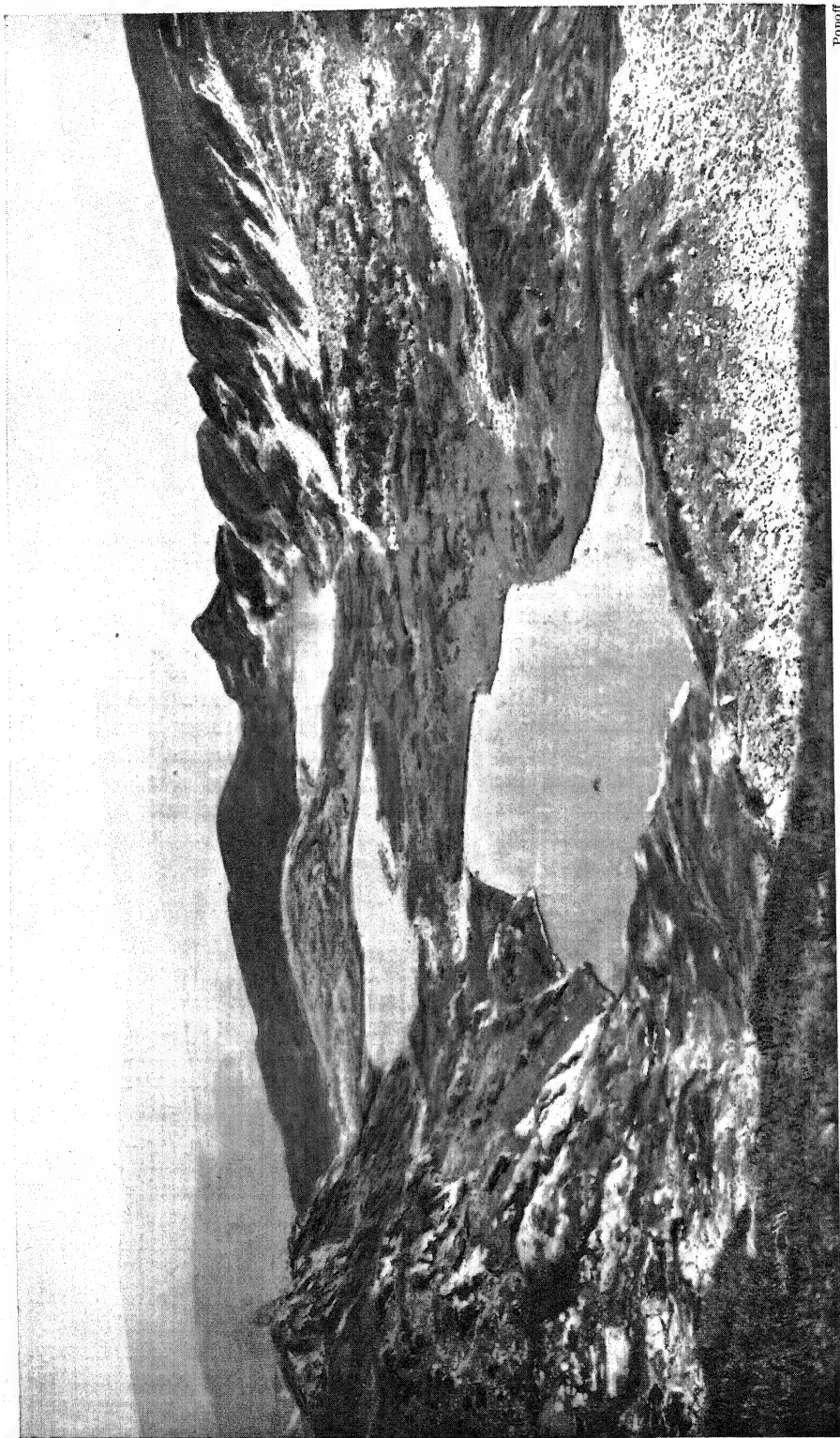
Weary Burden of Constant War

There is something vaguely unhappy about Sofia. It is not a really prosperous town, for it is the capital of a twice-defeated and very war-weary country. In the marching of the Royal Palace Guards, majestic in their scarlet uniforms and fur busbies, we may see something of that fighting spirit that made Bulgaria the Prussia of the Balkans a decade ago.

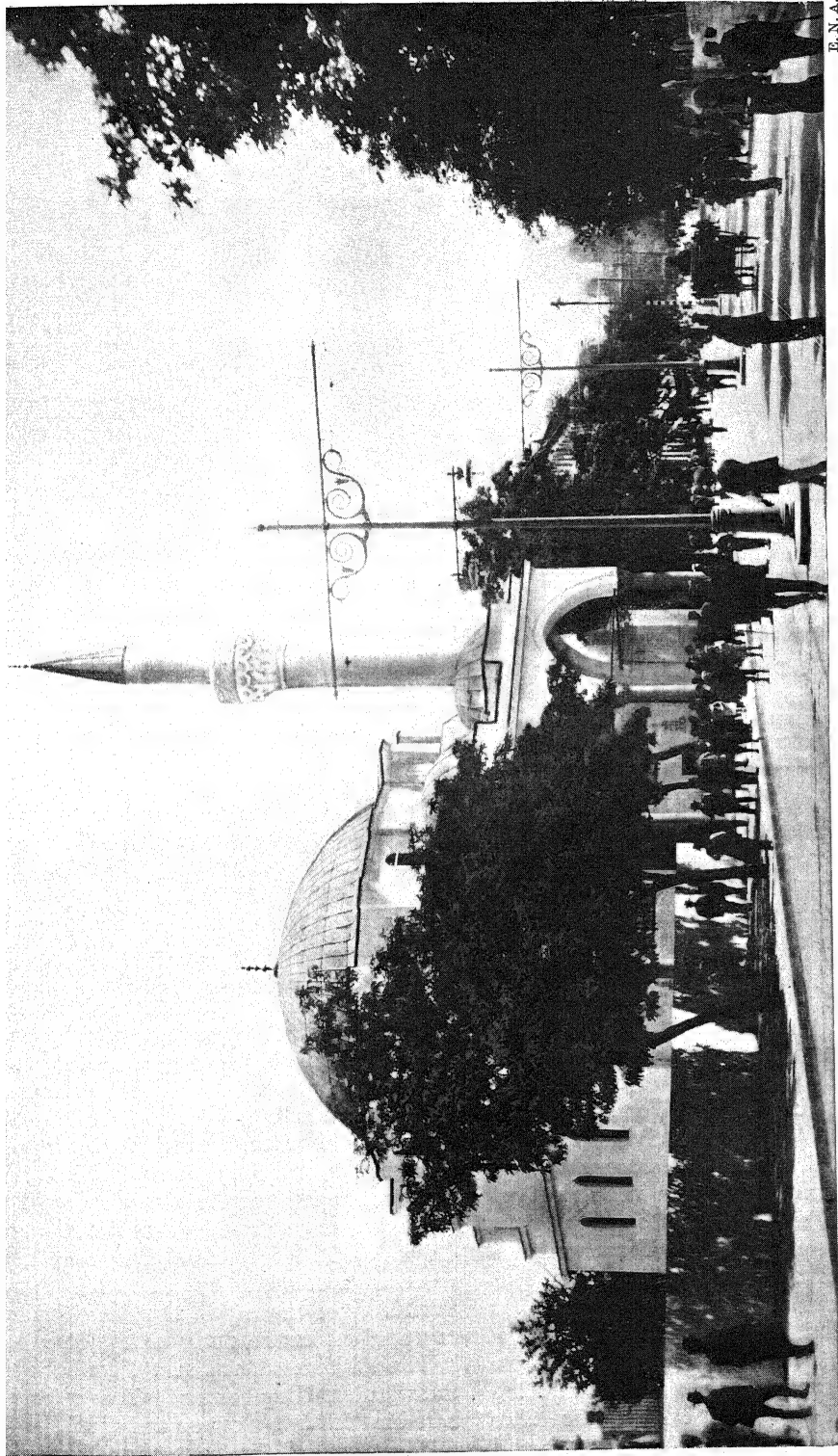
In 1912 Bulgaria, flushed with its successes in the first Balkan war against Turkey, was at the height of its power. Twelve months later she suffered defeat at the hands of her former allies—Greece, Serbia and Rumania. Then, in 1914, came the Great War, and her ex-Tsar, Ferdinand, again failed to justify himself as one of the wisest of the Balkan sovereigns, for, after much hesitation and intrigue, he suddenly threw in his lot with the Germans and Austrians. To-day the Bulgarians, with a loss of 2,687 square miles of fertile lands and with a crushing war debt, are paying heavily for two errors of royal judgement.

Long Story of an Ancient People

His second mistake cost Ferdinand his crown, and Bulgaria is now ruled by King Boris, who, whatever his military ambitions may be, does not do more than hold an occasional review of his much reduced army. These spectacles, however, are not regarded with any great enthusiasm by his subjects, who are tired of fighting and only want to till their fields in peace. Unfortunately for them security, whether of property or of life, is the one thing lacking in the Balkan peninsula. It is a region of continual unrest.

In Sofia there is a Bulgarian National Museum which contains what will one day be a complete record of Bulgarian history. Let us stroll round the rooms and reconstruct, from the coins, weapons and pottery, the story of this ancient people. The Bulgarians are the descendants of

Popoff

LITTLE LAKES THAT HERE AND THERE STAR THE BARREN UPLANDS OF THE RILA MOUNTAINS

Of all Bulgarian mountain groups the loftiest is the Rila Planina, the peaks of which have an average height of over 6,000 feet. This range is in the south-west, being really a part of the Rhodope Mountains, and is renowned for its great beauty. The lower slopes are thickly covered with forests of beech; higher up are found some larch and pine woods; but most of the mountain tops are barren and rocky, and sometimes snow-clad. Here we find many little lakes, occupying, like these, a lofty plateau or lying in narrow valleys.

E. N. A.

BANYA-BASHI MOSQUE IN THE MARIA LUISA BOULEVARD OF SOFIA, A CITY WHERE EAST MINGLES WITH WEST

Sofia, the capital of Bulgaria, is now a city of European appearance, with wide streets lit by electricity, fine buildings and large public gardens; gone are the narrow streets and mean houses of which it was composed in days of Turkish dominance. There are still, however, reminders of those times in the shape of mosques. One of these is now a museum; another became a church; but from the graceful minaret of the Banya-bashi Mosque the "muezzin" still calls the Faithful to prayer, for nearly 3,000 Mahomedans dwell in the city.

Balkan News Agency

POMAKS AT PRAYER BY THE GRAVEYARD ROUND THEIR MOSQUE

For four centuries Bulgaria was ruled by the Turks, and during that time many Bulgarians became converted to Mahomedanism, the religion of their conquerors, thus founding the community of " Pomaks " that still exists in the Rhodope highlands. They are very fanatical and in culture are considerably behind their Christian neighbours.

certain Mongol or Finnish tribes, who originally came from Asia. They reached Europe during the seventh century and united with a large number of Slavs already living in the Balkans. They seized upon lands to the north of the Danube, the great river of Central Europe. Soon they spread southward, and their turbans, decorated with fluttering horse tails, caused terror wherever they appeared.

Their history consists of a succession of wars against and in alliance with that last outpost of ancient civilization—the Byzantine Empire, whose emperors, sheltering behind the mighty walls of Constantinople, trembled at the sound of the Bulgar war horns. The Emperor Nicephorus was slain in 809 by their Tsar Crumn, who, so it is said, fashioned his enemy's skull into a drinking-cup.

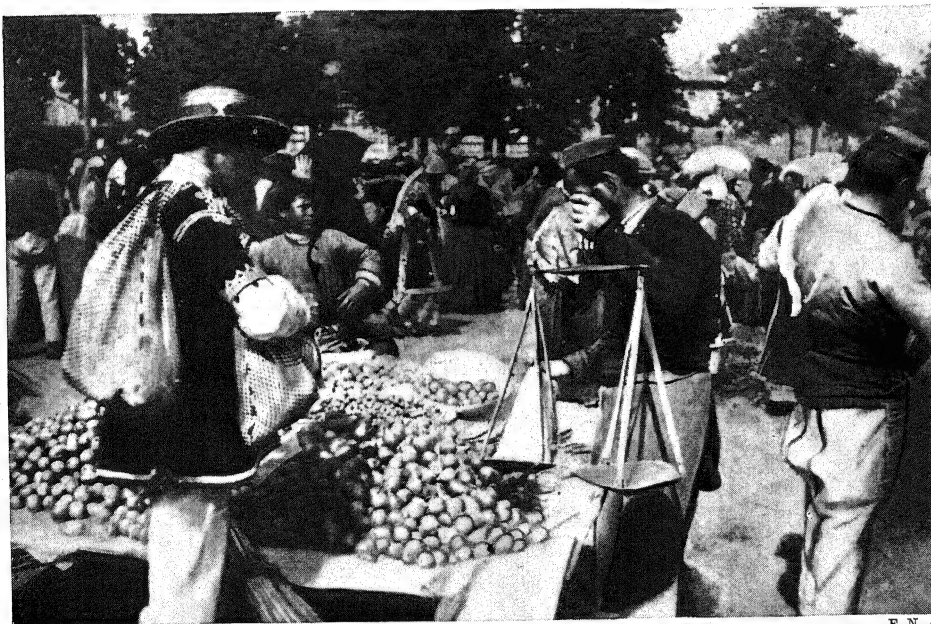
A later tsar, Simeon, seems to have been just such a man as our own King Alfred. He wrote books in the Slav language, and his skill as a statesman and his valour as a warrior have passed into legend. Three times the silver armour of his bodyguard appeared before the walls of Byzantium, or Constantinople, and he took toll of all the merchandise passing from Europe into Asia. In the words of a contemporary writer: " Greece sends her silks, her wines, and her fruits; Asia her dyes and her perfumes, her precious stones, her white peacocks with gilded feet; Bohemia her swan-necked steeds; Russia her furs and her wax, her honey and her slaves."

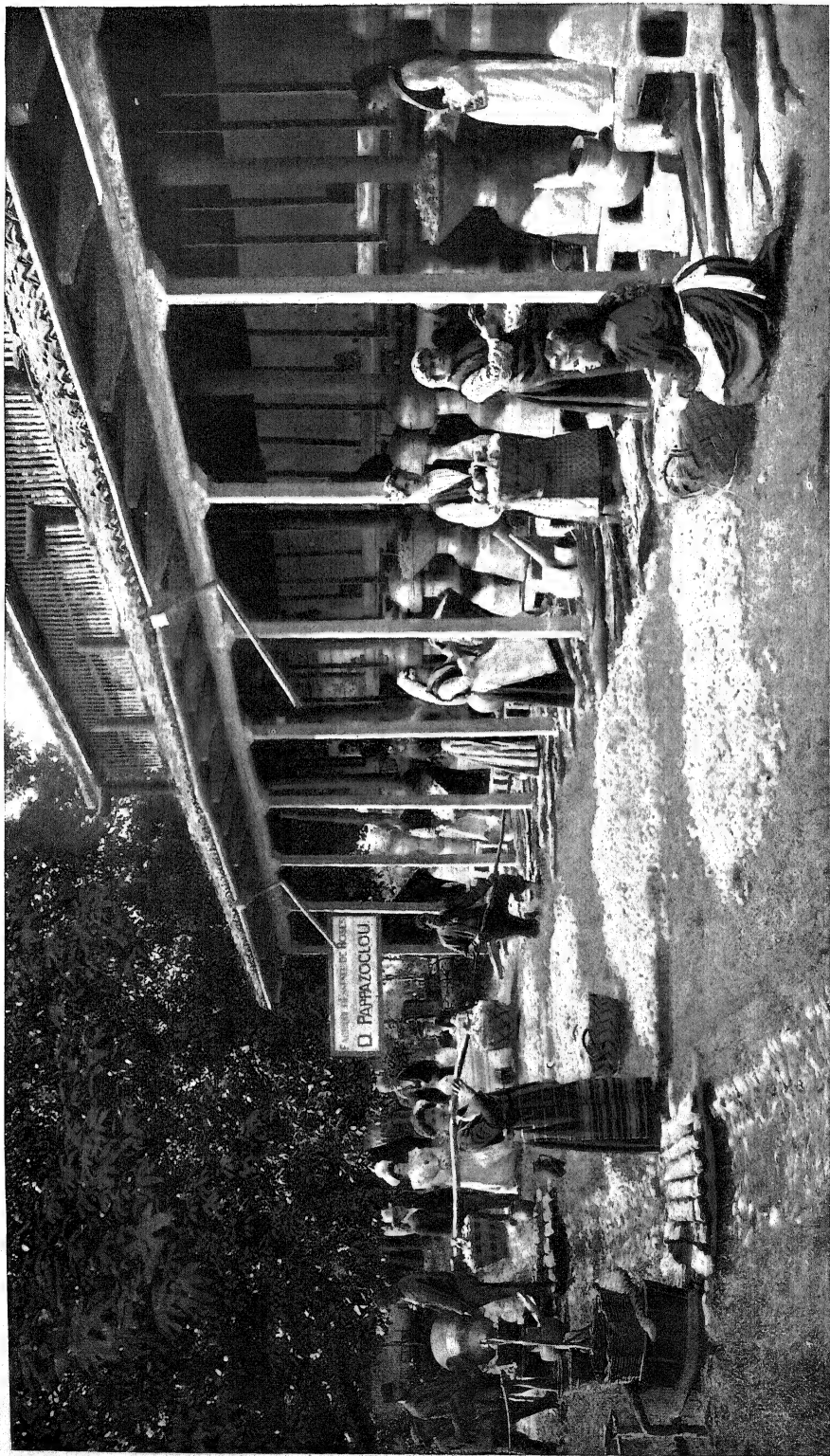
In 1018, however, Bulgaria was occupied by the Byzantine Emperor Basil II., a cruel man who received, owing to his massacres, the nickname of the " Bulgarian Slayer." The Balkans have been the scene of much cruelty, but none more terrible than one act of Basil's. Having captured an entire army of 15,000 men, he blinded them all and sent them back to their leader, King Samuel. The unfortunate king fell into a swoon and died.

The story of the next three hundred years is one of continual warfare with the

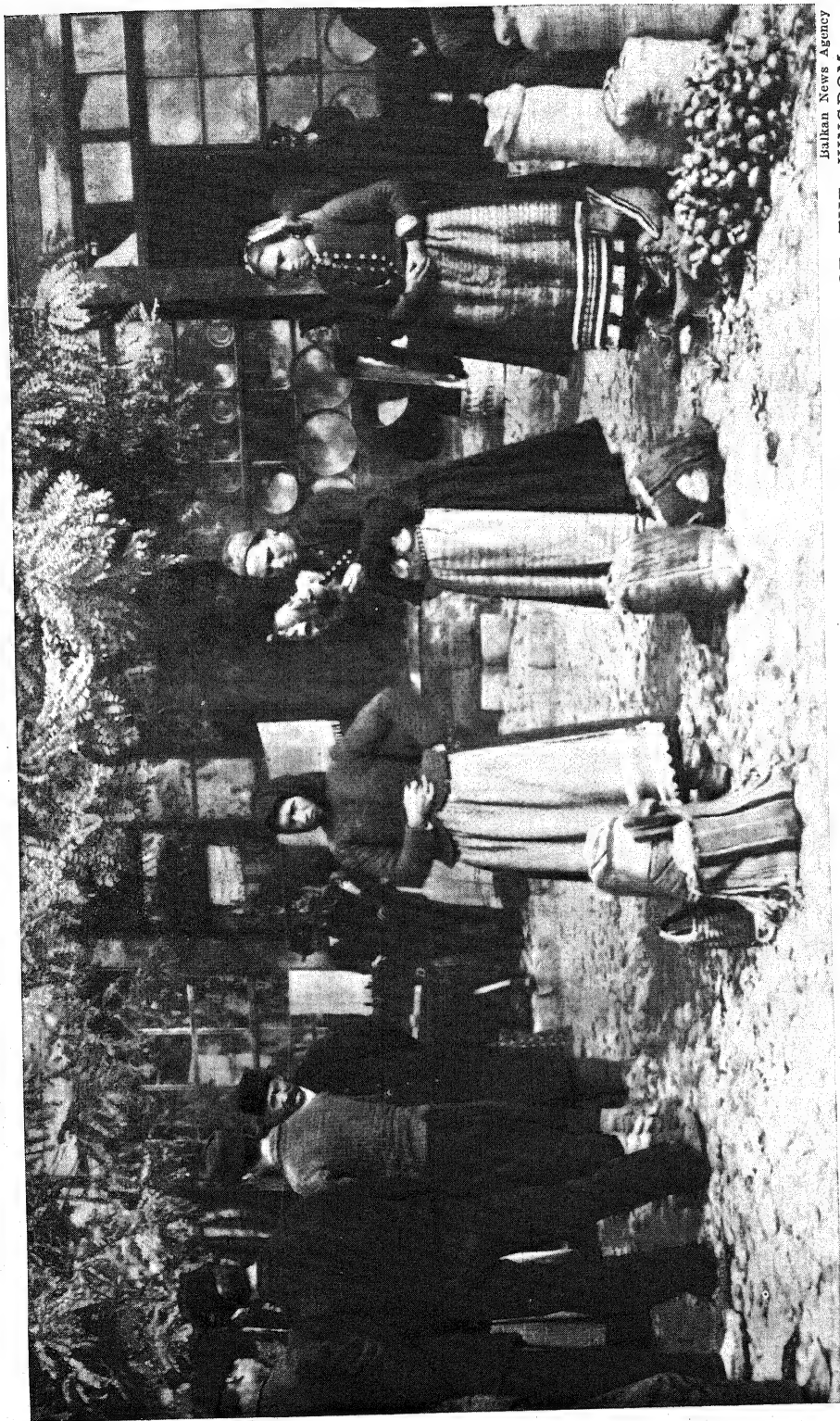
OPEN-AIR MARKET BY THE PORCH OF THE BANYA-BASHI MOSQUE

Sofia may be an up-to-date, European town in its architecture, but it is very Eastern in much of its population and their ways of buying and selling. One of the chief markets is held by the Banya-bashi Mosque, which is shown in page 1659. Here on low stalls are displayed wooden salt-bowls and flasks, raw wool and homespun cloth.

E. N. A.

FRUIT MERCHANT SERVES A CUSTOMER IN A SOFIAN MARKET

The fruits of the earth also find a place in Sofia's open-air market. Heaped-up figs, grapes, apples, pears and plums make gay splashes of colour in a scene already made colourful by the bright clothes worn by vender and purchaser. The scales used in this market are somewhat lacking in accuracy, being merely held in the hand.

Noble

OUTSIDE A FACTORY OF WHICH THE RAW MATERIAL IS THE SEMI-OPENED BUDS OF A SCENTED, SINGLE ROSE

It is roses, roses all the way in the Kasanlik district, for here is produced much of the world's supply of that fragrant oil, attar of roses. The rose gardens cover acres of ground, and during three or four weeks in May and June are marvellously beautiful. Then, early every morning, merry bands of young men and girls in bright holiday clothes pluck the newly-opened flowers and carry them in baskets to the factories near-by. There they are spread in the sun before being put into the stills, a row of which can be seen under the roof on the right.

Balkan News Agency

PATIENCE AND INDUSTRY IN THE SUNLIT MARKET OF TIRNOVO, ONCE CAPITAL OF THE KINGDOM

These women have come into Tirnovo with the produce from their fields and have taken up a stand in the cobbled market to await customers. One spins while she waits. Having sold their vegetables, they will probably be customers in their turn and will return as laden as when they arrived. Tirnovo is a very beautiful town of north Bulgaria and stands on the River Yantra, where it makes an extraordinary hairpin bend. Here, in 1908, Ferdinand declared the country to be independent and took the title of King of Bulgaria.

Serbs and with the dying Byzantine Empire. A great change, however, was taking place. The Turks were spreading over south-eastern Europe, and Bulgaria, because of its position, was the first country to be conquered.

Freedom after Five Hundred Years

In 1398, it became the Turkish province of Roumelia, and its position remained unchanged until towards the end of the nineteenth century, when Russia appeared as the champion of the oppressed Slavs in Europe. Then, in 1878, after a short but decisive war, the Bulgars were free once again after nearly five hundred years of Moslem misrule.

Hereafter the story is one of steady progress, though there is little love lost between the Balkan nations, who have only combined against their common enemy, the Turk. The Serb dislikes the Bulgar, the Bulgar dislikes the Serb and the Greek, while the Greeks, recently driven out of Asia Minor by the Turks, torn by internal strife and in a state of chronic distrust, hate them all.

Through all this welter of fighting and fear of war the Bulgar peasant has gone on driving his team of slow oxen or buffaloes across his fields. He, like the Dane, is a smallholder, and in Bulgaria there are over 100,000 farms of less than two acres and a half.

A Country of Peasant-Farmers

The Bulgarian farmer has all the peasant virtues and defects. Though he and his forefathers have worked on the land for centuries, he has taken a long time to discover that the old ways are not always the best. Until quite recently his farming methods were as primitive as his great-grandfather's, but, nevertheless, he has always raised fine crops of wheat, rape, hemp and oats. Tobacco, too, is cultivated to a great extent and forms a most important article of export. Around Sofia, where there are sugar refineries, the sugar beet is grown.

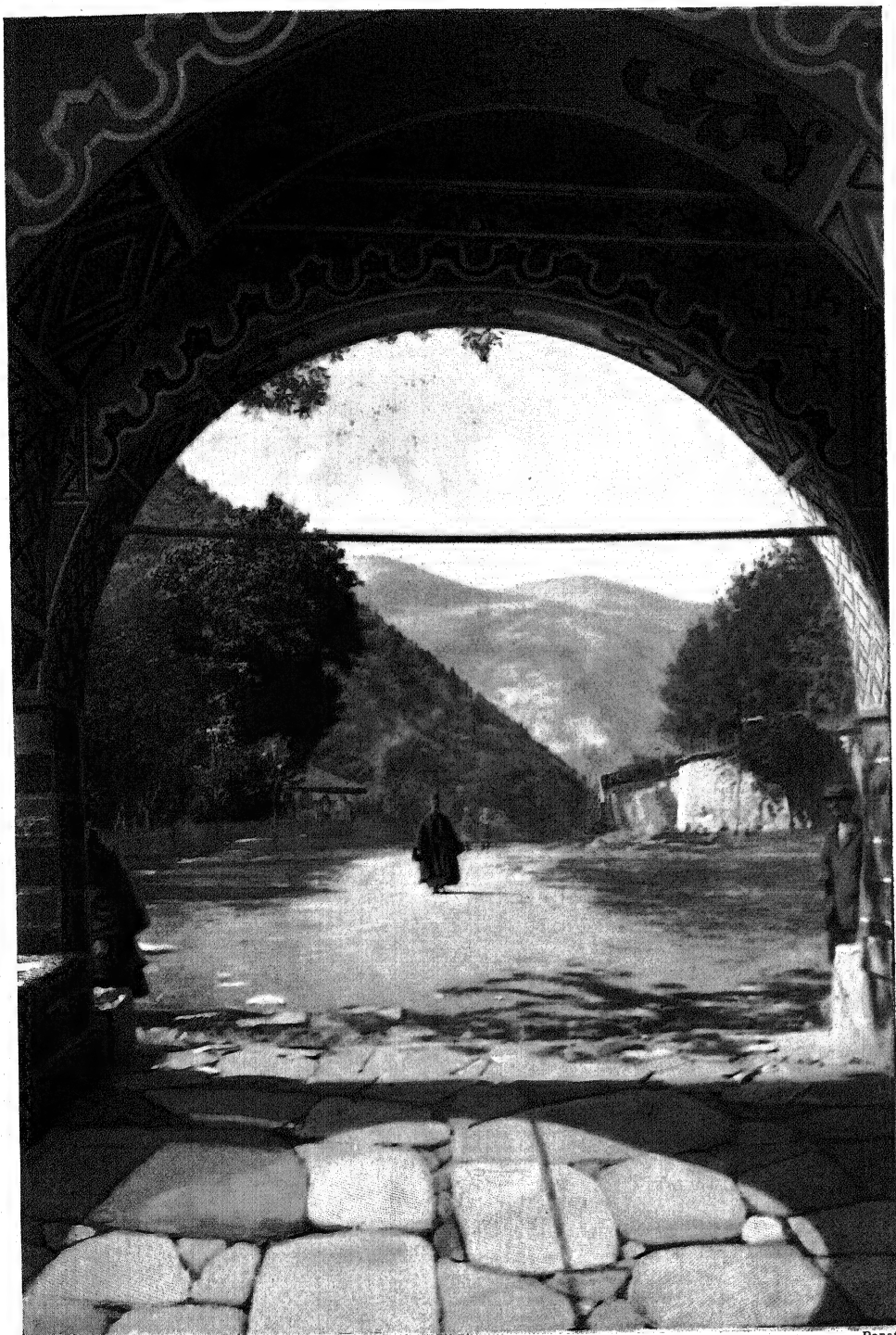
The Bulgar, though he is quite a picturesque person, has not such a lovable nature as have others of the Balkan peoples. Frugal and taciturn, he has not the cheerful air of the Rumanian nor the expansive hospitality of the Serb.

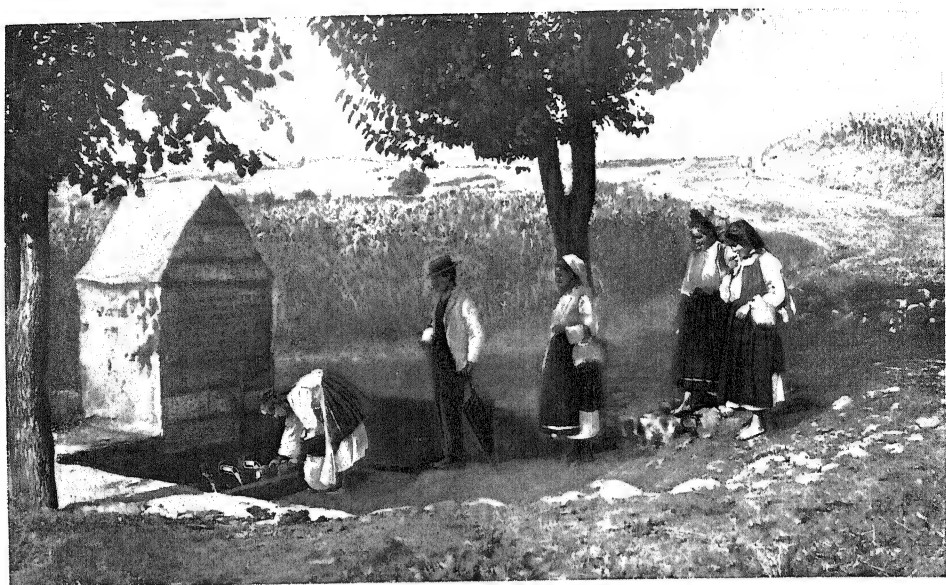
As someone has said: " Put a Bulgar and a Montenegrin in a palace, and the Bulgar will look the peasant he is, while the Montenegrin, who has never bowed his neck to a conqueror, will look like a nobleman." But put them in a desert and the Bulgar will make it a garden of roses, while the other watches him work.

This does not mean that there are no educated people in Bulgaria, but four-fifths of the population are peasants, who mostly live far away from the towns and are too much occupied with their work to bother about learning and progress. Nevertheless, these hard-working farmers are the backbone of Bulgaria. The men usually wear a thick, blue shirt, a red sash and white trousers of coarse cloth. Their short jackets have a military air and are tastefully embroidered. The style of embroidery varies according to the district, so that strangers to the neighbourhood are easily distinguished.

Gay Dress of the Peasant Woman

The peasant woman, especially in gala dress, is a very gorgeous person, and her black hair, which is often covered with a gay kerchief, glitters with silver ornaments and gold coins. Her gown of unbleached linen or cotton is embroidered with coloured silk and wool. She often goes barefoot in summer and her three or four costumes may last her a lifetime.

If we go on a railway journey through the Rhodope Mountains, which lie to the south of the Balkan Range, we shall see some magnificent scenery. These Rhodope Mountains are extremely beautiful and thrust their peaks above the forests and the vineyards that grow on their slopes. There are great gorges through which the rivers dash headlong to the sea, and in the dark pine forests that cover the hillside we might expect to find those lost princes and green-winged dragons that figure so largely in Bulgarian folk-tales. The scenery would not be so beautiful if

Popoff

THE DUPNITSA GATE of the famous Rila Monastery is curiously painted in bright colours and frames a delightful view of the steep, beech-clad slopes of the Rila Mountains. The monastery, the religious centre of Bulgaria, is in a valley nearly 3,900 feet above the sea. It shelters a community of about 200, but has accommodation for 2,000.

THIRSTY WAYFARERS AWAIT THEIR TURN AT THE SPRING

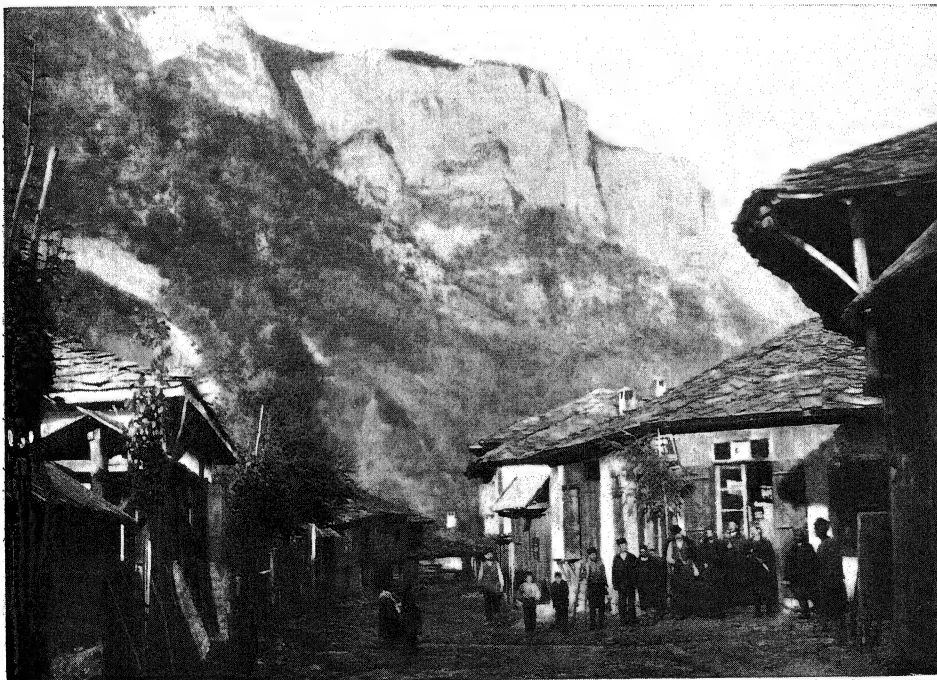
A strong sun in a cloudless sky ripens the fields of maize, but beats down mercilessly upon the workers in those fields and upon folk who travel along the open country road. Therefore this spring, cool in the shade of the trees, is rarely without visitors. From inscriptions on them, such springs are often seen to be erected in memory of the dead.

Balkan News Agency

EVERYDAY SCENE IN A VILLAGE OF THE CENTRAL UPLANDS

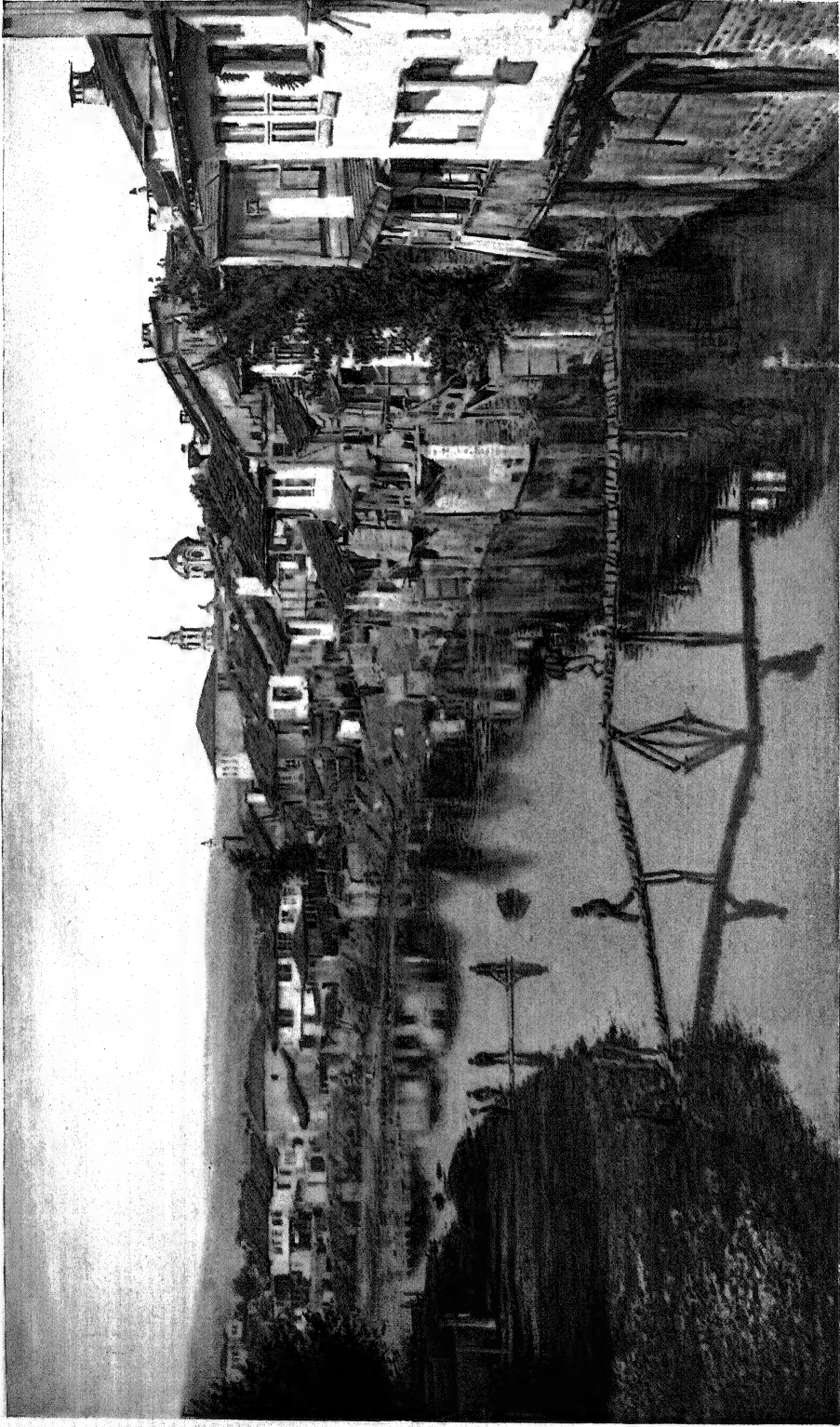
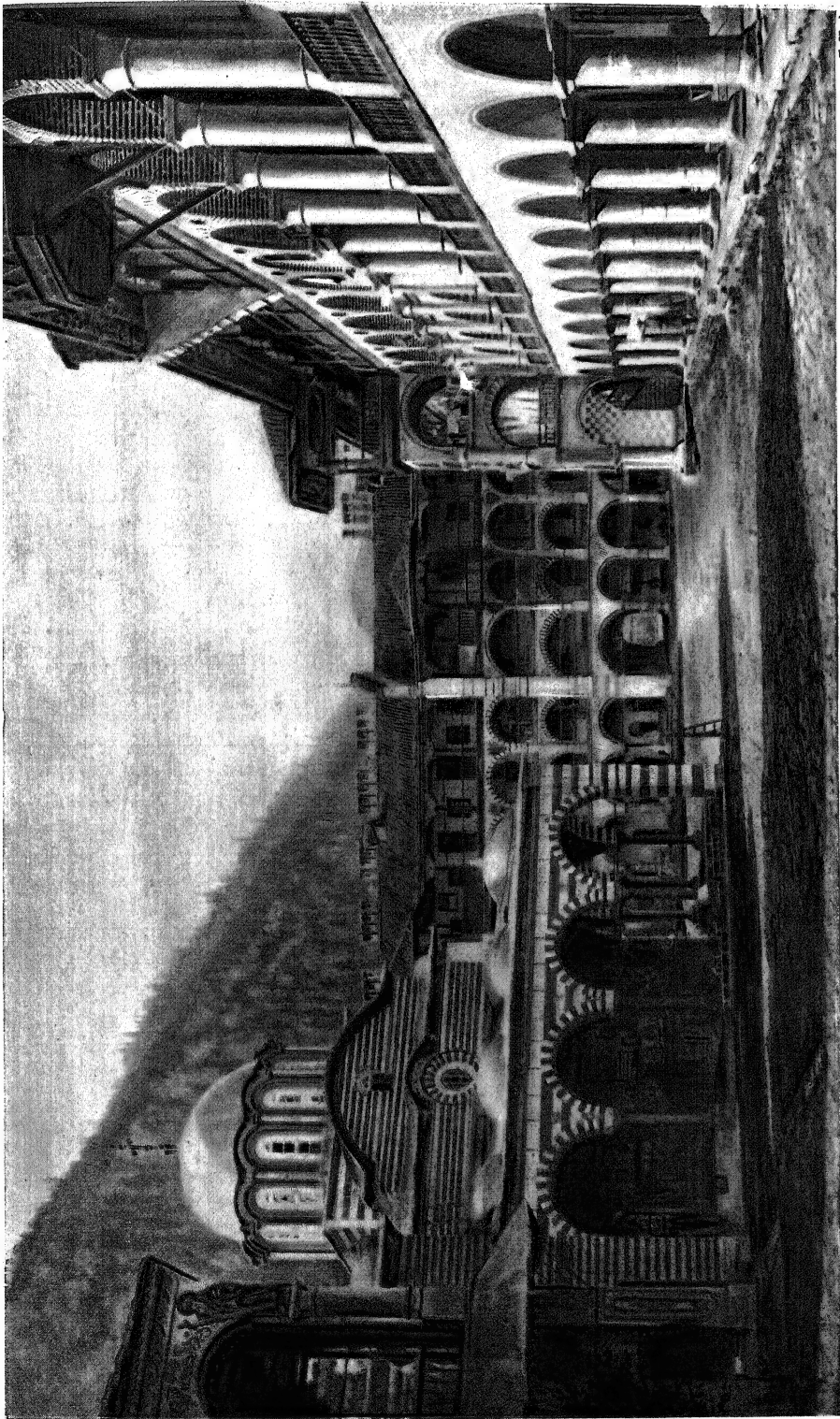
This fountain is to be found in a small town with a long name, Koprevshtitsa, among the Balkan Mountains. Each of these women will spill a little water out of her brimming pails before she enters her house, for she believes that a wicked spirit may be floating upon the surface, and if it gain entrance, it will remain with her and do great mischief.

TOP-HEAVY HOUSES AT MELNIK, NEAR THE GREEK FRONTIER

There are more Greeks than Bulgarians living in the little town of Melnik, which lies in a valley that was once, long ago, the basin of a lake. In wet weather it is sometimes flooded by the torrents that come rushing down the mountain sides, and so the lower storeys of the houses are very solidly built and the doors are above the level of the street.

Balkan News Agency

ONE AND ONLY STREET OF A BULGARIAN MOUNTAIN VILLAGE

The road is very uneven and in winter is probably the bed of a rushing stream, but the houses are substantial and the villagers not ill-clad. Most of the cottages are divided into three rooms—living-room, bed-room and store-room. Home-made rugs cover the floor of beaten earth and copper pots adorn the walls ; the furniture is chiefly cushions.

E. N. A.

GABROVO ON THE YANTRA, a tributary of the Danube, is not really the poverty-stricken, tumbledown place that it appears to be in this photograph, for it has turned its poorest, though perhaps most picturesque, side to the camera. It is a thriving little town of eight thousand inhabitants, most of whom are engaged in the manufacture of woollens, cutlery, pottery or gold embroidery. It possesses six bridges over the river, more if we count such flimsy, wooden erections as the one across which these men are walking.

E. N. A.

THE RILA MONASTERY, though most of its buildings are only a century old, is of ancient origin. In the ninth century a hermit, Ivan Rilski, dwelt among the Rila Planina, or Rila Mountains. He was venerated as a saint, and a monastery was later erected over his cell. That monastery has been rebuilt and enlarged until it has grown into the great building we see here, which includes within its high walls a church—the domed building on the left—a tower and an ancient armoury. It is considered very holy by the Bulgarians.

E. N. A.

FOUR-AND-TWENTY "PIGTAILS" APIECE

A Bulgarian girl who possesses long, thick hair dresses it in plaits adorned with coins, and the more plaits she can have the prouder she is. Needless to say she does not have it done afresh every day.

the peasants were allowed to cut down the trees, but fortunately the care of the forests is in good hands. The State owns one-third of the forests, religious communities one half and private persons the rest. Much old forest land has been replanted with trees since 1878, and vast areas of waste land have been similarly treated.

The frequent religious holidays observed by the Bulgarians make it necessary for them to work doubly hard in order to get their farm work done. In the autumn, when the corn has ripened and is ready for harvesting, the peasant and his family almost live in the fields, enlivening their brief hours of repose with quaint music, dances and harvest songs.

These dances are of various kinds, but the chief one is the "hora," the national dance of Bulgaria. Any number of people take part in this, and each dancer places his hands in those of his neighbour or upon the latter's shoulder. A step is taken to the left and then three to the right. To the drone of a "gaida," or bagpipe, the mass of dancers assumes the form of a serpent that coils and uncoils.

When the winds howl about the little lonely mountain cottages, the Bulgar peasant, snugly seated on his cushions—chairs are not used much in the Balkans—tells some old folk-tales to amuse his children, while his wife sits at her spinning-wheel, making the thread for the cloth that she will weave herself.

Some of these stories are about peasants who marry fairies, only to see their bride fly up the chimney as the priest makes the sign of the cross. Others are of princes who fly as eagles and of women who are changed into swallows. Prince Marko is the legendary hero of Bulgaria, even as King Arthur is of the tales of England, and in the years of Turkish oppression he became a symbol of nationality, and his deeds did much to keep the love of freedom alive among the people.

There is not sufficient space here to tell of his many feats of daring against the Turkish invaders, but the story of his passing is well worth the retelling. In his castle, the aged Prince Marko lay on his couch of hides, dreaming of old wars and of the brave days of his youth. To him there came an old friend, Philip the Hungarian, fresh from the Turkish wars. He told Marko that the way of fighting had changed.

"Old Marko," he cried, "do you know what has befallen the world? Men are making little tubes of iron. In that tube they put a black powder and a little ball.

PEASANTS OF A VILLAGE NEAR THE NORTH-WESTERN FRONTIER

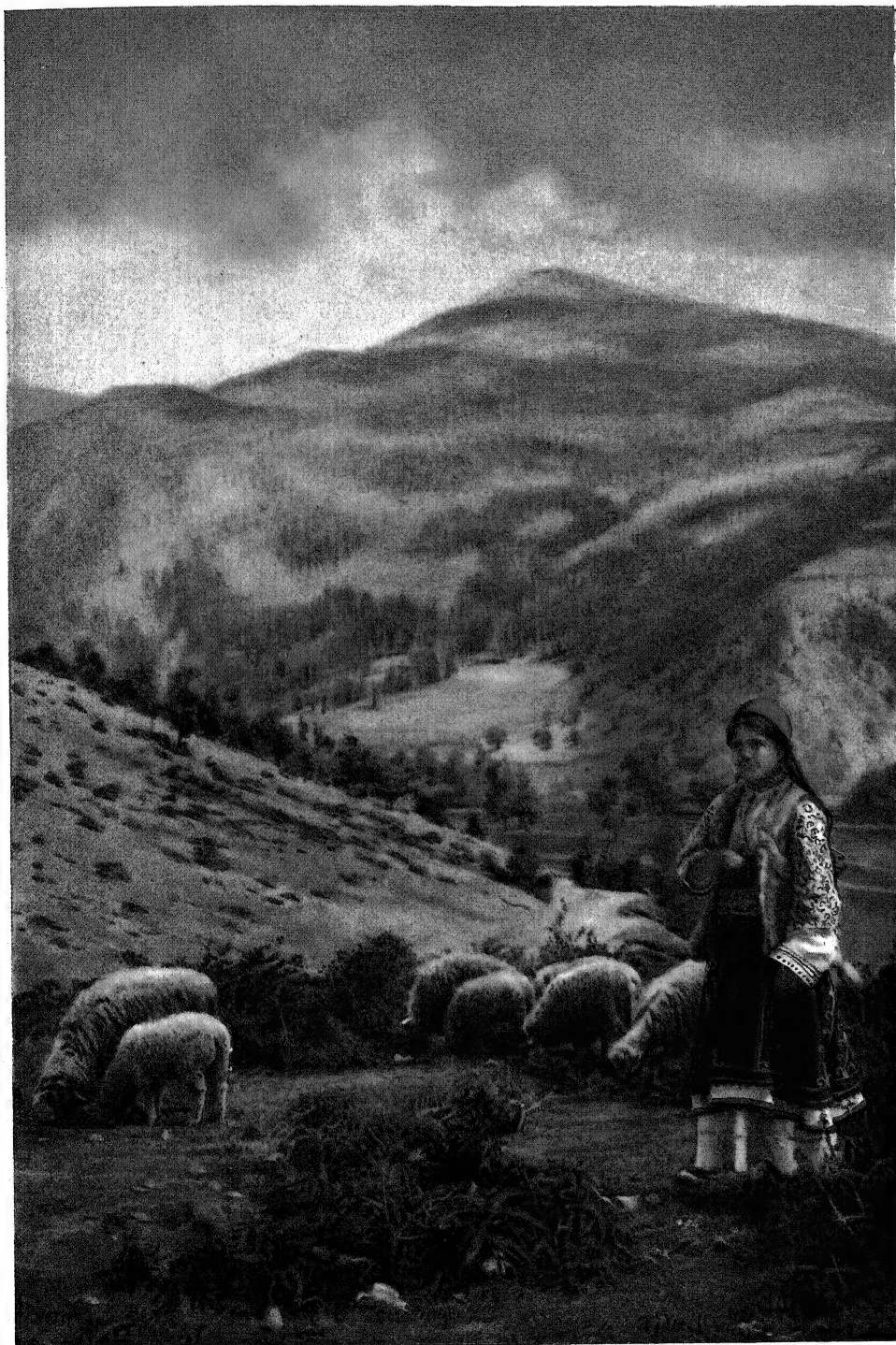
The people of Bulgaria have many holidays during the year, because the Orthodox Church celebrates so many feast days. That does not mean they have an easy life, for they must labour from dawn till dusk on working days to make up for time wasted on holidays. These country-folk dwell near Belogradchik, a town on the Yugo-Slavian frontier.

Balkan News Agency

YOUNG MOTHERS AND THEIR BABES IN SOUTHERN BULGARIA

Bulgarian women share the field-work with their menfolk, but they have many other duties as well—spinning, weaving and knitting, housework and cooking. Winnowing and sifting the threshed corn is also their job, and here we see a group of young matrons so employed. Each carries her baby in a sling on her back, so that both her hands may be free.

E. N. A.

MONKS OF BULGARIA are known as the "Black Clergy," because they wear long robes and tall caps of dead black. Those we see here dwell in a beautiful, flower-decked monastery near Tirnovo, the ancient capital of the kingdom. Most Bulgarians are, by religion, members of a national form of the Orthodox Eastern Church.

E. N. A.

THE ISKER VALLEY is, for a considerable distance, a dark and gloomy gorge through the mountains. At other parts it is wider, and in the north, near the junction of the Isker River and the Danube, it is about two miles broad. The surrounding hills afford pasture for many sheep, whose wool is converted by the peasants into brightly-dyed cloth.

E. N. A.

TO WHAT AN OX MUST SUBMIT WHEN HE HAS CAST A SHOE

These peasants are not, as one might imagine, torturing this poor ox, they are merely preparing it for the shoesmith. Oxen are largely used for transport in Bulgaria so they need shoes as much as horses do in Britain. Two kinds of ox are used—a humpless, hardy, light grey breed, and a black water-buffalo.

Out it flies; it strikes a man and away flies his soul."

But old Prince Marko laughed. "How can a little tube kill a man? Why, then a coward could slay a hero! With this right hand have I slain three sultans! Bring me a tube and I will catch the ball and throw it back to you." One of Philip's soldiers fired his rude matchlock and Marko's right hand was shattered.

Then seeing that the times were changed and being weary of the world, the old warrior mounted his horse and rode away into the mountains, where, to this day, the peasants believe he sleeps, like King Arthur, till his country has need of him.

The Bulgarian Church is a branch of the Greek Orthodox Church, but the peasants join to their religion many rites that seem to be of a pagan nature to Western Christians. Food and drink are left upon the tombs of the departed, and demons or the powers of the air must be guarded against. On the Feast of S. Demetrios, these forces are thought to have power to harm the cattle, and, accordingly, lighted tapers are placed in the byres and cow-sheds. March 25th is looked upon as the holiday of all creation when, according to the peasants, even the bees and swallows cease their labour to celebrate the re-birth of Nature.

Monasticism is a feature of the religion of the Greek Orthodox Church, and there are one hundred monasteries in Bulgaria. Of these the most important is the Rila Monastery. This monastery is to the Bulgar what Canterbury Cathedral was to our medieval ancestors, and four times a year pilgrims—sometimes as many as ten thousand—come to the monastery to pray and to seek blessings from S. Ivan Rilski, or, in English, S. John of Rila.

No one visiting Bulgaria should miss seeing the immense rose fields on the slopes of the Balkan Mountains. From these is obtained the perfume attar of roses, the flowers being picked from May

to June. Girls and young men strip off the buds, while children run to and fro carrying the full baskets to the sorters. The roses are always picked in the early hours of the morning.

Another important production is silk, which is said to have special qualities owing to the strength and freshness of the Bulgarian mulberry leaf. The mulberry groves are to be found chiefly in the south-eastern districts. There is considerable mineral wealth, but it is little exploited; industry also is not highly developed.

Bulgaria to-day is the smallest Balkan state, except Albania. Her richest provinces—the tobacco-growing districts on the Aegean Sea and her vast corn lands of the Dobruja—have been torn from her. The Bulgar peasant, through no fault of his own, must remain rough and uneducated, because the state is unable to provide the necessary money to support good schools and colleges. The embers of ten centuries of Balkan hatred must be quenched if there is to be any permanent peace in the Balkans, those turbulent, little states of south-eastern Europe. Even now the will for peace is lacking and the "cauldron of Europe," as the Balkans are called, still seethes ominously.

Balkan News Agency

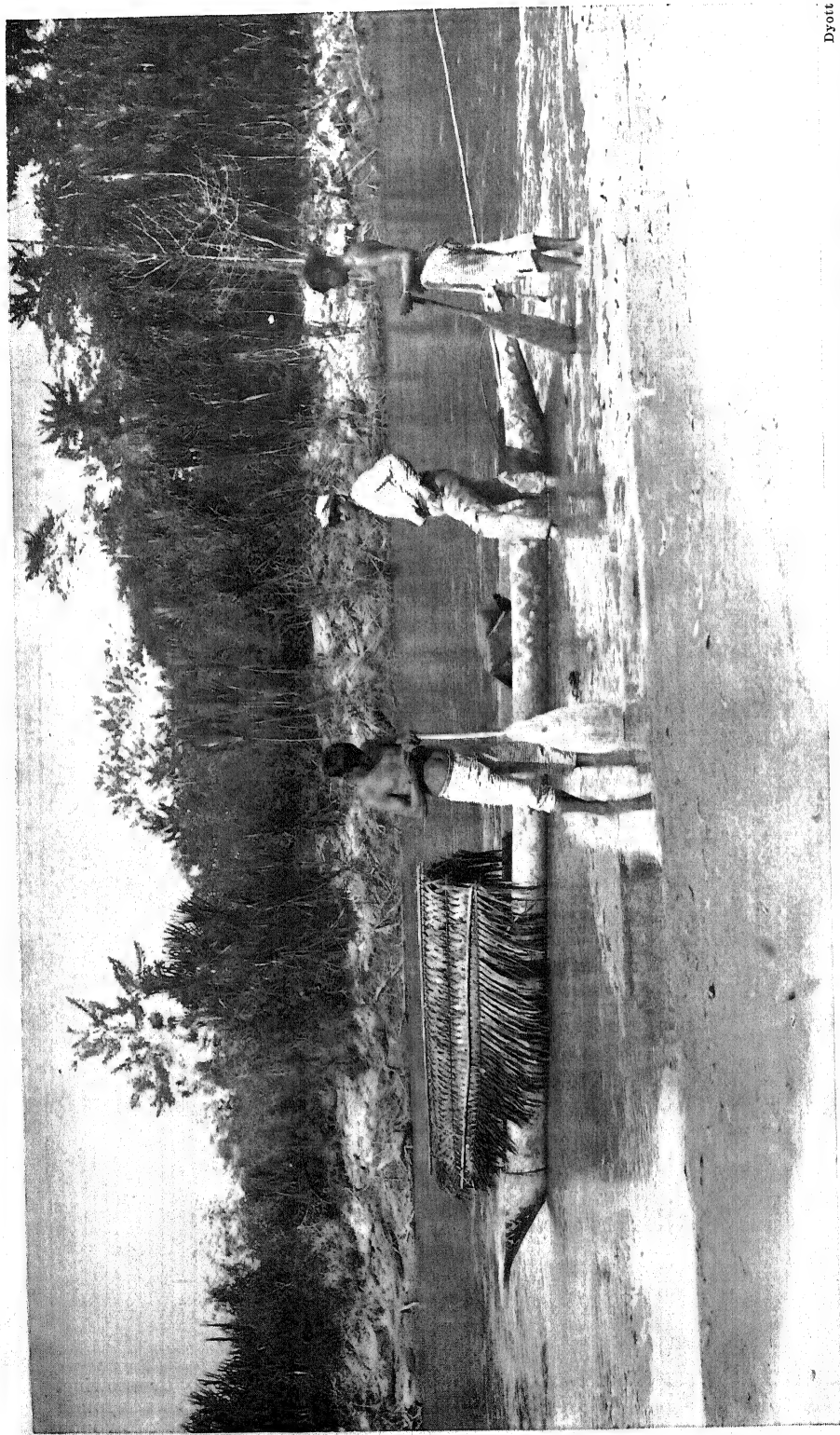
PEASANTS OF THE PLAIN OF SOFIA ARE ACCUSTOMED TO FLOODS

Where the Isker River crosses the Plain of Sofia, it flows through several channels and, as often happens under such circumstances, the country is apt to become flooded. Then peasants who dwell in the neighbourhood mount their stilts. These men are members of the Shòp tribe, who are believed to be not even of the same race as the Bulgar.

Balkan News Agency

THE FOUNTAIN, or spring, plays an important part in many of the customs of Bulgarian village life. Into it, for instance, a week-old bride, escorted there by the village matrons, throws a coin or trinket as an offering to the water nymphs. Then she fills her pails with water, which, to bring her luck, is poured over her by her companions.

Balkan News Agency

THIS FRUIT-GATHERER is returning home with her baskets full to overflowing. There are many forms of Bulgarian national dress; this is the one that is worn round Kostenetz, a village in the south-west, at the foot of the Rila Mountains. The two young drawers of water that we see in the opposite page are near neighbours of this girl.

Dyott

THE ONLY WAY OF TRAVELLING IN THAT VAST REGION OF FOREST AND STREAM, THE MONTANA OF PERU

Tropical forests are the principal barriers to road and railway construction in many parts of the world, but such regions are usually rich in waterways that take the place of both. In the Montana of Peru, a great forest upland east of the Andes, are innumerable streams, mostly tributaries of the greatest of all rivers, the Amazon. Some are now used by the white man's launches which ply between the settlements on the banks, but many small streams are known only to the native Indian, an expert waterman in dug-out canoe or raft.

Far from the Iron Roads

HOW PEOPLE TRAVEL IN OUT-OF-THE-WAY LANDS

When looking out of the window of an express train thundering along at a mile a minute, we may wonder how people travel in those parts of the world where there are no railways. A journey of a hundred miles is nothing by train, but in some lands it means several days of preparation followed by much discomfort and fatigue. The late Maharaja of Bhutan had to travel for seventeen days along the mountain paths of his own country to reach the Indian frontier when he attended King George V.'s Durbar at Delhi. In this chapter we shall read of the strange animals and the queer vehicles that are used in countries where no railways run.

IN August, 1926, a famous airman flew across the continent of Australia from south to north in three days. Yet it still takes nearly three months to bring gold down to the coast from the goldfields of the interior of the Great Sandy Desert of north-western Australia. There are no railways and the roads are mere sandy tracks unfitted for motor-cars. Caravans of camels do all the work of transport in this barren region, and it is an interesting point that these camels are owned and handled almost entirely by Afghans. There are now hundreds of Afghans in western and northern Australia, some of whom own great numbers of camels and have become very wealthy. The pack-camel carries a load of three hundredweight and will cover about thirty miles a day.

Camels are still the chief carriers over a very large portion of the earth's surface. All over North Africa, Arabia, Persia and Turkistan and through the desert of Gobi as far as the border of the Chinese Empire these long-legged, queer-tempered but wonderfully enduring creatures carry men and merchandise just as they did thousands of years ago.

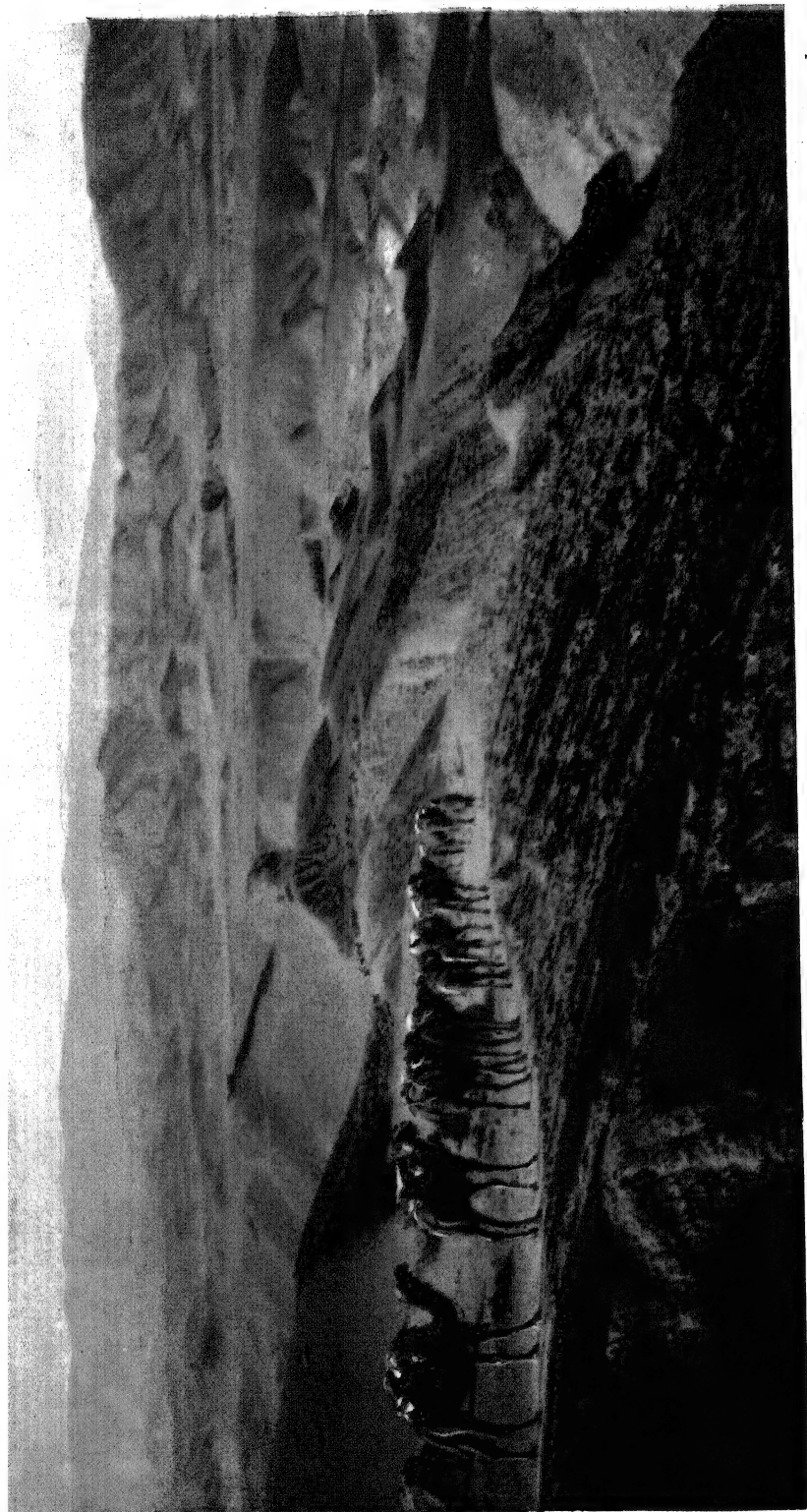
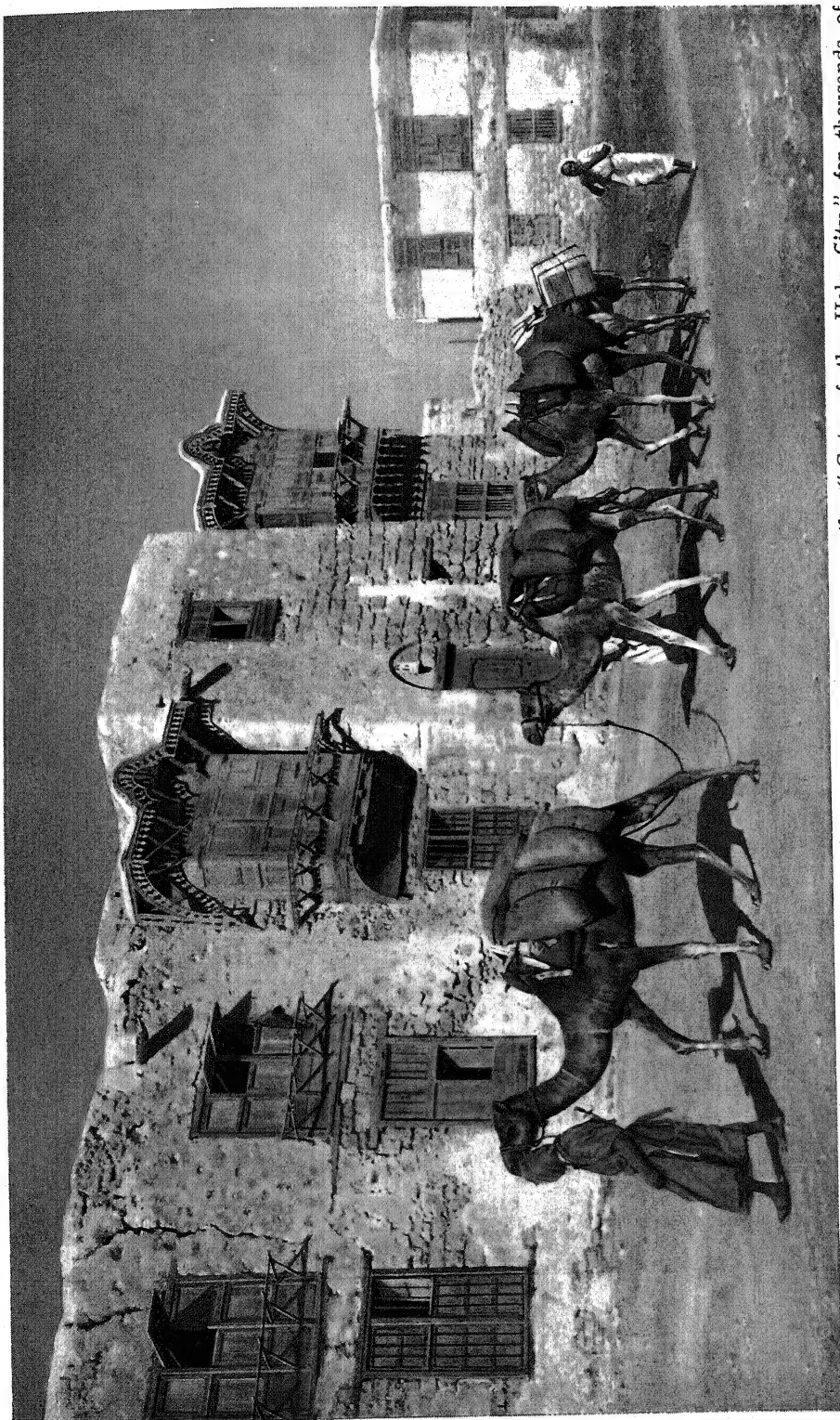
Hammocks for Afghan Ladies

Afghanistan is a country with few roads and no railways, and people usually travel on horses or camels. The wealthy Afghans and ladies of high degree use a kind of horse-litter, which is said to be most comfortable. It consists of a hammock slung under an awning and is fixed upon poles, the ends of which are attached to pack-saddles worn by a pair of horses.

The sedan chair in which English ladies of the eighteenth century went to routs and balls was carried by two men. A similar chair survives to this day in the palanquin of the East. It is a kind of box made of bamboo and is slung upon two long, slender poles. Inside is a cane chair provided with an awning to keep off the fierce rays of the sun. The poles are so springy that there is little or no jolting as the passenger is carried along by two or four strapping coolies. In page 843 we see the kind of palanquin that is used in Madagascar.

Jinrickshas and Bullock-carts

In many parts of the East men still take the place of transport animals. In spite of railways and motor-cars, the jinricksha is still popular in Japan. It is a light vehicle fitted with a hood and built rather like an American buggy. The wheels are very large and light. The 'ricksha man wears a big straw hat, which looks like a basin turned upside down, and a curious straw cloak. As he is accustomed to the work from boyhood, he thinks nothing of a twenty-mile journey, and on the level he travels at a good pace.

The bullock-cart is known in many parts of the world, and is usually a very rough and primitive vehicle drawn at a pace rarely exceeding two miles an hour; but in India there may be seen very smart bullock-carts well sprung, provided with awnings and drawn by little trotting-bullocks. The heavy bullock-cart is still used in northern Spain and Portugal, where it has wheels made of solid disks of timber fixed upon a wooden axle.

ACROSS THE SANDY WASTES that lie between the Indus River and the foothills of the Sulaiman Mountains in South Waziristan plods a long caravan of camels. It is on the road to Afghanistan, which it will reach by way of the Gomal Pass. This is a favourite route of the Povindahs, Afghan merchants who every autumn leave their country to carry the produce of Bokhara and Samarkand to the rich markets of India. In this thirsty desert travellers must keep closely to the road, for the road once lost would be hard to find.

CAMEL CARAVANS must serve the purpose of both goods and passenger trains between Medina and its port of Yembo, for there is no railway line, only a rough track across 130 miles of sun-scorched steppe. It is a frequently used road, however, for Yembo is known with reason as the "Gate of the Holy City," for thousands of Mahomedan pilgrims arrive here every year bound for Medina and Mecca. A large escort was needed for every caravan until quite recently, for nomad tribes waylaid and robbed all ill-protected travellers.

Percival

PORTAGE ON A "ROAD" THROUGH THE FORESTS OF WEST AFRICA

In Nigerian forests the rivers are not used as highways as much as in the Montana of Peru. There, indeed, the rivers, as we explain in page 404, are impediments, not aids, to traffic. Narrow trails are made through the forests, and everything is carried by native porters. The many creeks and streams are crossed by the flimsiest of bridges.

Many parts of the world are so mountainous that it is impossible to build railways or even roads. Everything that needs to be transported in those districts must be carried by pack-animals or else by porters. The mule is the most common pack-animal, because it is so surefooted and hardy, but in the Himalayan mountains yaks are sometimes seen, and among the Andes llamas may be used. Human porters are also commonly employed in many parts of Africa; they are, indeed, the only means of transport in many districts there, because the heat is too great for any pack-animal, there are no roads for vehicles, and the rivers are too overgrown with reeds and too shallow or rapid to be navigable.

In the far, frozen north of Europe, within the Arctic Circle, and right across Arctic Siberia, reindeer are the only draught animals, and they draw loaded sleds with great rapidity over the frozen ground. In other Arctic lands, however—Alaska, north Canada and Greenland—teams of special dogs, called huskies, are employed to draw the sledges over the ice and snow.

To see dogs at their best in harness, it is necessary to visit Alaska and the great North-West of Canada, and to watch a team of true huskies drawing a sledge at full gallop along the frozen surface of some great river such as the Yukon. They race along at ten or twelve miles an hour and will keep up this pace for distances of fifty or sixty miles. Although many experiments have been made with ponies, reindeer, etc., it has been found that no other animal can compete with the dog in the drawing of a sledge across snow and ice during an Arctic winter.

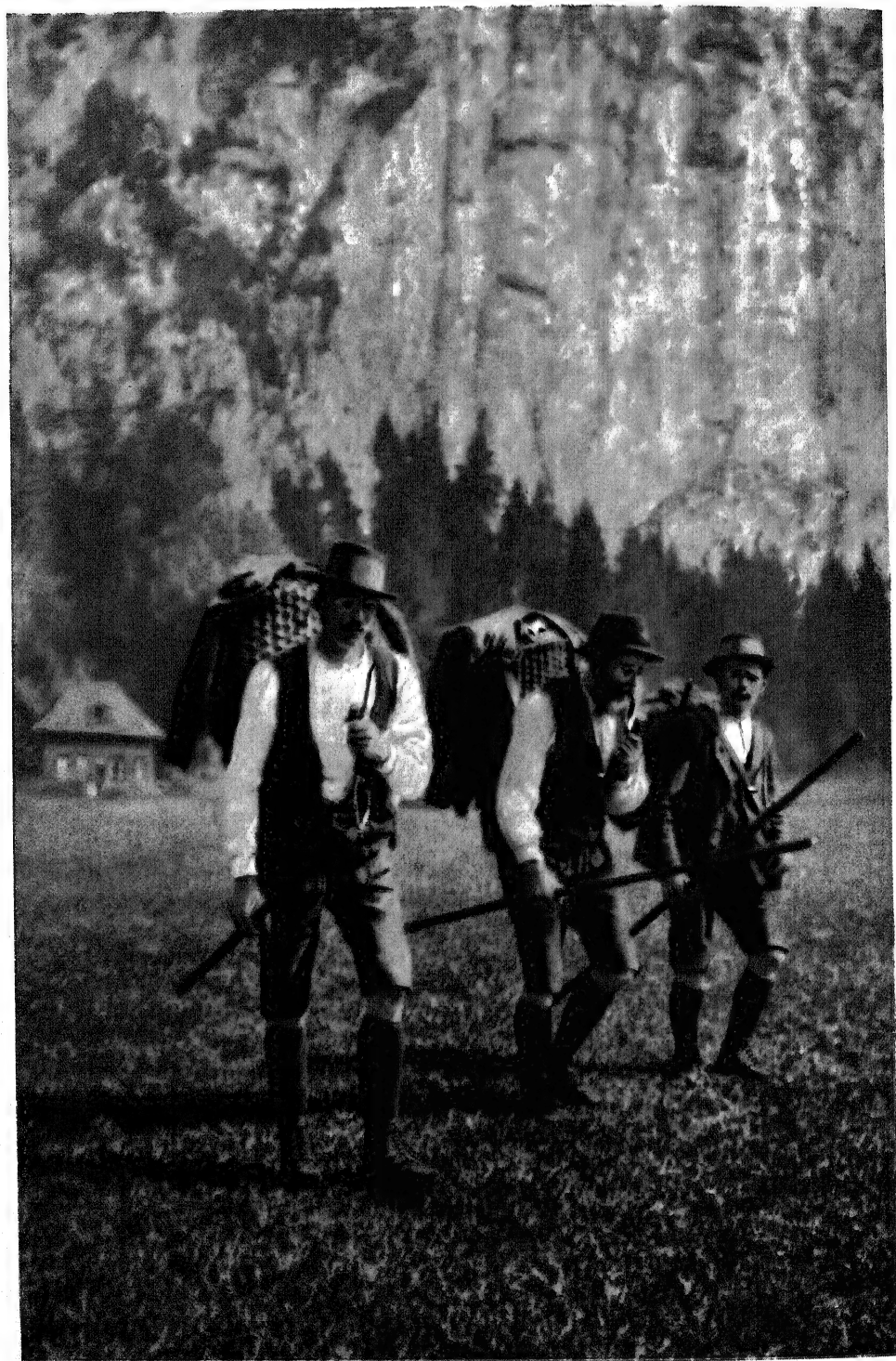
In the first place, a dog can endure intense cold far better than a horse, and secondly, he is much more easily fed, since a small daily portion of dried fish keeps him in good condition. A third advantage possessed by a dog is his comparatively light weight, which enables him to travel on top of a snow crust

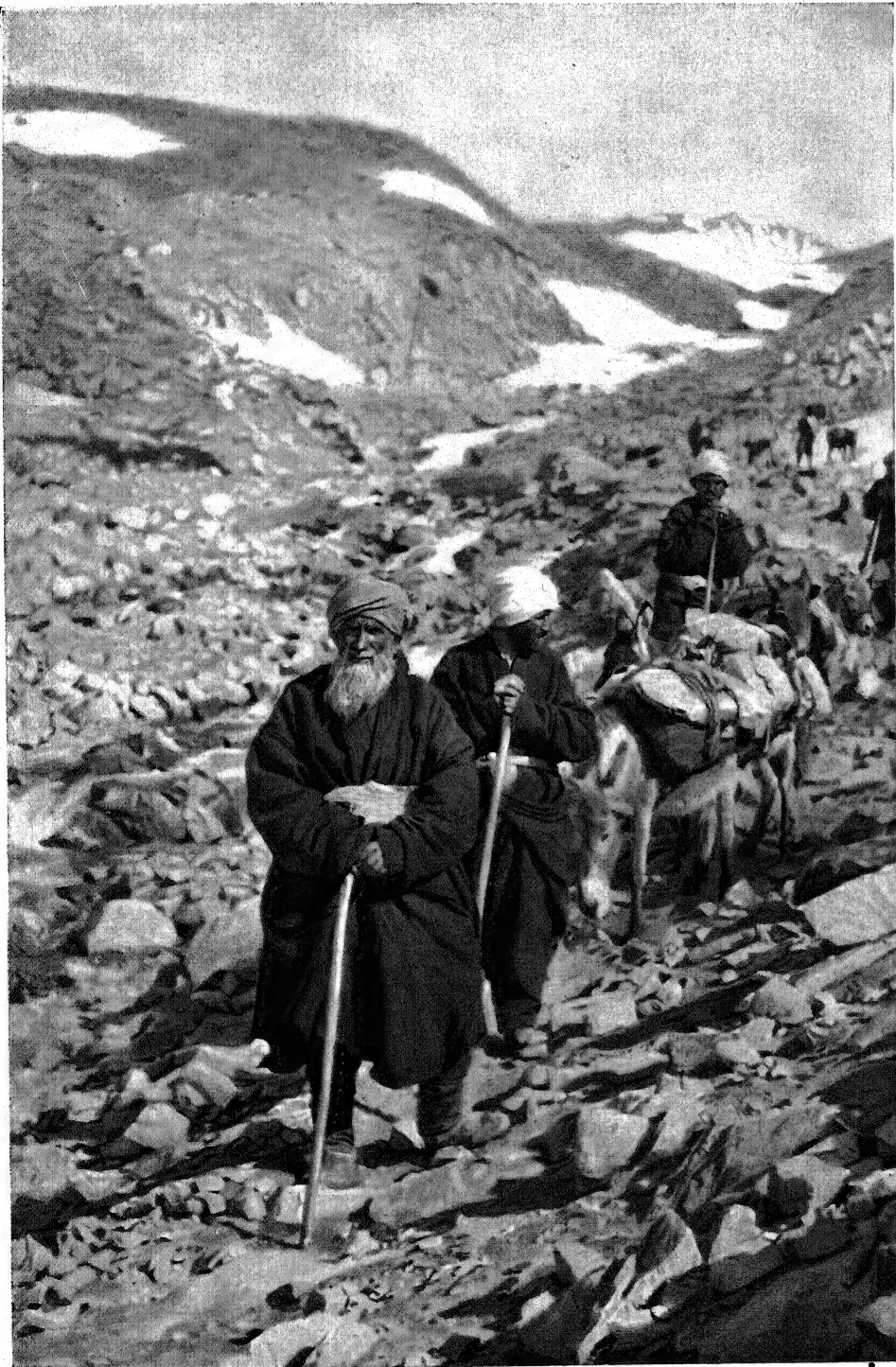
Ramsay

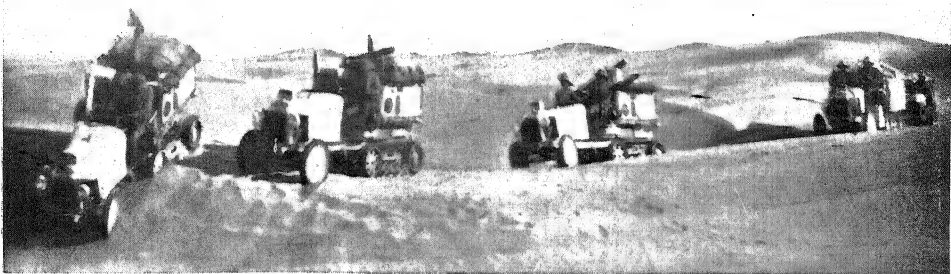
WAGON TRAIN MAKING SLOW PROGRESS ON A TURKISH ROAD

Many of the roads of Anatolia, or Turkey in Asia, are hardly "roads" at all, being simply tracks worn comparatively smooth by the passage of many feet, hoofs and wheels. Yet, since railways are few, they are in constant use. The usual vehicle is the araba, a wagon that can lurch into deep holes and over boulders without upsetting.

PRECIOUS PRODUCT OF BURRAGORANG'S MINES ON THE ROAD

In page 1686 we see how Australian gold is carried from the mines in the far west of the continent. Here we see silver being carted over the hills of New South Wales, in the east. A loaded wagon needs ten strong horses to draw it over the mountainous, dusty roads; one "iron horse" would hardly notice the weight of ten such loads.

Austrian Legation

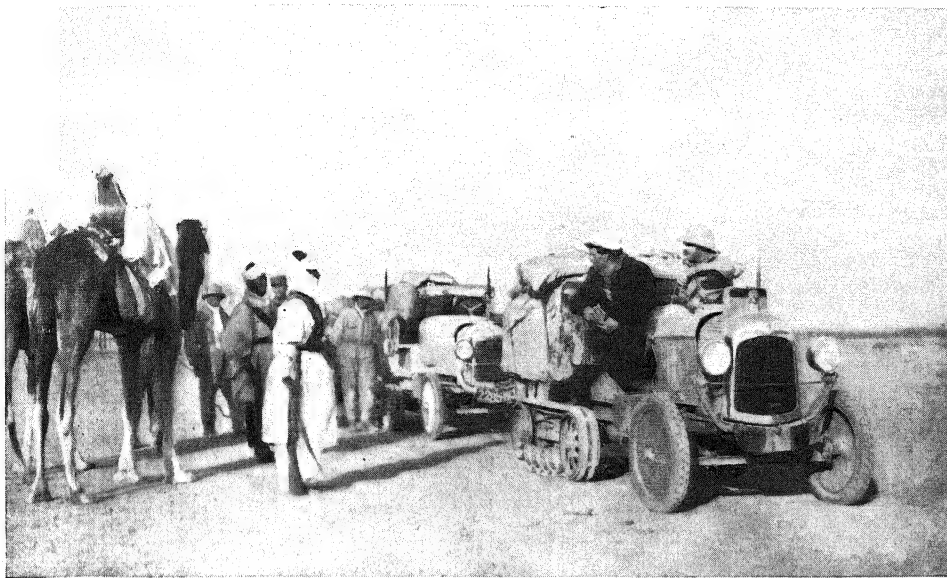
AMONG THE ALPS there are few railways and few roads fit for vehicles, and so all provisions of the hardy peasants who dwell in the upper pastures are either carried up the zigzag mountain paths on mule back, or are packed into baskets which men, women and children, too, bear strapped to their backs—as witness these Tyrolese mountaineers.

Edwardes

IN AFGHANISTAN there are neither railways nor navigable rivers, and motor roads are few. Trade with neighbouring countries is therefore backward, though caravans travel over the passes of the Hindu Kush into Chitral. This caravan of asses laden with salt picks its dangerous way along a rocky track often swept by sudden blizzards.

MODERN CARAVAN AMONG THE BARREN SANDS OF THE SAHARA

One day a railway may carry goods over the Sahara, but that day is not yet. Motor cars have already won their way across, though camels are still by far the most important means of transport. This laden motor "caravan" is crossing the stretch of sand between In Salah and Igostu. Special cars, with "caterpillar" back wheels, are built for the purpose.

Australian Commonwealth

ARABIAN CAMELS AND THEIR AFGHAN MASTER IN FAR AUSTRALIA

This is a rich caravan indeed, for every camel is laden with gold-dust and nuggets. It is bound for the coast from a gold mine in the Australian desert. Enormous areas of western and central Australia are desert, the mineral wealth of which has been made more accessible by the introduction of the Arabian camel, or dromedary.

OLD WAY AND NEW WAY MEET IN THE GREAT SAHARA

Camels have been "the ships of the desert" since earliest times, but, though they are so still, they are not now the only ones. Here we see two Beduins, one well muffled to protect his throat from sand, who have dismounted from their tall, ungainly steeds that they may better talk to the white men in their equally ungainly means of conveyance.

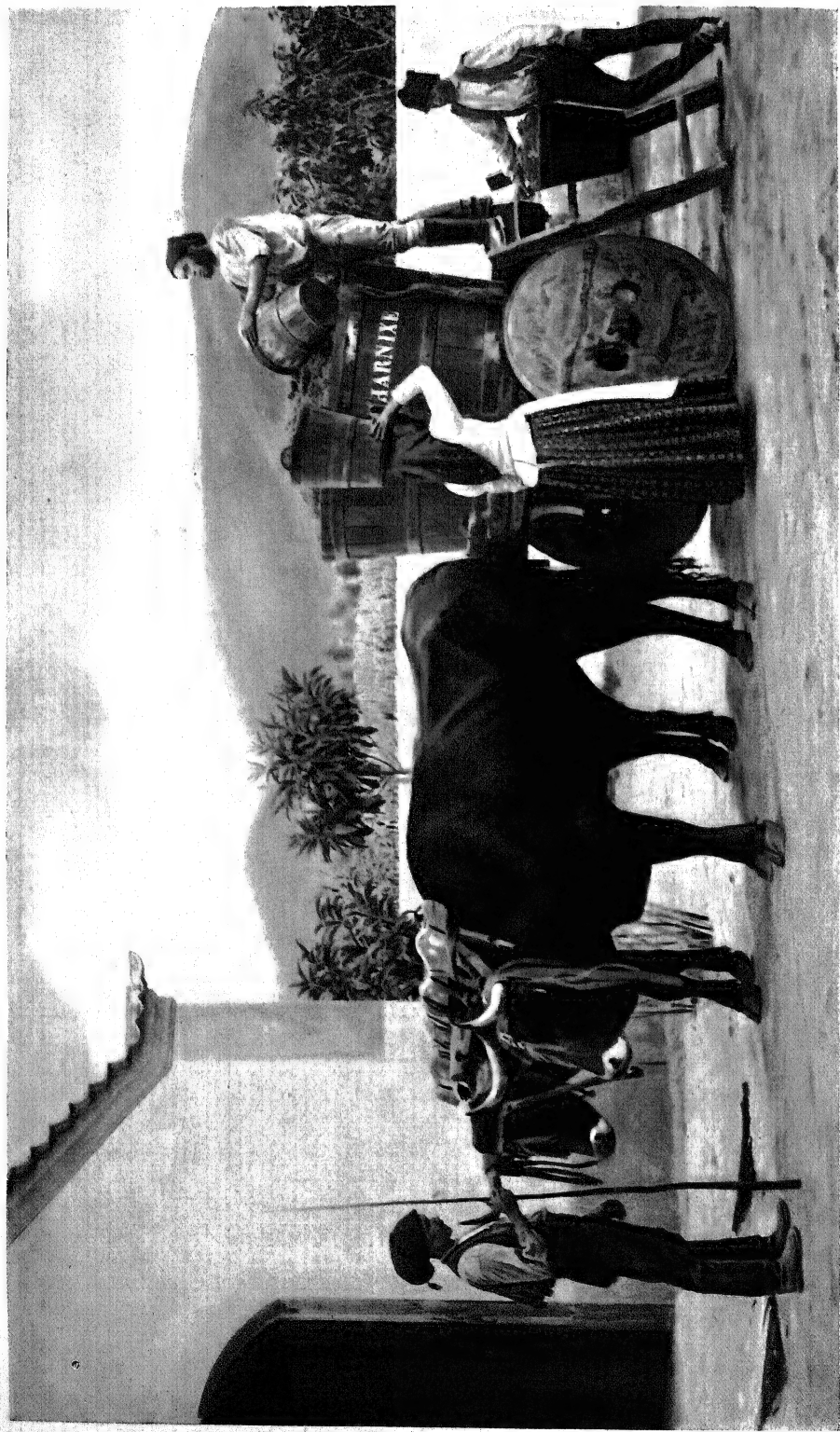
through which any larger or heavier animal would break and sink. All trappers in these regions, as well as prospectors and mail-carriers, use dog teams and very high prices are paid for good dogs. A thousand dollars (£200) is not an unusual sum to give for a good team.

Story writers sometimes describe the sledge dog as a savage, half-wolf-like creature, but these dogs often show the deepest devotion to their masters. Some members of the North-West Mounted Police went on a surveying expedition for the Government, but when they reached their camp it was found the provision box had fallen off the sledge and one of them went back with his dogs to pick it up.

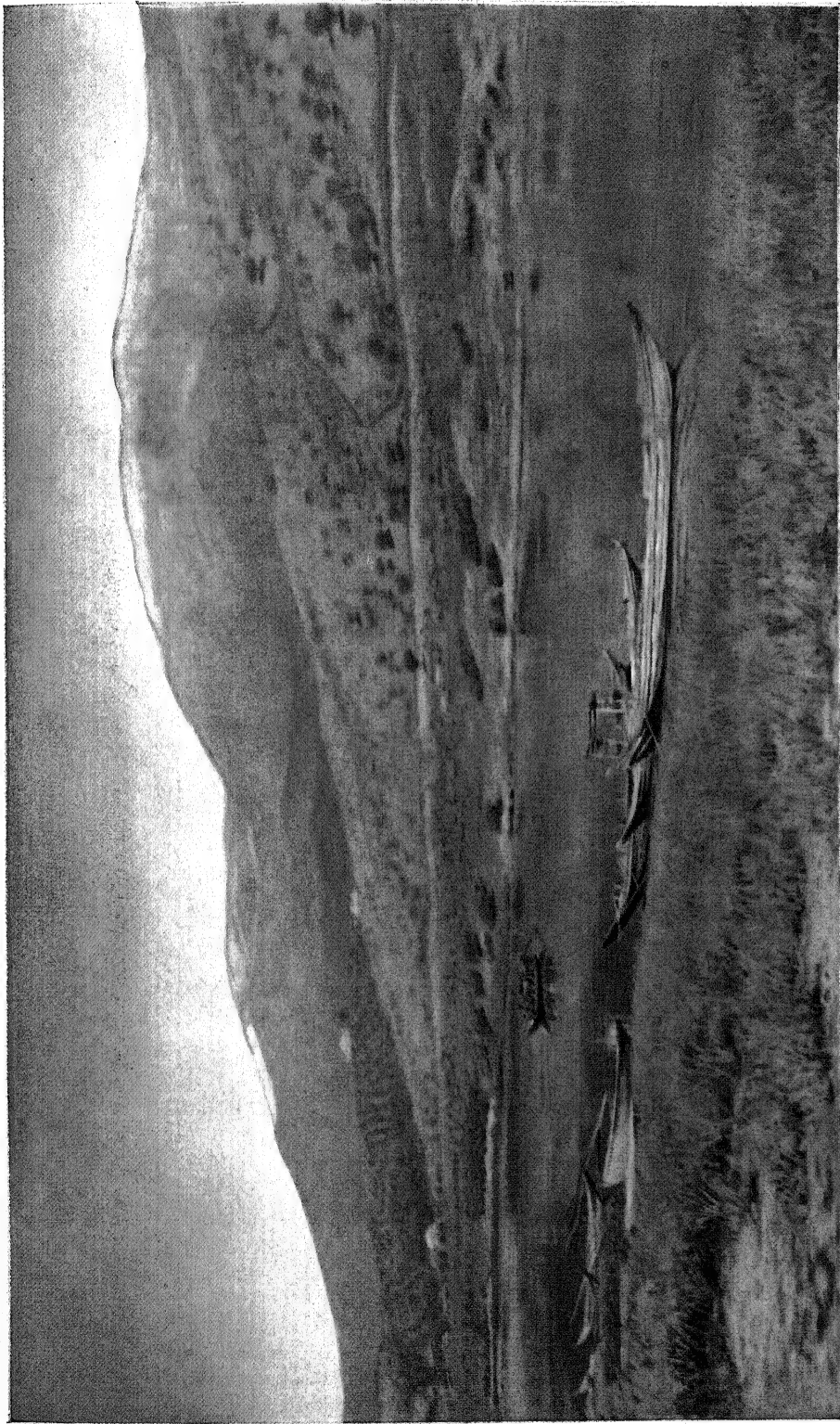
A terrible blizzard blew up, and when, three days later, a search party went out, they found the man lying dead in the snow with the leader of his dog team lying on his master's body, frozen stiff.

In Russia, also, sledges are frequently the only possible means of conveyance, but here the cold is not so intense as within the Arctic Circle, and so horses are employed to draw them. Horses, of course, are used all over the world where it is not tropically hot nor freezingly cold. Over the great grasslands of South America, for instance, where railways are as yet very inadequate, practically everyone, even children going to school, rides a horse.

In the desert country of Arizona, in the United States, two brothers who work a small gold mine have for some years past been using a "wind wagon" of their own construction to haul their ore to the nearest shipping point and to bring in their supplies. The sands being smooth and firm, the wind-driven vehicle travels at a speed of ten to fifteen miles an hour.

In many countries, especially those covered with tropical forests, the waterways are the only means of communication. In the huge basin of the River Amazon there are practically no railways serving an area of over 2,000,000 square miles. There are few Indian trails through the almost interminable forests, and it is practically impossible to drive roads or railways through the dense jungle. The only means of communication is along the waterways, but it is as easy for a traveller to lose his way in this labyrinth of channels as it is in a desert.

E. N. A.

VINTAGE TIME IN PORTUGAL lasts from the end of September to the middle of October. Then the vineyards are crowded with men and women gathering the ripe grapes. Their baskets, when full, are emptied into great vats on wheels, which are slowly drawn to the wine-press by stolid, wide-horned oxen. Vehicles used by the peasants of Portugal have wheels that are merely disks of wood. The axles are purposely left ungreased, for the people believe that the discordant noise of the carts frightens away all evil spirits.

Waymark

THE RIVER DOURO flows through the Paiz do Vinho, the "Wine Country" of Portugal, and for many miles of its course its steep banks have been laboriously cut into terraces on which grow the vines. Port is the wine produced here. It gets its name from its place of export, Oporto, "the Port," to which it is carried in curious, flat-bottomed barges, usually with enormous rudders, some of which we can see here. The men who pilot these boats need to be very skilful, for the course of the Douro is broken by reefs and rapids.

Cutler

TO MARKET, TO MARKET, TO SELL A SMALL PIG

This might very well be the well-known "little old woman who went to market to buy a pig," only she has come to sell, not to buy. She has followed her pig for many miles over the dreadfully bad roads of north Portugal, keeping it from wandering astray or loitering with the aid of a string around its leg and a switch.

In a Garden by the Sea

BEAUTIFUL PORTUGAL, ENGLAND'S OLDEST ALLY

If we look at a map of the Iberian Peninsula, we might think Portugal to be a province of Spain that had been separated from it merely owing to political differences. The real Portugal, however—a flowery land of green meadows, wooded hillsides, winding streams and fragrant heaths—is quite different from Spain, and the Portuguese have little in common with the Spaniards. In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries the Portuguese were the pioneers of Europe, carrying their flag to the ends of the earth and winning for their motherland a vast colonial empire. Portugal has lost most of her vast possessions and has suffered years of political unrest, but still it remains a land whose beauty fully justifies its nickname of "A Garden by the Sea."

TO the English, Portugal ought to be one of the most interesting of countries, because their land has had so much to do with the building of its kingdom. George Borrow reminds us that it is a country the English have twice liberated from detestable thraldom. Once it was delivered from the Spanish yoke, upon which occasion a grateful Portuguese general is said to have exclaimed: "These heretics are better to us than our own saints!" The second occasion was when Wellington drove the French out of the Iberian Peninsula.

Yet few British people have much knowledge of England's oldest ally. The beauty of Cintra is extolled by travellers; Lisbon is still associated with one of the most terrible earthquakes ever known; the exploits of that Portuguese explorer, Vasco da Gama, are bound up with South African and Indian history; and the strip of Portuguese territory on the East African coast is looked at with envious eyes; but no one knows enough about present-day Portugal to echo the saying that Southey quoted: "Europe is the best of the four quarters of the globe; Spain is the best part of Europe; Portugal is the best part of Spain."

Land Without Natural Boundaries

Portugal lies on the west coast of the Iberian peninsula. Spain bounds it on the north and east; the Atlantic Ocean on the west and south. It is not divided from Spain by any natural barriers—indeed, most of its rivers rise in that country, and even its mountain ranges are but prolongations of Spanish ones. Until 1143, when it became an independent kingdom, its history is that of Spain; but, as we shall read later, that does not mean that there is any sympathy between the two countries.

Decline of a Mighty State

King John I. of Portugal, 1385-1433, married the sister of our Henry IV., and this alliance was a forerunner to that of 1661 between Charles II. and Catherine of Braganza, which started the close relationship between the English and the Portuguese that, with a few short breaks, has lasted to the present day. John I. laid the foundations of the great maritime empire which his son, Henry the Navigator, was later to build. For eighty years Portugal was mistress of the southern and eastern seas, but in 1580 the whole country was annexed by Spain. Sixty years later the Portuguese revolted and established their own king. However, by that time their country had lost its great dominions and was henceforward a somewhat insignificant state.

Since 1910, when, owing to a revolution, the Portuguese monarchy was overthrown, the country has been slowly evolving a stable government, but while doing so she has still further lost her position among European countries. On the other hand, an exiled king, spending his best years of life in our midst and taking a fairly prominent place in English society, has created a certain sense of romance and has kept alive an interest in Portuguese affairs among British people.

In 1908, Prince Manoel was eighteen years old and his elder brother, Prince

Cutler

HOLIDAYS are gay days in Portugal, for then the womenfolk wear their gala clothes. Skirts, aprons, bodices, kerchiefs and even slippers are bright with embroidery. This little boy of Vianna do Castella, in north Portugal, is more sober than his colourful sisters, with his dark suit and hat, but even he wears a yellow sash.

E. N. A.

A GIRL OF PORTUGAL has to work very hard for very little money, but on market days and "festas," or feast days, she will dress, if she come from the district "between the Douro and the Minho," as does this peasant girl. As many gold necklaces as she can afford will hang round her neck, and large, golden earrings will dangle from her ears.

E. N. A.

LADLING WATER FROM THE RIVER IN WHICH OXEN STAND KNEE-DEEP

Like most hot countries, Portugal suffers from drought in the summer, and then the "aguadeiros" hawk their barrels through the streets crying "Agua, agua." All wise people in that country boil their water before drinking—we can understand why when we look at this photograph. Drinking water is, however, usually obtained from fountains.

Luis Philipe, was some two or three years older. In January of that year the whole royal family had dwelt at the Braganza Palace at Villa Vicosa. During their absence from the capital a strong Republican rising took place, which became so threatening that alarm was felt about the wisdom of allowing the return of the Court to Lisbon. The rising, however, was among the political parties and scarcely affected the mass of the population.

When the Royal Family was expected to arrive home, quiet and respectful crowds gathered to line the route and give them a welcome. It was dusk when they arrived, and the king and queen and their two sons entered a carriage and drove towards the Necessidades Palace. All went well until the carriage left the open square to make a sharp turn up the hill by the Street of the Arsenal. At this corner a band of armed men leapt out upon the carriage.

King Carlos was shot and killed at once. The distracted queen flung her body over that of her eldest son, hoping to shield him, but he, too, was pierced by bullets, the queen escaping as by a miracle. Prince Manoel was only slightly wounded. The carriage was quickly driven into the the Arsenal and in a very short time all Lisbon knew that both the king and the heir to the throne had lost their lives

through a badly-planned political scheme that had little to do with the majority of the Portuguese people.

Thus, at the age of eighteen, Prince Manoel became king, and his heroic mother tried to help him to restore the security of the throne. The monarchy did not last much longer, however, for in 1910 a Republican form of government was set up, and the young king and his mother were obliged to leave the country, hospitality being offered them in England.

Portugal, with an area of 35,000 square miles, occupies a fifth of the Iberian Peninsula. It has no stupendous mountain ranges and no mighty rivers. The Tagus and the Douro are the two chief streams, and to the north of the latter is the most mountainous section of the country; in the centre, also, there are ranges of high hills.

Though so close to Spain, a country that suffers in the summer from too great heat and an insufficient rainfall, Portugal has a most delightful climate, with plenty of warm sunshine, the heat of which is tempered by cool breezes from the Atlantic Ocean. These winds bring just enough rain but not too much.

The five hundred miles of coastline are mostly low, though a little to the north of Lisbon the scenery is wildly beautiful. Nearly everything will and does grow in Portugal, and in spring, especially in some of the central districts, the countryside is covered with a gorgeous display of flowers. Despite the fertile soil, agriculture is more backward than it should be, though maize, wheat, rye and millet, oats and beans are all cultivated.

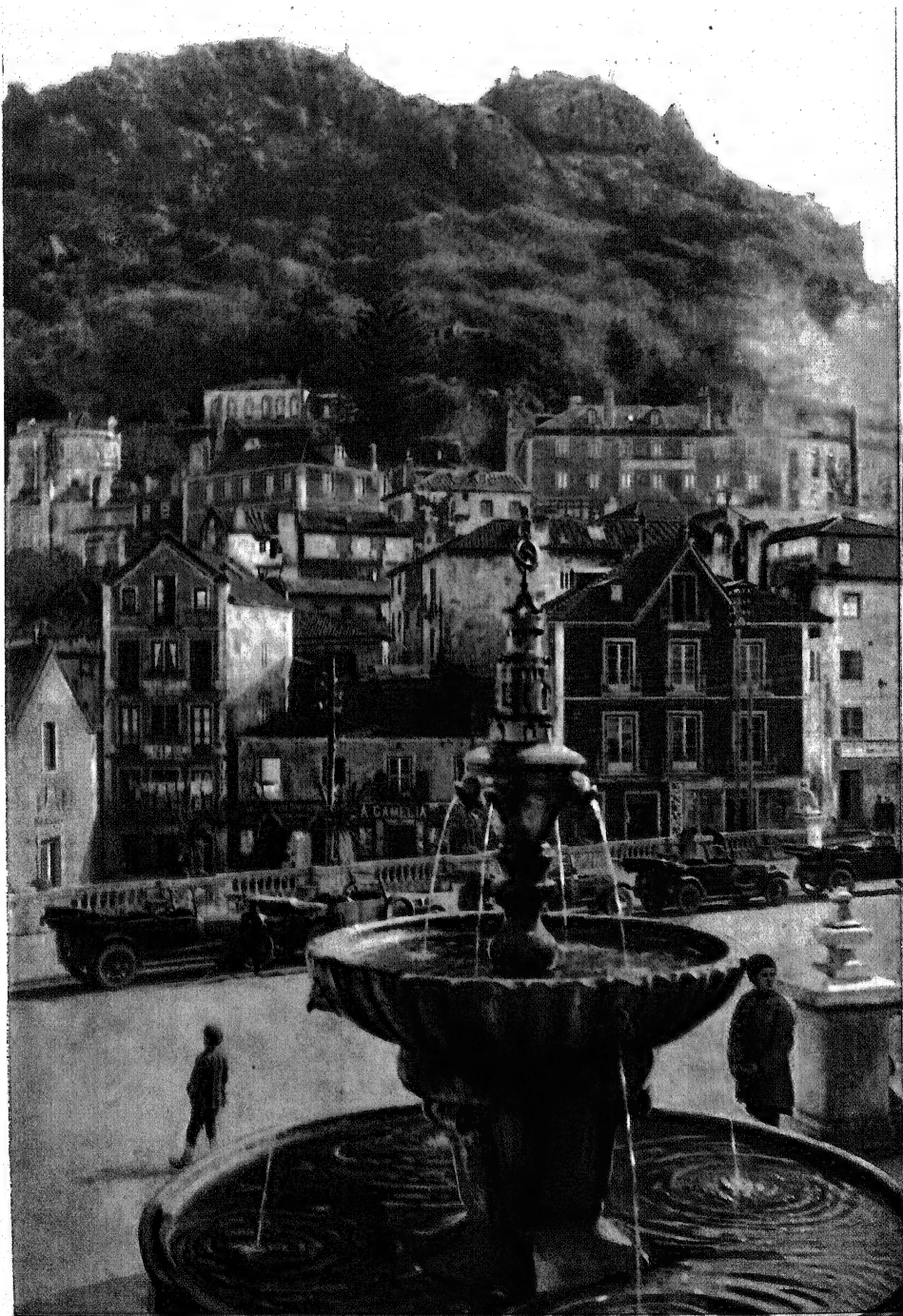
The two greatest cities of Portugal are Lisbon and Oporto. Though Lisbon is the official capital and the centre of southern Portugal, Oporto is considered by the people of the north to be by far the more important city.

Lisbon is very beautifully situated, being built for the most part on rising ground above the "golden-sanded" River Tagus. An old writer considered

E. N. A.

A HEATH IN PORTUGAL THAT MIGHT BE A SURREY COMMON

The Serra da Estrella, the highest range of hills in Portugal, is itself bare of trees, but here, near Pinhel, on its lowest slopes, we have a glimpse of pines growing on the sandy heath. Portugal is a land in which the heat of the southern sun is tempered by cool Atlantic breezes, and therefore flowers of all climes thrive side by side.

Long

CINTRA, IN PORTUGAL, is so beautiful that an old Spanish proverb says " To see the world, and yet leave Cintra out, is verily to go blindfold about." Here we stand near the Sabuga fountain, and look over the houses to a rocky height crowned by the ruins of a Moorish castle. Cintra was a royal residence and has two famous palaces.

that Lisbon was intended by nature to be the "Emporium of Europe," "and were it in the hands of a people who knew how to improve an advantage, it would go near to draw to itself the trade and riches of the world." But, unfortunately for them, the Portuguese are not a people who know how to improve their natural advantages, and the city of Lisbon has never risen very high in the scale of prosperity. Such Portuguese possessions as the Madeira Islands, the Azores, Angola and East Africa are also by no means so profitable and progressive as they might be in other hands.

There is a vast land, however, populated chiefly by people of Portuguese extraction and of whom Portuguese is the national language, which is a considerable power in the world. That land is Brazil, a South American republic as big as the whole of Europe, which was discovered in 1500 and remained in the possession of its discoverers, the Portuguese, until 1889 when it became independent.

Why the Land is Little Known

Oporto, further north, is also delightfully situated. It stands on the steep banks of the River Douro, which is crossed by two lofty bridges. Two headlands overlook the city; one is crowned by the archbishop's palace, and vineyards clothe the other. Wine-laden boats and barges come down the river to Oporto—which means "the port"—from the many vineyards that line its course. There is a big trade also in salted cod; barques laden with this commodity arrive from Norway and are unloaded by porters, who carry huge loads of the fish upon their heads. These porters are a bare-footed, bare-chested, black-whiskered and indescribably dirty crew. They rush up the short street leading to the Exchange, empty their loads, and return as fast, or even faster, till all the boats are cleared.

Except near the cities, Portuguese roads are very bad and travelling is difficult. This may partly account for the fact that a country with scenery as lovely and towns as old and quaint as those of Portugal is so little known to the foreign tourist. Beautiful Cintra, near Lisbon, and the district around it are, of course, well known, but there are also fortified Valença do Minho, on the northern frontier; ancient Braga; Coimbra, the university town; Batalha, with its convent; Bussaco, in the centre of beautiful woods; Beja, with its ancient castle; and Moorish Evora.

Unattractive Dress of the Men

Except on high-days and holidays, when his dress is of the gayest and brightest, the peasant's attire does not enhance his natural good looks. Though a grace of outline may frequently be noted even where rags and tatters are worn, and though faded colours often blend into strange harmonies, yet the general uncleanliness and the rather dreary monotony of colour make the peasant's everyday aspect somewhat unattractive. On great occasions, however, both the men and the women go to the opposite extreme and combine colours in the most daring way.

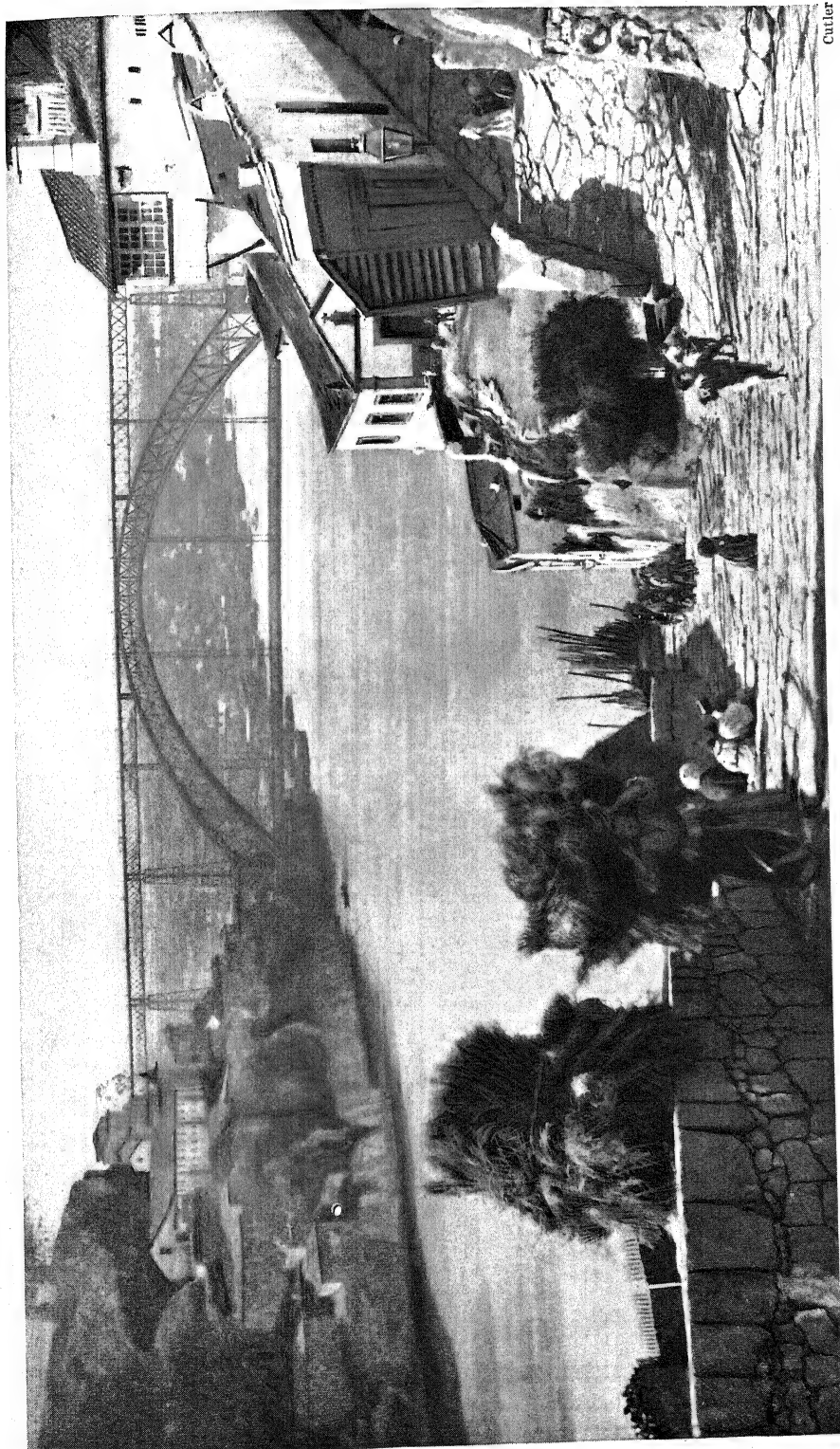
The woman will have a gaily-coloured kerchief over her head, or maybe a queer, little round black hat—a "pork pie" hat—tilted over one eye. Another bright kerchief, crossed over and tied at the back, will form her bodice, and her apron will be wondrously embroidered in many vivid colours.

Why the Women are so Erect

The working women, especially of the north, are fond of investing their savings in gold ornaments, which they wear constantly. They favour, too, a gaily-embroidered "money pocket," which is attached to the waist, and this gives a redeeming touch of colour to the most drab and well-worn dress. They rarely wear shoes and stockings while at work, but in the evening they don bright magenta stockings and black, pointed shoes, and are then dressed for going out of doors. Their habit of carrying everything on their heads, including the baby, gives them an excellent carriage and a fine figure. They like full, swinging skirts, and their walk is proud and free.

Howard

RIVERSIDE SQUARE AT LISBON, ONE OF THE MOST LOVELY OF EUROPE'S BEAUTIFUL CAPITALS

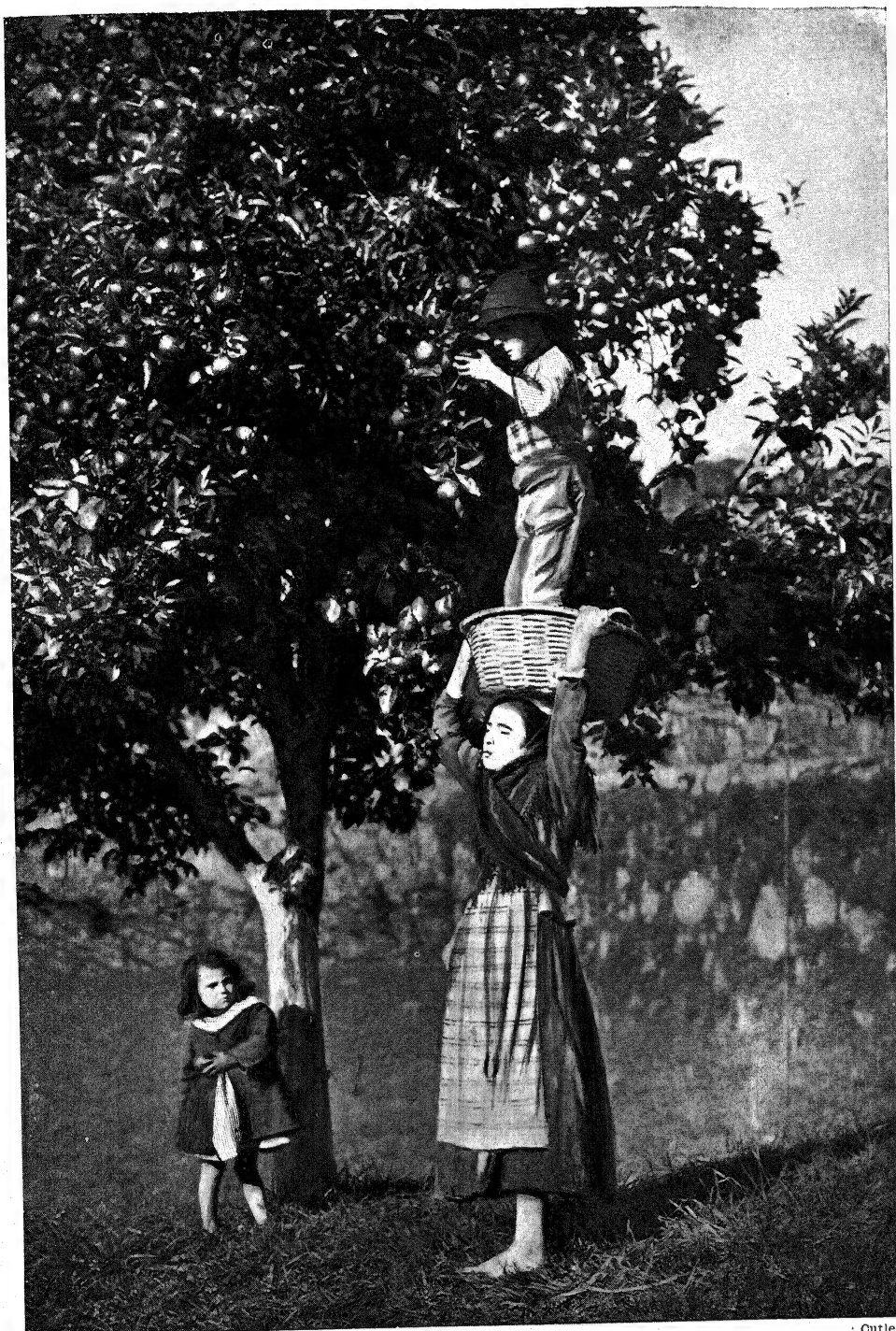
Lisbon, capital of Portugal, stands at the mouth of the River Tagus, and few European cities can surpass it in beauty of situation. Though an important place in the days of Roman conquest, most of the buildings are comparatively new, for a great earthquake in 1755 laid half the town in ruins. This is the Praça do Commercio, the principal square. Upon three sides of it are public buildings, upon the fourth is the wide Tagus. An equestrian statue of King Joseph I. has given this open space the popular name of Black Horse Square.

Cutler

GRACEFUL BRIDGE OF IRON THAT SPANS THE DOURO AT OPORTO, JOINING THE OLD TOWN TO THE NEW

Oporto, the second of Portugal's two cities, stands near the mouth of the rapid, treacherous River Douro, which during the winter rains floods all the low-lying houses. Luckily most of the city is built above flood-tide, on the heights above the river. Thus many of the streets are very steep—too steep for vehicles—and goods unloaded from the ships must, in some parts, be carried up by hard-working women, two of whom are seen here half hidden by their loads of hay. In the background is the splendid Dom Luis Bridge, with its two roadways.

Cutler

THIS IS HOW THE PORTUGUESE GIVE CHILDREN AN AIRING

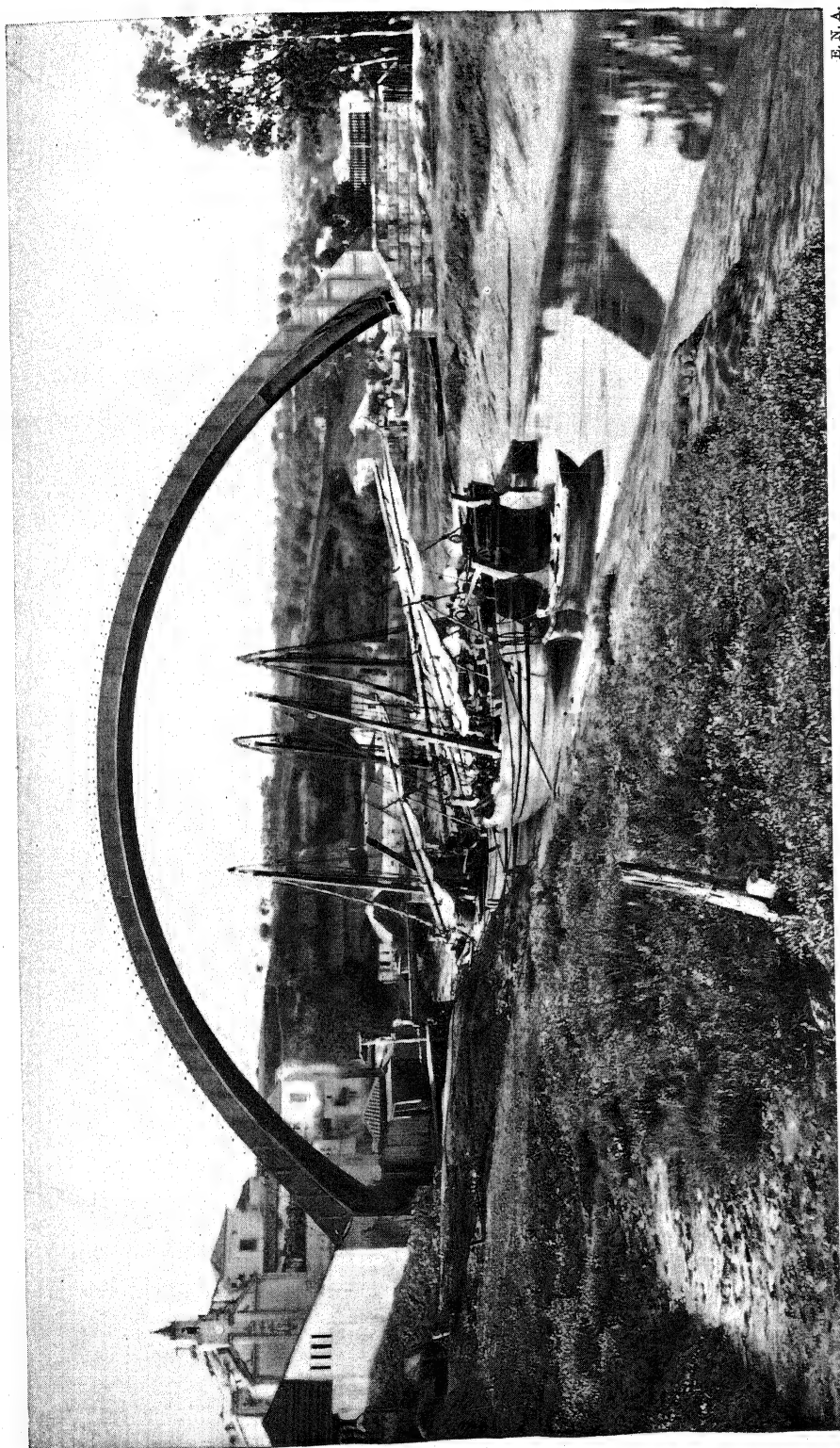
Other people may wheel their babies in perambulators or carry them on their backs or in their arms; a Portuguese woman carries them, as she carries everything else, upon her head. Not only must she be very strong to be able to do this, but the youngsters must be well-behaved. Any other child would soon upset the balance and fall out.

Cutler

NOT MANY PEOPLE GATHER FRUIT IN THIS PORTUGUESE WAY

A little Portuguese boy finds his sister more useful than a ladder when he wants to gather oranges. She, like her mother and grandmother before her, is accustomed to carrying weights upon her head, and he, while yet a baby, learned how to keep his balance in precarious positions. Portuguese oranges, especially "mandarins," are very fine.

E. N. A.

WORKMEN ENGAGED IN AN IMPORTANT PORTUGUESE INDUSTRY: STACKING THE BARK OF CORK TREES

The province of Alemtejo, one of the most productive parts of Portugal, lies in the south. Here great areas are under wheat, and there are also wide stretches of pasture and groves of evergreen cork-oaks. Cork is exported in large quantities, chiefly in a raw state. It is so plentiful in Alemtejo, however, that it is used instead of wood or tin to make all kinds of articles. Here we see men piling into great stacks the bark that has been freshly stripped from the trees. As we may read in page 818, it has yet to be soaked, then scraped and pressed.

E. N. A.

WHERE WATER CROSSES WATER: ARCH OF THE ALVIELLA AQUEDUCT OVER THE LITTLE RIVER SACAVEM

This slender, arched footbridge has another and more important purpose. It is a part of the Alviella aqueduct that carries pure water to Lisbon from the Alviella River, seventy miles away. At this point it is crossing the River Sacavem, which runs into the wide bay of the Tagus. The Alviella Aqueduct was only built in 1880. Lisbon has also an older one, built early in the eighteenth century, which carries water from the River Aguas Livres, for fifteen miles, partly underground and partly by means of a very beautiful and lofty, arched aqueduct.

In the northern districts of Portugal a peasant girl will go barefoot and carry her shoes upon her head. Could economy be anywhere carried to greater lengths?

In most countries fowls bound for market are safely secured in crates. In Portugal they are carried in an open basket, precariously perched upon the head.

It is curious how in north Portugal anything that a woman has to carry she puts upon her head. A Covent Garden porter could hardly outdo this Braga woman.

In rural districts, the porter who carries a traveller's luggage from station to hotel is usually a woman. Of course she employs her head rather than her arms.

THE WAY THAT GOODS ARE CARRIED IN EUROPE'S FARTHEST WEST

E. N. A.

CATTLEMAN OF ESTREMADURA WHO BREEDS BULLS FOR THE RING

About twenty miles from Lisbon, near the village of Alhandra, are the grazing-grounds of bulls bred for fighting, and this is one of the men whose duty it is to test their speed and spirit. Bull-fighting in Portugal is far less brutal than in Spain, for neither bull nor horses are injured. Indeed, it is only the bull-fighters who incur any danger.

The "festa" dress of the fisher-girls is gorgeous in the extreme, but in everyday life they generally allow one article of the most vivid colour to suffice. These colours may be of the crudest, yet as we see them in the mass—in a street, for instance—they make a picture that is very attractive.

Country women, coming to market sitting sideways on their donkeys, with laden panniers swinging at each side and often a festoon of flapping fowls behind, present, as we see in page 606, a distinctly picturesque appearance. Their menfolk, however, surpass them, for the farmer rides to market on his mule, with a high peaked saddle and cumbrous stirrups tipped with brass, and with his rolled cape, displaying its lining of bright blue or crimson, strapped in front of him. He wears a smart jacket and fine sombrero hat, and is altogether an imposing figure.

In other walks of life the costumes of the men are interesting rather than picturesque. So patched are their garments that it is quite difficult to make out the original material. The patches may, however, be meant to be ornamental as well as useful. The sash that is worn round the waist may be twisted carelessly or it may be most coquettishly tied. It may be black, crimson, scarlet, magenta or blue. Sometimes there is a kerchief loosely knotted round the neck which either tones with the sash or contrasts with it—generally the latter.

The Portuguese are exceedingly hospitable. They are very fond of drinking toasts or to the health of their guests.

Cutler

COUNTRYMAN OF THE NORTH IN HIS COROCA, OR REED RAINCOAT

Portugal has its fair share of the world's rain, especially in the north, in the province Entre Minho e Douro. Raincoats are therefore necessary, and this is the kind that is most favoured. It is made of several layers of reed fringe and is said to be quite waterproof, the raindrops rolling down it like water off a duck's back.

Health-drinking is a graceful ceremony, and may spring from a genuine desire for your well-being; but if it is repeated many times in an evening, and if the custom of a fresh-filled glass for every toast is followed, it becomes somewhat embarrassing.

"Portugal greets England . . . may health and happiness unite us," is a typical toast. If but one fraction of the good wishes expressed came true, "Portuguese vineyards would rear themselves like a rampart between us and all the ills that might attack us," one English writer declares.

The intense dislike existing between the Spaniards and the Portuguese does not lessen with time. Although geographically they are close neighbours, temperamentally they are poles apart. They seldom say a good word for each other or about each other, nor do they encourage dealings with one another. Yet there is great similarity of taste between them, and especially so in their choice of sports.

Bull-Fights Without Slaughter

Bull-fighting is equally favoured in both countries, though the Portuguese bull-fights are much more humane than those of Spain, since the bulls are not killed. In spite of a certain amount of danger attending them, they are picturesque, even gorgeous performances. It is easy to understand how the beautiful horses, the brilliant attire of the performers, the agility and skill and the danger give pleasurable excitement to such a warm-blooded race as the Portuguese. Occasionally the bull leaps the barriers, and were his horns not padded many of the spectators would be injured.

Cricket and tennis seem very mild sports compared with bull-fighting, but it is pleasing to see a well-kept patch of grass outside a town and to find that it is a cricket pitch or tennis lawn, where British people play as though they were at home.

Though the Portuguese and Spanish language are dialects of the same tongue, and that a Latin one, the speech of the Portuguese is not more intelligible to the Spaniards than is that of the Italians. In fact, it is as reasonable to expect a Portuguese to understand French as to expect him to comprehend Spanish. As a language, Portuguese has a greater variety of expression than Spanish, owing to the fact that in bygone days many Dutch, French and other words became incorporated with it.

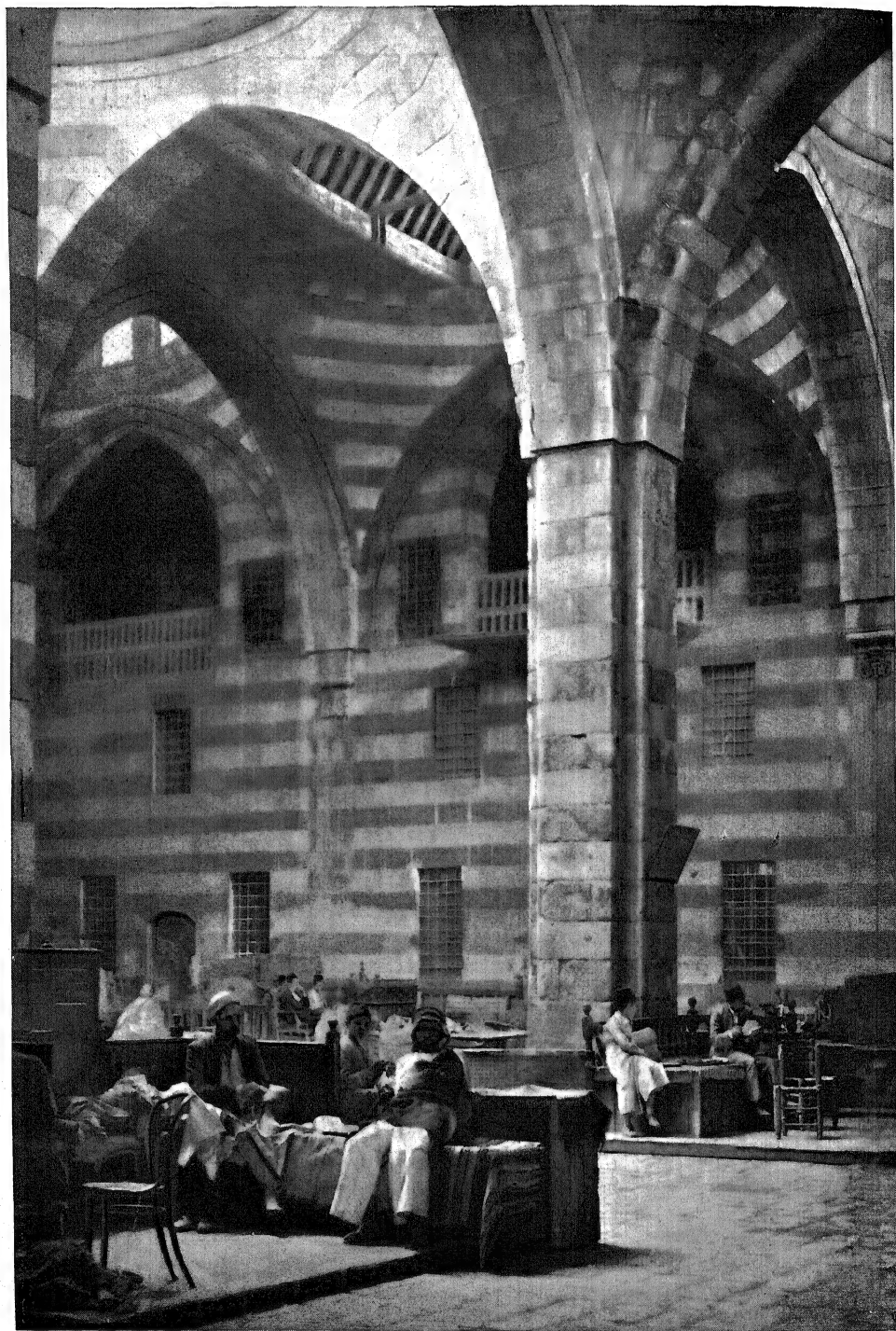
Portuguese at the Tower of Babel

Because of its great antiquity it is believed, by the Portuguese, to have been one of the languages spoken at the building of the Tower of Babel. It has a harmonious pronunciation, and, because of its perfect adaptability to any style of writing or speaking, it has received much praise from authors. In spite of these advantages there is very little modern Portuguese literature, although there was a rich store of it in the past.

Portugal has produced some of the greatest poets of the world, poets who lived before Shakespeare was known. Camoens wrote his great epic, the "Lusiad," in the early sixteenth century, and Shakespeare was only twenty-two years old when the second edition of Gil Vicente's plays appeared. It has remained for an Englishman of the nineteenth century, Sir Richard Burton, to give us a full rendering of Camoens' great work.

Gift of Story-Telling

Portuguese literature may yet show a revival, as for years past all the national forces seem to have been in the melting-pot. There may arise another dramatist like Gil Vicente, or another poet with the powers of Camoens. Also the Portuguese have a natural genius for story-telling, and a natural background of adventure and discovery in their history. Thus they have a rich and fascinating storehouse upon which to draw.

As to their religious profession or beliefs the Portuguese are somewhat sharply divided. The peasantry are still under the influence or even the rule of the Roman Catholic Church, but it is hard to say whether the better educated classes have any religious beliefs of any kind.

Haeckel

SHOPKEEPERS IN THEIR BOOTHS ABOUT THE KHAN AS'AD PASHA

Around the court of the khan, or inn, are rows of shops, which are small compartments partitioned off from one another and raised a few inches above the ground. This khan is the finest in Damascus and is constructed of alternate courses of black and yellowish stone. The court is divided into nine squares by four pillars, like that we see here.

Through Ancient Syria

IN BEDUIN TENT AND THE BAZAARS OF DAMASCUS

Syria is a country that is rich in relics of the vanished empires of the Hittites, Assyrians, Egyptians, Greeks and Romans. There are marvellous ruins of once splendid cities, such as Palmyra, and of vast temples like those at Baalbek, while on many a grey crag stands a crumbling castle. Very different from these ruins of dead empires, but just as fascinating, is the great and bustling city of Damascus, historically the oldest of all living cities. Here we can wander down the "Street that is called Straight," which S. Paul trod, or gaze upon the strings of camels that have come over the desert sands from Bagdad and Persia. Lebanon and the Druses we have read about in an earlier chapter, so here we shall be taken through the land that lies beyond the mountains of Lebanon.

OUR first view of Syria from the blue waters of the Mediterranean is very beautiful, whether we approach Beirut or Alexandretta, or one of the many other harbours and inlets on its 250 miles of coast. Syria is one of the lands of biblical renown and has an element of romance from its association with the earliest days of history, with the invasion of Alexander the Great, with the Romans and with many other conquerors who have, from time to time, swept through the country. Its boundaries—the Mediterranean on the west, Turkey on the north, Mesopotamia on the east and Palestine on the south—enclose an area of about half a million square miles, with a population that may be three millions.

Since the Great War it has been governed under a French mandate from the League of Nations; before that Turkish rule had subjected its people to every kind of oppression and exaction. The poorer classes had to pay heavy taxes, and if they wished to avoid military service they were compelled to find a substitute at great expense. The system of taxation was crude, and the estimates and demands of the tax-gatherers were harsh or indulgent according to the gifts offered.

How Strife Has Killed Trade

The people are mainly Moslem by religion, but there are also Christians and Druses, those strange people of Lebanon about whom we have read in another chapter, pages 340-360. Owing to the constant disputes between members of the rival religions, to the wish of the Arabs to establish a nation of their own and to the ideas that the Syrians have of complete independence, fighting is going on almost continuously, so that trade and commerce have suffered. Ages ago, however, Syria was an important trade centre, for the great caravan routes to Bagdad and the East then ran through the country.

Thieves Who Steal Water

Agriculture is the principal industry of the people, tobacco being one of the chief crops; the rearing of silkworms is also an important occupation. Unfortunately, much of the land is not fertile unless it is artificially irrigated, because the mountain barrier of the Lebanon prevents the sea-wind from carrying moisture farther than the coastal strip, and so the greater part of the country receives little rain. The water-supply is, therefore, a very important matter to the people of the interior, and many of the disputes heard in the local courts arise out of this question. Cultivators are always trying to divert the flow of water, in order to secure a greater share for their own fields than is their due.

Syria is afflicted with a strong wind that at times blows with great violence across the country, raising so much dust that travel is impossible and the sky is blotted out as by a dark curtain. The climate is, on the whole, invigorating, though there are great extremes of temperature. The country is remarkable for its wonderful dawns and sunsets, the sky being filled with the most gorgeous colours.

The chief beast of burden in Syria is the camel. Indeed, to the dweller in the

Blaze

GOLDSMITH OF ALEPPO AND HIS HUMBLE WORKSHOP

Syrian women are very fond of jewelry, wearing as many rings, bracelets and anklets as their husbands can afford to buy. The native goldsmiths of Aleppo produce beautiful work, though the tools they use are very simple. Like most other craftsmen of the East, they sit where everyone may see them and will not hurry over their work.

Syrian deserts and valleys the camel is everything. It carries him and his goods; it supplies him with milk and food; its skin is turned into leather; its hair forms the felt that covers his tents; and its dung forms his principal fuel. The Syrians tell us that the horse could not live in the desert places, and therefore Allah changed its form and habits, and so made the camel!

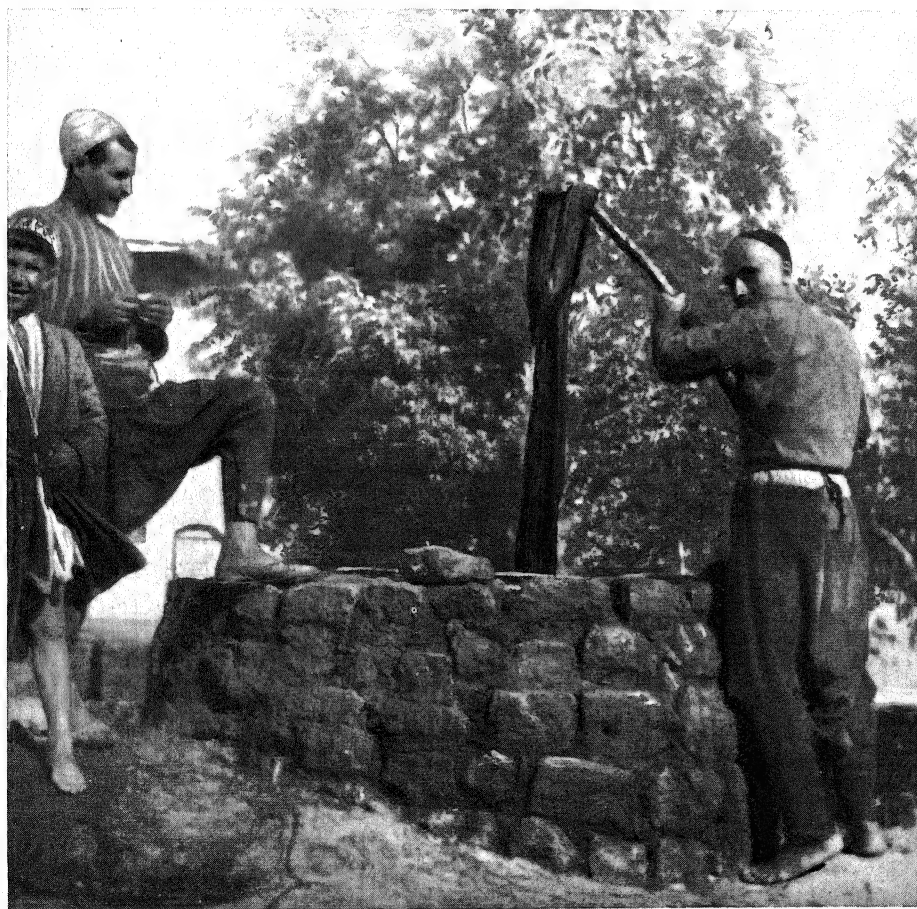
Every year vast numbers of pilgrims pass through Syria on their way to the sacred Arabian cities of Mecca and Medina. Many of them go on foot or on camel-back, as their forefathers did, but some travel to Mecca by the railway that now runs through the country. This line has done a certain amount towards changing the mode of life of the people in its immediate vicinity, yet so conservative are they in the desert that it took much time and patience even partially to reconcile them to the new order of things.

Speaking generally, Syria is not so largely desert as we might imagine. When travelling across the plains we are seldom out of sight of a village, and between them usually lie cultivated fields and, occasionally, stretches of desert. The outstanding feature in each village or hamlet is the mosque, with its tall minaret, and around it the houses cluster. Sometimes a tiny village is seen perched on the crags of a hill, reminding one of the rock villages of the Loire valley in France.

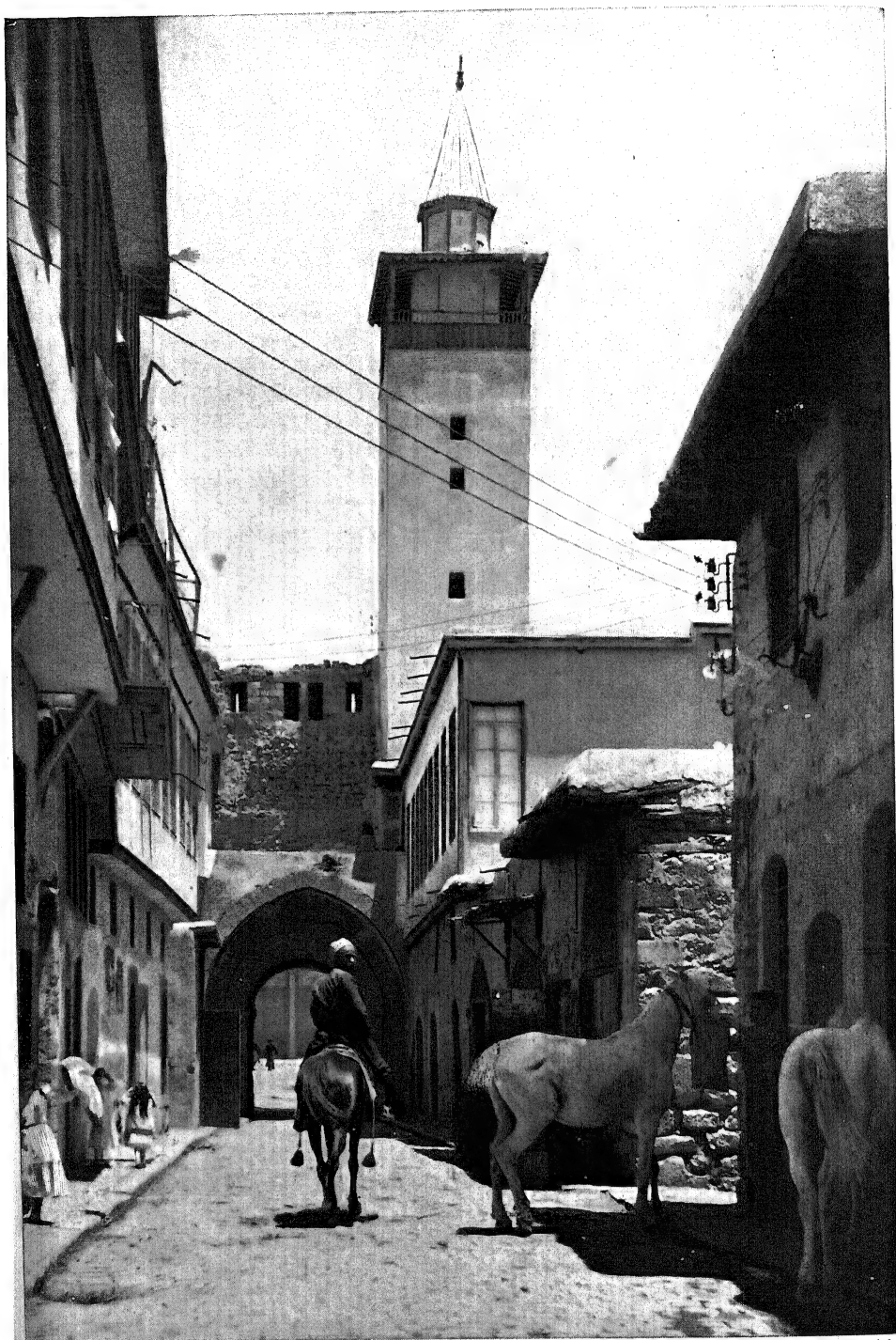
The interiors of the houses always follow the same plan, the decoration only varying according to the wealth and status of the owner. There is a courtyard, and beyond this lies the reception-room which, in the houses of the wealthy, has a divan running round three sides of it. The guests sit upon the couch and the host seats himself on a lower level. In the house of a peasant there is no divan, but mats are spread upon the floor and in the corners are heaps of rugs and cushions, which are used as bedding at night. Coffee pots and material for roasting coffee are sure to be visible.

The walls are adorned with various inscriptions, for the Syrians look upon words as charms; and as anything that appears to be old is always popular, we not infrequently see old Greek and Roman inscriptions which are relics of bygone days. In the houses of the wealthy the decoration is more elaborate, but in the home of a true Mahomedan there will be no picture of man or beast, for that is forbidden by his religion.

A dinner among the people of the desert is a pleasant experience. They spare no effort in the entertainment of their guest, and the floor will be covered with all kinds of delicacies. There will be soups, meat cooked in vine leaves, rice, dumplings, cakes of oatmeal and bowls of goats' and camels' milk flavoured with herbs. At the close of the dinner a servant will hand round a bowl in order that the guests may wash their hands; and then will come the pipe, at which everyone will take a few puffs, this being the hall-mark of good friendship and a pledge of fidelity.

The principal drink is coffee; indeed, so great is the veneration for it that its preparation at a feast seems almost to approach a religious ceremony. It is served in small cups and is first tasted by the host so that none need fear poison.

Blaze

NATIVES DYEING COTTON MATERIAL NEAR THE CITY OF ALEPPO

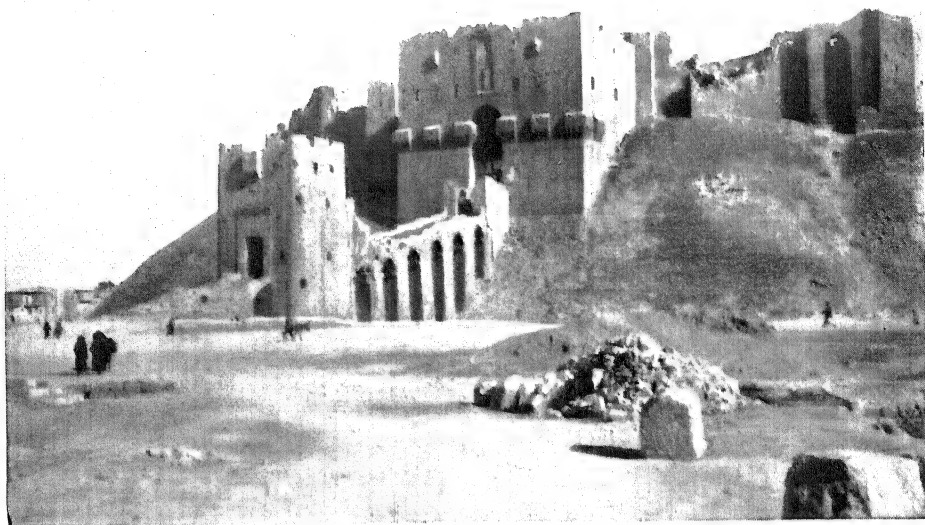
The native method of dyeing is very rough and ready. The dye is mixed in a vat and the material, which is attached to a pole, is dipped into the liquid. This practice is falling into disuse, because it is much easier and cheaper for the Syrians to buy the products of European factories. Aleppo is the second largest city in Syria.

McLeish

A BAZAAR OF DAMASCUS, "THE STREET WHICH IS CALLED STRAIGHT"

This street runs from west to east through the whole city and is one of the longest thoroughfares in Damascus. It has been famous for thousands of years—S. Paul lodged here and Saladin, perhaps, rode along it as a proud conqueror. This historic street was very badly damaged in the fighting that took place in 1925.

McLeish

CROWDS THRONGING THE FAMOUS CLOTH BAZAAR OF DAMASCUS

There are always plenty of customers for the merchants in the Cloth Bazaar, as the people of Damascus attach much importance to fine clothes and delight to have their long robes made of the finest material. Since many of the people, like other Orientals, sleep in their clothes, they look shabby or wear out quickly and new ones soon become necessary.

Haeckel

ALEPPO'S ANCIENT CITADEL ON A HILL WITHIN THE TOWN

Standing on a hill in the heart of Aleppo are the ruins of the old citadel. The hill is believed to be artificial and, according to the Arabs, it is supported by 8,000 columns. Aleppo is a very ancient city, but it has suffered so often from sieges and earthquakes that nothing of the original town is to be seen.

The dress of both men and women is much the same—the loose, flowing garments so typical of the Middle East. They cover their heads with a kerchief, a skull-cap or a form of turban, and the women of the Moslem faith are, of course, closely veiled. A favourite pastime of the men is hunting gazelles in the hills. This they do by drives that force the gazelles to take a track leading across low, converging walls, on the other side of which pits have been dug.

Their life in the Syrian plains suits the wandering tribesmen, many of whom live to a great age. They have, however, little idea of the march of time and rarely know what their age really is. I remember once asking a lad of eighteen or so what his age was, and he replied that he was fifteen. I then asked the age of his mother, and he assured me in all seriousness that she was ninety! They have very quaint ideas also concerning medicine and the ailments from which they may be suffering. Branding with a hot iron on the back of the neck and part of the way down the spine is a popular remedy for many diseases; texts from the Koran, written out by a priest and then swallowed, are also sure to effect a cure.

The Beduins of the desert, nomad tribes who are constantly on the move, lead a strange existence. They are often in a state of war with other tribes; one day they may be rich and deprived of practically all that they possess on the next. There is a regular code of rules governing the raids they make upon each other, and each member of a tribe is sure of support from his fellows. For instance, if a man loses all he has in a raid his neighbours do their best to supply his immediate wants in order to enable him to live comfortably until, in the fulness of time, he and his companions can set forth into the desert and retake the flocks that have been filched from him.

In Syria, especially in the north, practically every house has its loom, upon which the women weave the beautiful, striped

silk for which that part of the country is noted, and the silken yarns are spread all down the village streets. As a rule, however, silk-weaving brings in little money to the worker, the profits being acquired by those who handle the silk after it has left the country.

The wonderful city of Damascus is of great interest, not only because it is the largest city in Syria but because it is said to be the most ancient of all the world's living cities. It is much older than Babylon, which is now nothing but a ruin in the deserts of Mesopotamia to the north-east; it was already old when Rome was being built; and it was the centre of trade and culture in the Middle East when the British Isles were covered with dense forests inhabited by savages who were armed with weapons of stone.

Curiously enough, it has undergone little change in all the centuries that have passed. The manners and customs of its people take us back to the dawn of history; even the ways in which silk goods and iron ware are made to-day are the ways that were employed in the days of David.

As in all Oriental towns we see the life of the people best in the bazaars, which are covered-in passages, each street or passage, like those in Constantinople, being allotted to a particular trade or profession. There are the manufacturers of attar of roses, a perfume for which Damascus, like Bulgaria, has always been famous; there are the saddle-makers, the basket-makers, the confectioners and the fruiterers; there are, also, the blacksmiths and coppersmiths, who still use the type of bellows employed by their ancestors who

NARROW LANE IN ANTIOCH, A RIVAL OF ANCIENT ROME

Antioch is situated on the River Orontes and for long was one of the chief cities of the East. It is called Antioch the Beautiful, and at its zenith it rivalled Rome in greatness. The modern town, however, is of little importance, and the cobbled streets are flanked by broad pavements only separated by a gutter for rubbish.

CARVEN ARCHES AND MIGHTY PILLARS MARK THE SITE OF PALMYRA

The modern Arab village of Tadmor lies amid the ruins of ancient Palmyra, which was the capital of the ambitious Queen Zenobia. Under her, Palmyra reached the height of its prosperity, but after her defeat by the Emperor Aurelian, in A.D. 273, it fell into decay. Great temples, such as that of the Sun, and other ruins, testify to its former greatness.

carried on their trade before the Christian era. These bellows are made of cowhide, and are shaped like a carpet bag. A boy sitting on the ground operates the bag by opening and shutting it.

There are many restaurants in Damascus and the other Syrian towns—restaurants both fixed and itinerant. We can sit down to have a meal, or take our choice from the wandering caterer who carries a miniature kitchen in a trough and hands out pieces of mutton and fat, grilled or roasted. The bread used by the Syrians is fashioned in flat cakes, like pancakes, so that to carry it we can, if we wish, roll it up and stuff it into our pocket.

As in many other countries, only a few people can read or write, so there are professional scribes of varying rank, from the one who owns a small office furnished with divans and couches, to another who sits in the street and blots his letters and documents with sand.

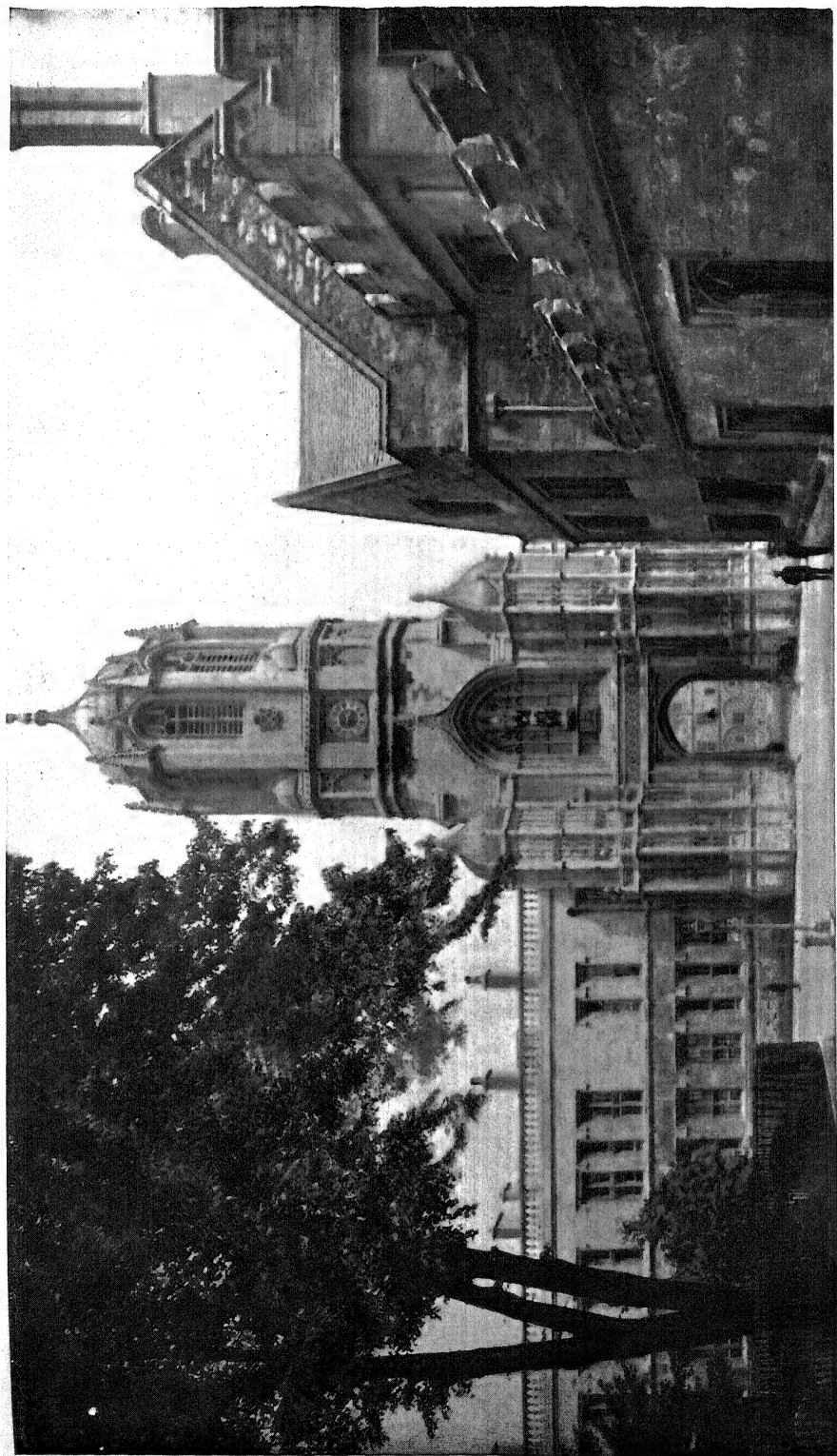
Ewing

SYRIAN ARABS IN THEIR LOOSE ROBES

Most of the people of Syria are of Arab origin. The Arabs of the towns are chiefly petty merchants and quite different from those of the desert, who, though they may be robbers, are not so treacherous nor so fanatical.

Mingling with the crowd of men and women, donkeys and camels, are the dogs which are very common in Damascus. They are looked upon as unclean animals by the Mahomedans and are never fed or treated as pets. Instead, they act as scavengers. We see them working in bands through every street, nosing about in the gutters—a queer collection of nondescript animals of a dirty yellow colour.

As we stroll through the bazaars we pass many khans, or inns, where are housed the men and animals who bring merchandise from the many lands bordering on Syria and from even farther away. The biggest of these khans is like a vast cathedral, with its domes and arched windows; in its courtyard is a stone basin of colossal size. The people of the East totally disregard what we consider the first rules of hygiene, so we shall see camels drinking from this fountain, merchants and traders washing their hands and faces in it and water-carriers drawing from it to supply households in the neighbourhood with drinking-water.

Bales of goods from Bagdad and Cairo, Aleppo and Constantinople litter the ground, mingled with sacks of coffee and dates from the desert, and with kegs of olive-oil that will eventually find their way to Italy and farther west. To weigh these goods there are scales that seem large enough to weigh an elephant. It is all very Eastern and primitive, but then that is the charm of travel in Syria.

Frith

WOLSEY'S GATEWAY AT CHRIST CHURCH WHICH IS BOTH A CATHEDRAL AND A COLLEGE

Christ Church, which is known familiarly as "The House," is the largest college at Oxford and was founded by Cardinal Wolsey in 1525 as Cardinal College. Henry VIII. refounded it as Christ Church in 1546. Over Wolsey's Gateway is the Tom Tower, in which hangs a huge bell, called Great Tom, on which 101 strokes are sounded every evening as a signal for the closing of all college gates. The buildings of the college are among the finest in Oxford, but unfortunately the cathedral has suffered from neglect and restoration.

Oxford and Cambridge

ENGLAND'S TWO MOST FAMOUS UNIVERSITIES

When we wander in the winding streets of Oxford or Cambridge, between lichen-grown walls of colleges, with their lovely spires and towers, their pleasant quadrangles and courts, these seem so old that it is hard to realise that Oxford and Cambridge were places of importance before their universities were founded. For centuries, however, they have been known as great centres of learning, the like of which are to be found nowhere else in the world. They have played a great part in English history; and their great sons—statesmen, lawyers, scholars, divines, poets, schoolmasters and scientists —have helped, and still help, to mould British character.

OXFORD or Cambridge? Are you wearing a dark blue or a light blue favour? Who is going to win the boat-race? These questions are, for thousands of people, of absorbing interest in the spring of each year, and, indeed, to most English-speaking people the words Oxford and Cambridge mean two rival universities and nothing more. We are too apt to forget that both places were towns of importance long before they became seats of learning.

To begin with Oxford. Many people forget that it is the capital of an important county as well as a cathedral city, and that it had its origin many years ago as the place of passage for cattle over the River Thames and its tributaries. In 1071 William the Conqueror ordered Robert D'Oilly, a great Norman soldier, to build a strong castle there, to take the place of an older fortress.

Of the castle that D'Oilly built but little remains to-day—only the mound upon which stood the keep and the tall, square tower that is a prominent landmark as we enter Oxford from the south.

The Escape of a Queen

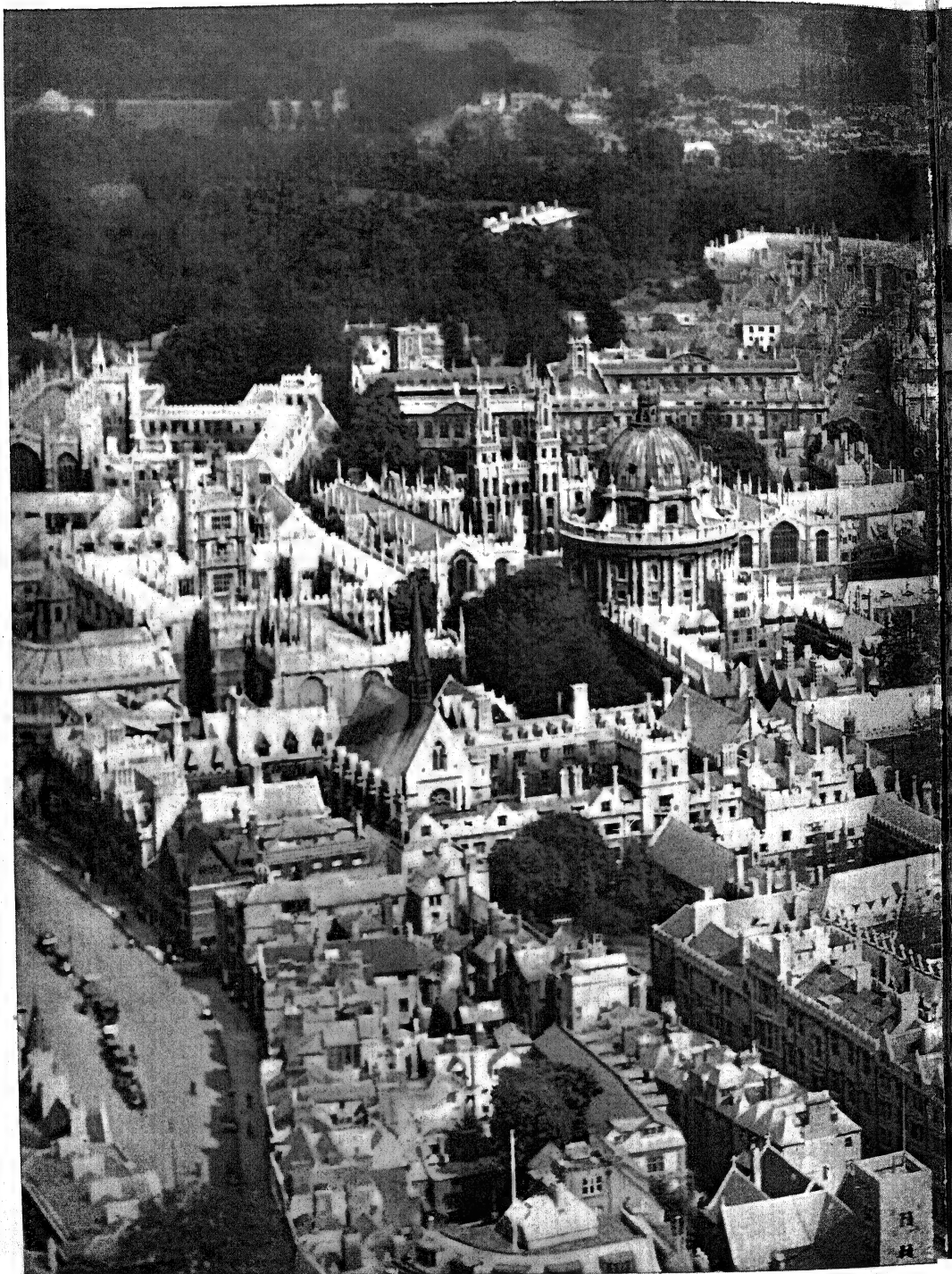
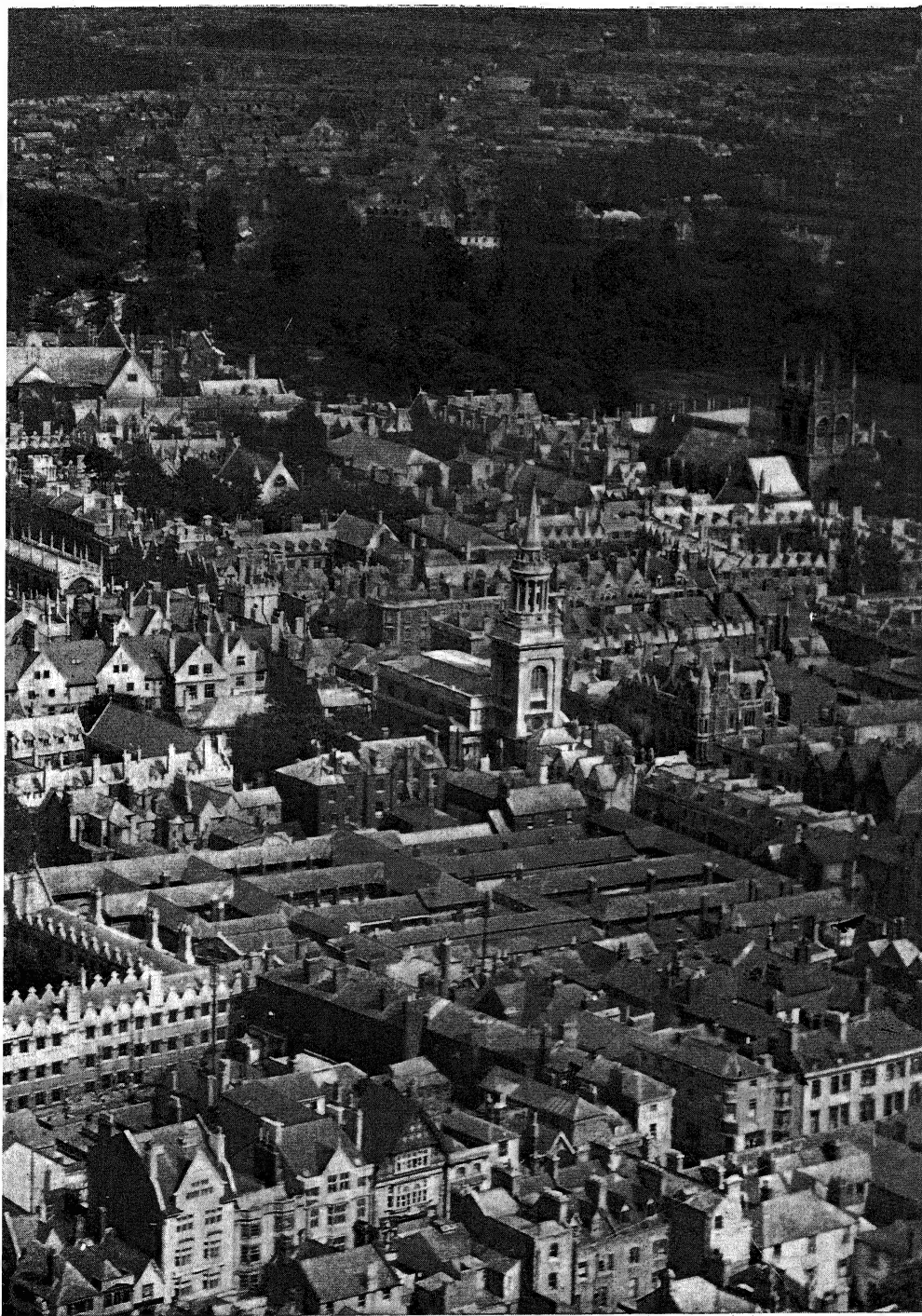
So stoutly was the castle built that we find no record in history of its ever having been taken by assault. It was the scene of one famous event, when in the autumn of 1142 Queen Matilda was compelled to take refuge there from her cousin Stephen. Winter came and the food was nearly all gone. It was bitterly cold; the ground was covered with snow and the rivers were frozen. So one dark night, with only three faithful retainers, all as she was, clad in white from head to foot, the brave queen was let down from a window to cross the frozen branches of the Thames, accompanied by her followers. She reached Wallingford Castle, twelve miles away, where she was safe.

Oldest College in Oxford

The cathedral church of Oxford was formerly the priory church of S. Frideswide, who was a royal maiden living in the eighth century and about whom many legends have been told. We are told, for instance, that as she grew to womanhood she became very religious and persuaded her father to build her a church within the city of Oxford. This he did, whereupon she added to it a nunnery, of which she became the first abbess.

Just as Oxford owes its name to the river passage, so does Cambridge, although the Cam—or Granta, to give the stream its old name—is a smaller, less historic watercourse. Although Cambridge is not a cathedral city, it has been an important town since the time of the Romans, and, no less than its sister university, has played an immensely important part in the history of England and in the moulding of our race.

Cambridge had its castle, too, though all that is left of the ancient fortress to-day is an artificial mound called the Castle Hill, which originally was probably an Early British fortification and the site of the Norman castle built there by William I.

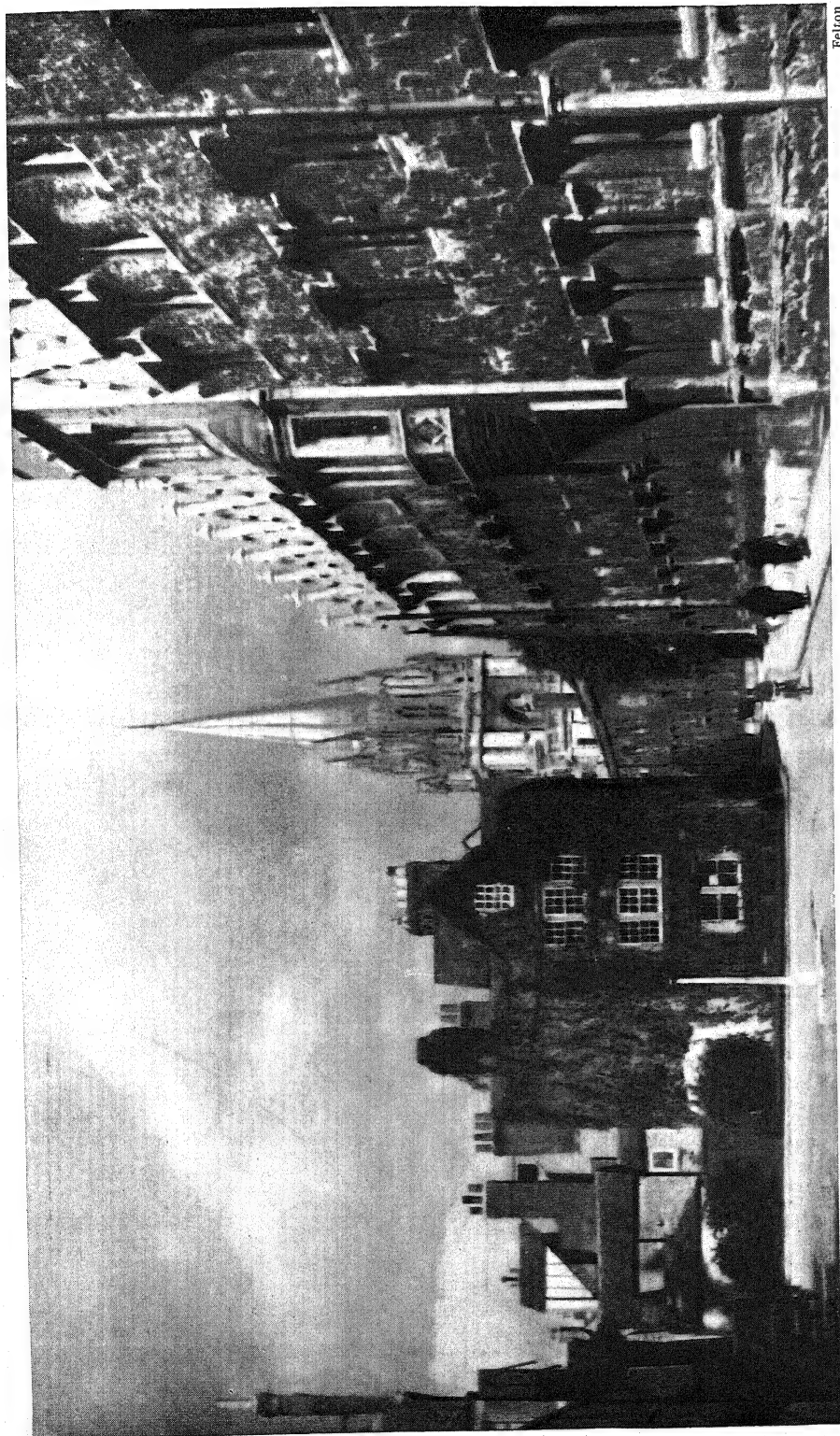
Merton, founded in 1264, is the oldest of the Oxford colleges, and S. Peter's, commonly called Peterhouse, which received its charter in 1284, is the oldest collegiate foundation in Cambridge. When

SPIRES, TOWERS AND QUADRANGLES OF OXFORD'S COLLEGES—Rising out of the centre of the line of trees, Magdalen Tower marks the end of the "High." Following the curve of the High Street we come to S. Mary's Church and All Saints'. To the left of the former is the Radcliffe Camera, behind which is All Souls College. In the left hand bottom corner is Broad Street, with a portion of Balliol

Aerofilms

—AS ONE SEES THEM SPREAD OUT BENEATH AN AEROPLANE

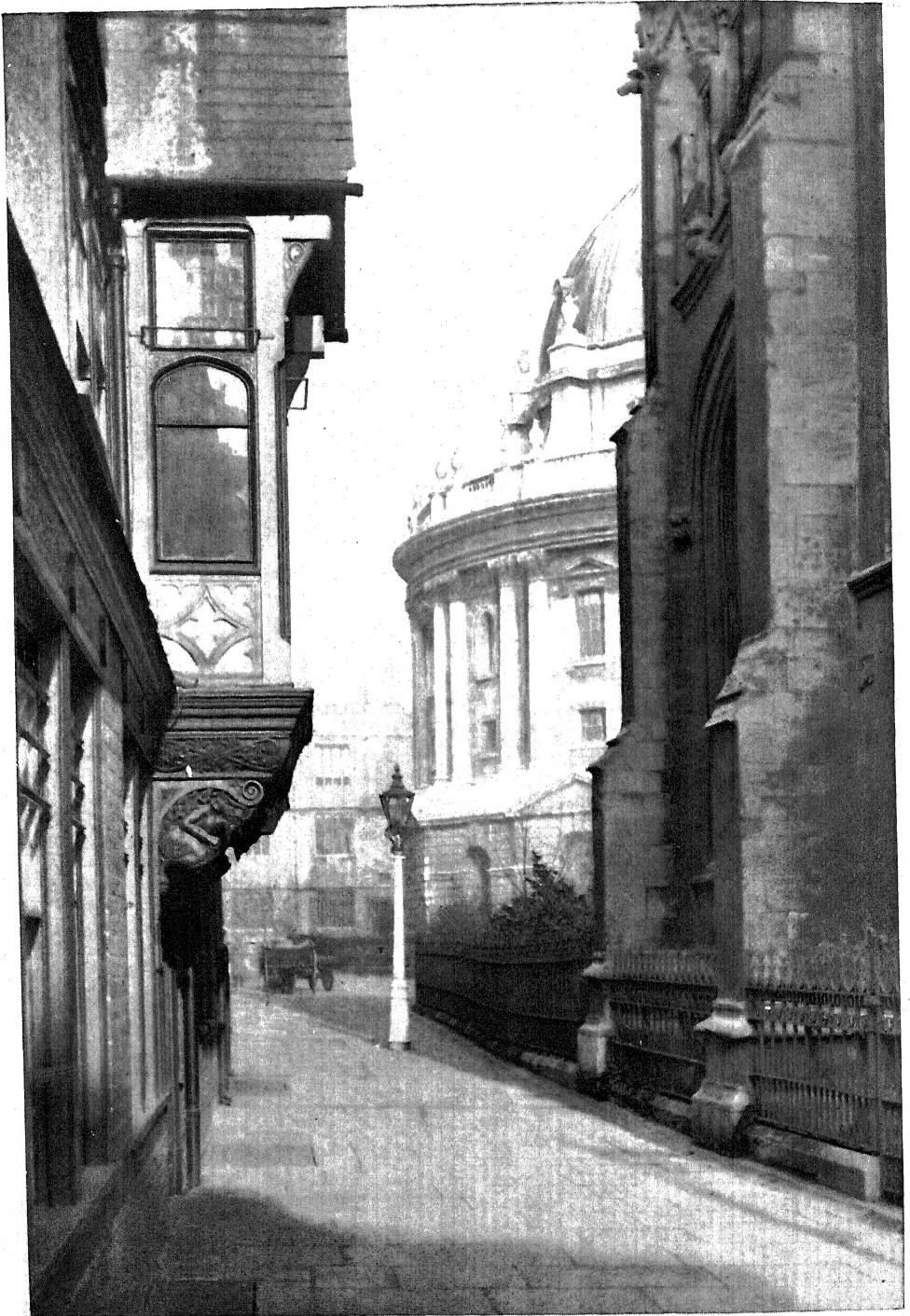
College. Part of the Sheldonian Theatre can be seen at the upper end of Broad Street, and behind it is the Bodleian Library. The Cherwell is a tributary of the Thames, and to the south of this stream lies the suburb of Cowley, a centre of the motor manufacturing industry. Oxford is on the Thames, which is here sometimes referred to as the Isis.

Frith

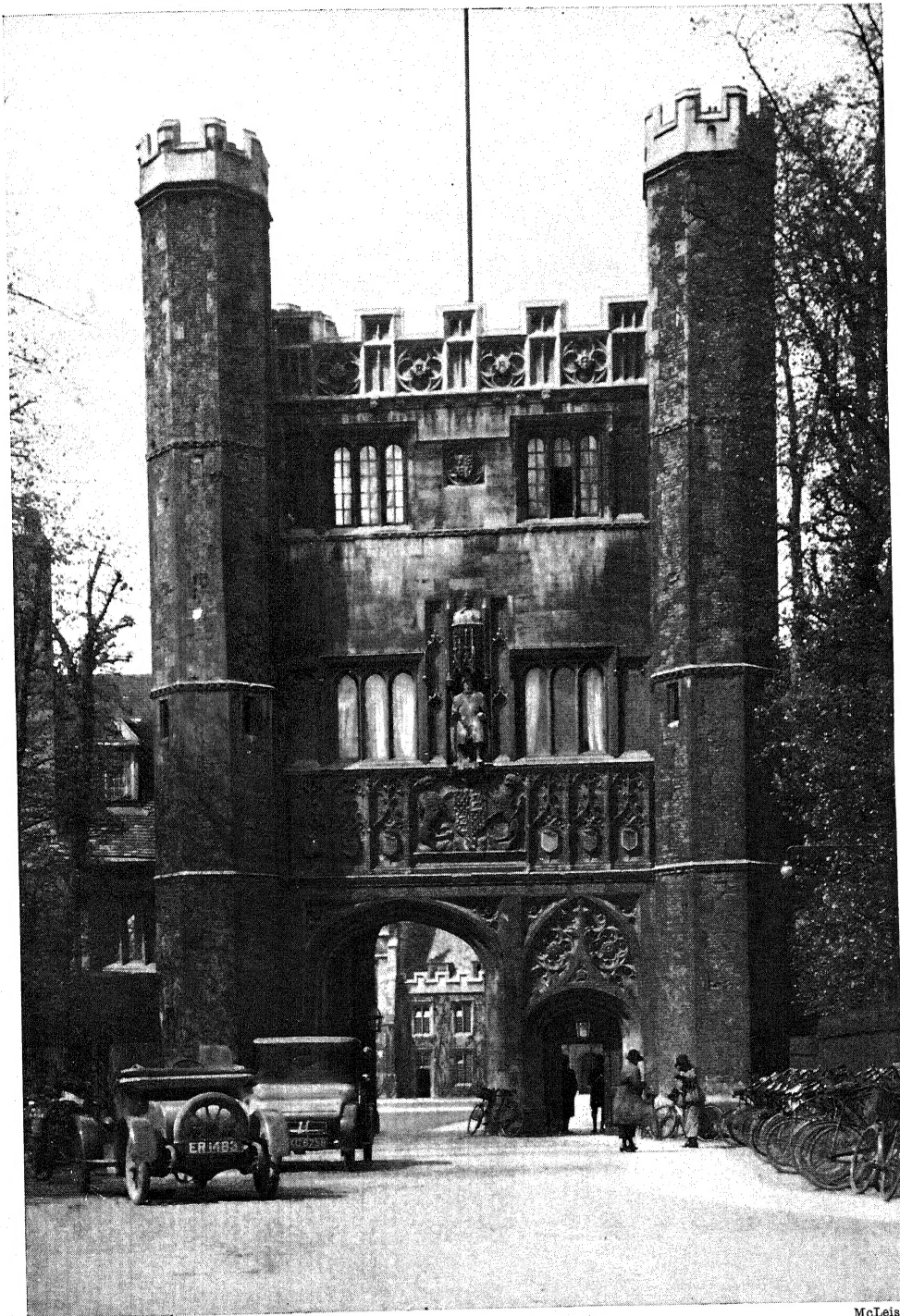
OXFORD'S HIGH STREET, ONE OF THE MOST PICTURESQUE THOROUGHFARES IN EUROPE

Oxford is a cathedral city and the capital of the county of the same name, though it is best known as the seat of one of England's most famous universities. The "High" is a delightful street and the poet Wordsworth refers to "the streamlike windings of that glorious street." On the left in the photograph is University College, which, according to a doubtful tradition, was founded by Alfred the Great. On the right is the spire of S. Mary's, separating All Souls and Brasenose colleges; in the distance we can see All Saints' the city church.

Felton

ORIEL COLLEGE, OXFORD, FACING ORIEL STREET, AND THE CHURCH OF S. MARY THE VIRGIN

Oriel College was founded in 1326 and dedicated to S. Mary the Virgin. It was not called Oriel until a little later. One of the most famous of its later members was Cecil Rhodes, who provided the funds for the new buildings, which do not appear in this photograph. In the centre background we can see the church of S. Mary, which has been used as the University Church since the fourteenth century at least. Here the university sermons are preached, the sermons being preceded by the "bidding prayers" for university benefactors.

Underwood

IN RADCLIFFE STREET, A QUIET BYWAY OF ANCIENT OXFORD

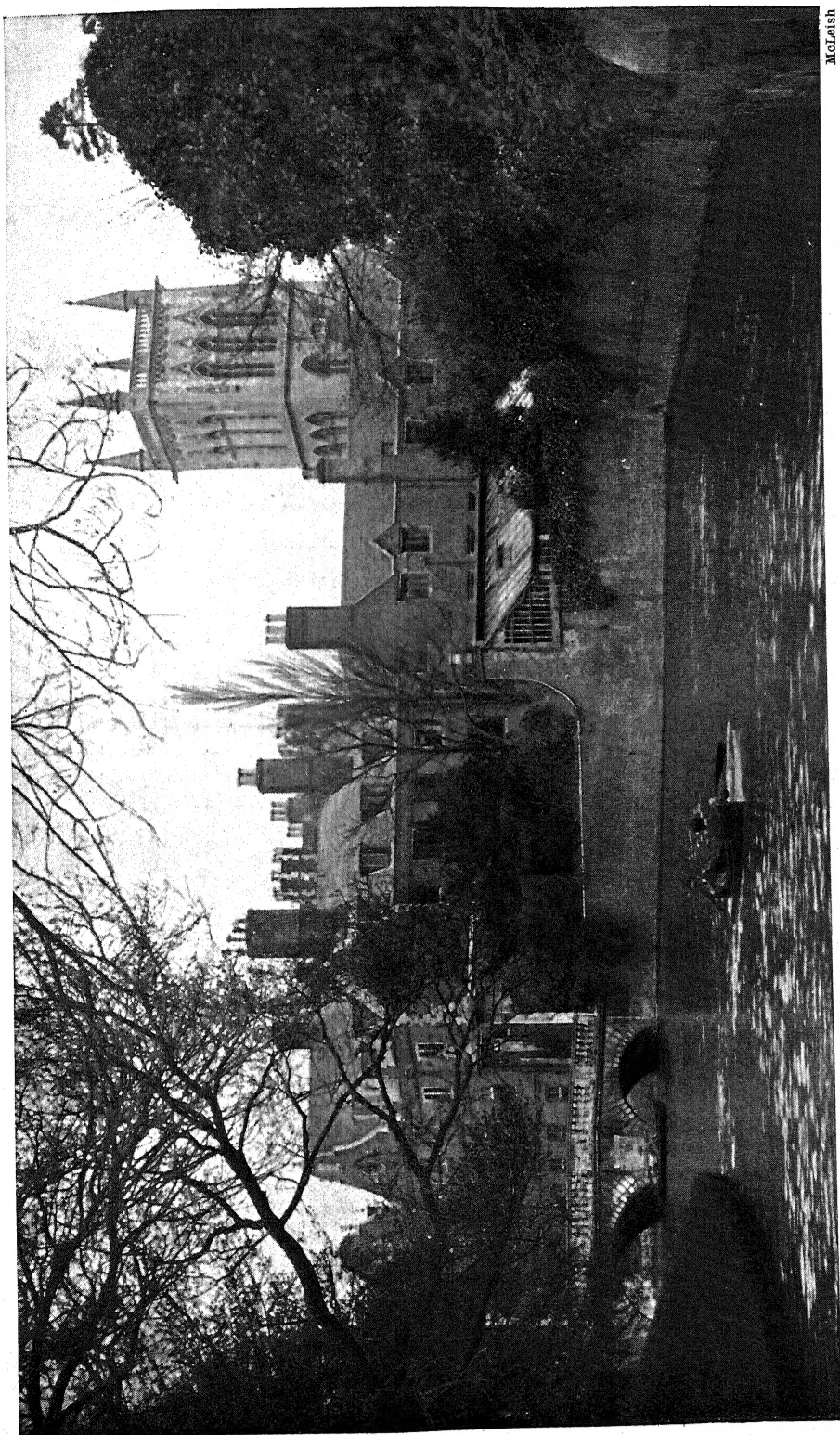
On the right is the church of S. Mary the Virgin, and on the left Brasenose College. Radcliffe Street leads into the square of that name where stands the Radcliffe Camera —"camera" being a Latin word meaning chamber—part of which we see here. This domed building was founded in 1737. It is used as a reading-room for the Bodleian Library.

McLeish

KING'S GATE AT TRINITY, THE LARGEST COLLEGE IN CAMBRIDGE

Over this splendid gateway into Trinity College, Cambridge, is a statue of Henry VIII., who established the college in 1546. Through the archway we can see the Great Court, the site of which was formerly occupied by two colleges, several hostels and streets. Trinity has long been one of the most famous of English colleges.

McLeish

KING'S COLLEGE CHAPEL, FACING THE LAWN SLOPING DOWN TO THE BANK OF THE RIVER CAM

On the left of the photograph is Clare College, which was founded in 1326, though the present buildings date from the seventeenth century. In the centre is King's College chapel, which is regarded as the crowning glory of the university. The building is nearly three hundred feet long and the interior is extraordinarily beautiful. The Cam here flows between high banks just beyond the low, iron fence. The students of King's wear especially thick gowns, which, according to tradition, follow those presented by Henry VI. to keep the students warm in winter.

McLeish

PLACID WATERS OF THE CAM CARESSING THE OLD WALLS OF TRINITY GARDEN

The town of Cambridge itself has little of loveliness, but the colleges, their grounds and the River Cam have so combined that there are many delightful places where we may feel something of the charm about which so much has been written. The Cam, until comparatively recent times, was called Granta, or Ree, and about a thousand years ago Cambridge was known as Grantabridge. The university probably grew up out of the religious establishments of the 12th century, and the town was an important seat of learning in the 13th century,